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SINGERS AND SONGS

OF

THE LIBERAL FAITH.

"God sent his singers upon Earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again."

LONGFELLOW.

"A good hymn is a more valuable contribution to Christian Literature than vast tomes of theology; for it will sing to the ages after the tomes are mouldering on the shelves."

SEARS.

SINGERS AND SONGS

OF THE

Liberal Faith;

BEING SELECTIONS OF HYMNS AND OTHER SACRED POEMS OF THE LIBERAL CHURCH IN AMERICA,

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE WRITERS, AND WITH HISTORICAL AND ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES.

BY

ALFRED P. PUTNAM.

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ROBERTS BROTHERS.
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PREFACE.

THE present volume had its origin in a course of ten lectures on the History of Sacred Song in Hebrew and Christian times, which I gave to my own people of the Church of the Saviour, in Brooklyn, during the winter of 1872–1873, and repeated to the students of the Theological School at Meadville, Penn., in the following June. The last of the series treated particularly of Unitarian Hymnology, and led directly to the preparation of this book. My studies at that time only deepened the conviction, which very many others must have shared with me, that scattered through a wide range of literature were a great number of fine hymns, and brief religious poems beside, which, having had their rise in the Liberal Communion, and appearing to be just expressions of the Liberal Faith, might accomplish a more extended service by being brought together in a collected form, and thus made more accessible to the general reader. In pursuance of this plan, I have drawn the offerings which fill these pages, not alone from church hymn-books, popular compilations of poetry, and recently published works of individual authors, but from magazines and newspapers of various dates in the present century; from annuals and pamphlets, some of which were printed many years ago; from volumes which have had their day, and are not now easily to be obtained; from precious manuscripts

whose contents now for the first time see the light; and from other repositories where not a few of the treasures which are here gathered have long lain buried, and were in more or less danger of remaining quite neglected.

From the circumstance that a large proportion of these hymns and poems have been recovered from the places where they have so long been concealed from view, and from the fact that a very considerable number which have never been given to the public before have been sent as special contributions to these pages by many of the most eminent authors whose names are presented here, it will be seen how fresh, as well as rare, an element pervades the volume. This feature of the book is rendered perhaps still more interesting by the further consideration that many of the men and women in our roll of singers are almost exclusively known as prose-writers, while yet they have from time to time produced verses which well deserve to be collected and more widely circulated. Nor, while there appear in this procession of bards those who have greatly distinguished themselves, not only as poets, but also as essayists, critics, historians, statesmen, preachers, reformers, and philanthropists, have I by any means forgotten others of humbler rank, who have never aspired to literary fame or prominent station, but who, out of their rural or cloistered retreats, or out of their daily business toil or domestic care, have also sung the sweet and acceptable songs of our Zion. It is well worthy of note how the divine Spirit has touched and tuned to praise the hearts of so many and such various classes of persons, and how they here blend their voices together in fine accord.

While many valuable books of sermons, essays, and treatises have been published, designed to set forth the theological views and inculcate the religious sentiments of what is usually denominated the Liberal Church, the

object of this volume is to show how the vital faith of that communion has voiced itself also in song and poetry, and to provide a fresh ministry of spiritual strength and comfort to those who may be helped by the reasonable and cheerful thoughts and truths which it is believed are here unfolded. For it is especially in these richer and loftier strains of devotion, and not so much in homiletic discourse or controversial argument, that the very heart of any body of believers finds its best utterance. Yet our purpose must needs be to unify, not to distract and divide, since it is just here that all sects and communions discover most fully their common bond, their essential oneness. It has well been said that *there is but little heresy in hymns.* Doubts and dogmas alike have no proper function to fulfil in a service like this. It is only the trust and love, the joy and peace, the hopes and aspirations, of the soul, which are deeper than our speculative opinions and ecclesiastical preferences, and which are the profoundest experiences of all who truly love God and man, — it is these alone that sing themselves into the immortal chants and anthems of history. The hymns of this Collection, like the hymns of the ages, may be more or less colored by the peculiar doctrines or associations of those who composed them ; but the same inspiring life breathes in them all. It is gratifying to observe that this truth is finding a more and more generous recognition in the freer and still freer use, by each of the sects, of the best hymns of all communions, Orthodox and Liberal. Only the whole church can worthily fulfil to the soul the great ministry of song.

I would use the word *Liberal* in no offensive sense. Most of the authors who appear in our list may be said to belong to the Unitarian denomination, but not all. Some of them are simply Theists, and others verge very near the Evangelical Faith ; while both classes, perhaps, have

steadily refused to accept any sectarian name or to be identified with any sectarian organization. Yet, as all are believed to hold substantially to the doctrine of the Divine Unity, and have been associated with each other in many ways as somehow members of a common household, feeling or finding more sympathy there than elsewhere, it was plainly beyond my legitimate province, in a book like this, to seek to draw any dividing-line; while, at the same time, it was my duty to employ a term that might be large enough to cover them all and give umbrage to none. It is not intended by any such use of the word to intimate that there are not other religious communions to which it is applicable as well as to this.

To impart additional interest to the volume, and to meet a very natural desire on the part of many persons to know more about those who write our hymns, I have accompanied the selections with brief biographical sketches, giving a few leading dates or facts of the history of the authors, and enumerating their principal contributions to literature and not a few of their conspicuous labors in other important departments of service, but making special note of whatever they may have done in the sphere which particularly concerns us here. With reference to men who are so well and widely known as Adams, Parker, Bryant, and Longfellow, it was manifestly unnecessary for me to enter largely into detail. In the case of many others who are less renowned, but who are yet of no little eminence, I have made my notices somewhat more extended. There are others still whose names scarcely appear in cyclopædias of literature, biographical dictionaries, or even church hymn-books, but who, in consideration of their character, lives, and verses, are richly entitled to all the glad and grateful remembrance which is accorded them in these pages. In writing these sketches, I have been aided to a considerable extent by

various books, to which I refer in my list of acknowledgments; but I have drawn much more largely from numerous volumes of memoirs, published funeral-discourses, newspaper-obituaries, and from oral or written accounts, which, in answer to my inquiries, I have received from friends, who by reason of their acquaintance with the living and the dead were competent to give me the facts I needed. Assisted in whatever way, I have sought to bring these notices down to the latest time, and to make them, in their revised and condensed form, as complete as my general plan would allow.

It has not been my aim to canvass the merit of these authors as writers either of prose or poetry, or to enter into any discriminating analysis or review of their literary productions. I have only, at most, indulged here and there in very brief and quite general comments in praise of either one or the other, frequently perhaps neglecting to render a like tribute where also it was justly due. A different course might have made the sketches too long, and I have been very well content to let these songs of the Liberal Faith tell their own story. It does not seem to me too much to say, that, in purity of thought, in elevation of sentiment, in refinement of expression, and in classic beauty and finish of style, these hymnists, as a whole, may well challenge comparison with those of any other communion. They reveal, as a class, a strong faith and tender trust in God as the Father; a fine appreciation and love of all that is grand and beautiful in Nature; a deep conviction that a divine hand is in all things, and is guiding all things on to a glorious issue and end; a profound and earnest reverence for Christ, as the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and a heartfelt recognition of his Cross as the emblem and pledge of victory; a genuine "enthusiasm for humanity" and a sense of the supreme value of a good

life, and a large and genial sympathy and fellowship with all true and faithful souls in every sect or communion, — which give to their lyrics a power, a fervor, and a joy, which only too frequently, I fear, have been denied them.

Strewn through the volume are many brief notes of an historical or illustrative character, the object of which is to make known the origin of many of these hymns or poems, the occasions for which they were composed, the publications in which they originally appeared, the various changes or fortunes which they have undergone, and other facts, incidents, or circumstances connected with them. These might easily have been greatly multiplied, but I have been restrained by the fear of making them too prominent a feature of the book. Such as they are, it is thought that they will help to revive many pleasant and holy memories, and give an increased interest to the metrical pieces to which they relate. Not a few of these songs will be seen to have been written for festivals, or celebrations, or anniversaries, not strictly of a religious character. Yet they were deemed suitable to my general purpose or plan, since they are fraught with valuable lessons, and are fitted to exert a good influence. Indeed, I have endeavored to give variety to the contents of the volume by introducing numerous productions of this kind, while yet the great proportion of those which I include are of a more devout or spiritual nature; and for the same reason I admit a large number of sacred poems, which, owing to their peculiar form or metre, may not be set to music or sung in the church, while yet the hymn-element, properly considered, is predominant.

It will be noticed that my list of authors is confined to American writers. I had intended at first to include many hymnists, also of the Liberal Faith, in England and other European countries. I soon found, however,

that the field was too large, and the difficulties of carrying out my plan with reference to lands so remote were too great. I was therefore glad to enter into an arrangement with some friends abroad, who were to collect in a similar way the best songs of this communion which have had their origin in the Old World, while I was to gather those which have had their birth in the New. How far the enterprise of my English co-laborers has made progress I am not at present informed, but I trust the result of their researches will appear at no distant day. I have found the harvest even here at home more abundant than I could well bind into a single sheaf. No doubt there are many other cherished and honored names, and numerous other favorite and beautiful hymns, which belong to such a compilation as this, and which readers may be sorry not to discover here. I hope to give place to these in another series, which is in course of preparation from accumulated stores that are already in my hands, or from materials which I am engaged in collecting. It is thought that the two volumes — which, however similar, will yet be in a certain sense independent of each other — will not unacceptably embody or represent the finest and richest song-literature of the American Liberal Church.

The authors embraced within the present volume are arranged generally in chronological order. The only exceptions to this rule were in some cases quite unavoidable, and in others are due to my judgment that it would be best to group here and there various members of the same family together. In the first part of the book will be found an Index of these writers, with the titles or subjects of their songs, given in the order in which they occur in the body of the work. In the latter part is an Alphabetical Index of the writers, and also an Index of the first lines of the hymns and poems. The

better to complete the Index of subjects, I have given to a few pieces, whose titles were wanting, such designations as seemed to me proper. In other instances, where the authors themselves had not thus indicated the themes of their productions, I have frequently accepted such titles as I have found supplied in one or another of the Church Collections. In only three or four cases have I ventured to make any change in those which were thus furnished by writers or compilers. Scarcely more numerous have been the slight verbal alterations which I have made in the more important text of the hymns and poems themselves. These have been chiefly attempted where there had evidently been a slip of the pen, — the original thought remaining, I need scarcely add, unvaried by any act of mine. From first to last, no pains have been spared to present these gathered offerings in their properly authorized form.

I desire to express my grateful acknowledgments to all who have so kindly aided me in my work: to the numerous authors who have so freely permitted me to make use of their songs and verses, or who have written or spoken to me words of hearty encouragement and helpful suggestion; to my venerable and excellent friend and former parishioner, Lewis G. Pray, Esq., of Boston Highlands, for the interesting letters which I have at various times received from him in relation to the earlier Unitarian Hymnology in this country; to Rev. F. A. Whitney, of Boston (Brighton District), whose valuable accumulations of books, pamphlets, and other literary stores, illustrative of the history of our Liberal Churches, were generously opened to my examination, and were of much service to me; to the Librarians of Harvard College, the Essex Institute, Salem, and the Long Island Historical Society and the Mercantile Library Association, Brooklyn, N.Y., for the many

polite favors which they have rendered to me in my investigations; to Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co., for their permission to make selections from their published works of Longfellow and Holmes, and from the Life of Theodore Parker by Mr. Frothingham; to Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., for whatever I have gleaned from their editions of Bryant's poems, and from their "American Cyclopædia;" to various authors and publishers for the assistance I have gained in writing some of my biographical sketches from Underwood's "Hand-Book of English Literature," Duyckinck's "Cyclopædia of American Literature," Allibone's "Critical Dictionary of English Literature," Drake's "Dictionary of American Biography," and Griswold's "Poets and Poetry of America;" and to those who have compiled the various Collections of Hymns and edited the many papers and magazines from which I have so often copied, for the aid that has come to me through their literary labors.

I dare not venture the thought, that, in a book which deals so largely with facts or dates, with scattered or fugitive productions, and with known and unknown authors, where so much care and judgment were constantly called into requisition, I have not made mistakes. I have done what I could to avoid them, and can only hope they will be found to be few. I may add, that, for any labor of mine which was necessary to prepare this volume for the press, I have realized a sufficient reward in a wider acquaintance with these pure and gifted bards of the Liberal Faith, and with the precious contributions which they have made to the great store of Sacred Song.

ALFRED P. PUTNAM.

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SINGERS AND SONGS

OF THE

LIBERAL FAITH.

JAMES FREEMAN.

(1759–1835.)

Rev. James Freeman, D.D., was born in Charlestown, Mass., April 22, 1759, and was the son of Constant Freeman, a descendant of Samuel Freeman, who came to this country in the first half of the seventeenth century, and was one of the early proprietors of Watertown, Mass., which was settled in 1630. James was educated in the public Latin School in Boston and at Harvard College. After having graduated at the latter in 1777, he visited his relatives at Cape Cod, and there engaged in disciplining a company of men who were about to join the Colonial troops. In 1780, while sailing to Quebec, he was captured by a privateer and was for some time detained as a prisoner in that city. Returning to Boston in the summer of 1782, and being a candidate for the ministry, he was invited, in September of that year, to be Reader at King's Chapel, which was then an Episcopal Church, and which, having been founded in 1686, was the first church of that communion in New England. Soon after his settlement, the church consented to modify its Liturgy to suit Mr. Freeman's growing Anti-Trinitarian views and its own advancing liberal thought and sentiment. "Thus," says Rev. F. W. P. Greenwood, D.D., his colleague and successor at King's Chapel, "the first Episcopal Church in New England became the first Unitarian Church in the New World." Mr. Freeman was the first avowed preacher of Unitarianism in the United States. As it was impossible for him, under such circumstances, to procure a regular Episcopal ordination, the church itself ordained him, Nov. 18, 1787. He was married, July 17, 1788, to Martha (Curtis) Clarke, the widow of Samuel Clarke, Esq., merchant of Boston. He had no children, though Mrs. Freeman by her first marriage had one son, who was the father of Rev. James Freeman Clarke, D.D. In 1811, he received the degree of D.D. from Harvard College. He resigned his pastorate in 1826, and retired to a country residence near Boston, where he died, Nov. 14, 1835.

Dr. Freeman's labors in behalf of the public school system of his adopted city were manifold and most beneficent. He was one of the founders of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and was a Member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. In 1799, he published a "Collection of Psalms and Hymns for Public Worship," the psalms being taken from Tate and Brady, and the hymns from Enfield's and other English compilations. He is said to have been assisted in the preparation of this Hymn-book for use in his own church, by the father of Rev. Samuel J. May, Col. Joseph May, to whom a monument has lately been erected in King's Chapel. Dr. Freeman contributed numerous articles to the papers and magazines, and published various pamphlets and volumes of sermons. His style as a writer has often been spoken of as a model of pure English. This venerated father of the Liberal Faith in America is described to us as a person of benignant look, of kind and affable manners, of a cheerful and benevolent spirit, and of a pure, just, and blameless walk among men.

The only hymn which we find ascribed to him appeared originally in his own Collection, and has since been admitted extensively into similar books for the sanctuary. It is an adaptation to church music of Thomson's Hymn on the Seasons.

HYMN OF THE SEASONS.

LORD of the worlds below!
On earth thy glories shine;
The changing seasons show
Thy skill and power divine.
In all we see
A God appears;
The rolling years
Are full of thee.

Forth in the flowery spring,
We see thy beauty move;
The birds on branches sing
Thy tenderness and love;
Wide flush the hills;
The air is balm:
Devotion's calm
Our bosom fills.

Then come, in robes of light,
The summer's flaming days;
The sun, thine image bright,
Thy majesty displays;
And oft thy voice
In thunder rolls;
But still our souls
In thee rejoice.

In autumn, a rich feast
Thy common bounty gives
To man, and bird, and beast,
And every thing that lives.
Thy liberal care,
At morn, and noon,
And harvest moon,
Our lips declare.

In winter, awful thou!
With storms around thee cast:
The leafless forests bow
Beneath thy northern blast.
While tempests lower,
To thee, dread King,
We homage bring,
And own thy power.

JOHN DAVIS.

(1761–1847.)

HON. JOHN DAVIS, LL.D., born in Plymouth, Mass., Jan. 25, 1761, was the son of Thomas and Mercy (Hedge) Davis. He attended the schools of Alexander Scammel and Peleg Wadsworth, the former an Adjutant-General of the American Army, who was killed at the battle of Yorktown, and the latter the grandfather of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Having entered Harvard College in 1777, he graduated with honor at

the Commencement in 1781, on which occasion he was the class poet. He afterward taught school in Plymouth, and, still later, was a teacher in the family of Joseph Otis, of Barnstable, the brother of James Otis. He studied law with Oakes Angier, of Bridgewater, and subsequently with Benjamin Lincoln, son of General Lincoln of the Revolution, and began the practice of his profession in Plymouth in 1786, during which year also he was married to Ellen Watson, daughter of Hon. William Watson, of that town. A delegate to the convention held for the adoption of the Federal Constitution, he was both its youngest member and oldest survivor. At various times he represented his fellow-citizens in the two branches of the Massachusetts Legislature. He was appointed Comptroller of the United States Treasury by Washington, and afterward United States Attorney, removing his residence to Boston, where he lived until his death, Jan. 14, 1847. By President John Adams he was honored, in 1801, with the office of Judge of the District Court of Massachusetts, and remained on the bench for forty years. He was one of the Fellows of Harvard College from 1803 to 1810, its Treasurer from 1810 to 1827, and a member of its Board of Overseers from 1827 to 1837; received the degree of LL.D. from Dartmouth College in 1802, and from his *Alma Mater* in 1842; was for a time President of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and was a member also of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and of the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia. He published an edition of Morton's "New England Memorial," which he enriched with copious and valuable notes; and he was the author of numerous other works which added to his wide and justly deserved fame. At the time he resigned his judicial office, Hon. Franklin Dexter, in presenting the resolutions of the Boston Bar, spoke of his labors on the bench as exhibiting "varied and accurate learning, sound and discriminating judgment, unwearied patience, gentleness of manners, and perfect purity." Hon. George S. Hillard said of him, in his speech at the dinner of the Plymouth celebration of 1870: "His was the pure and lofty spirit of the Pilgrims, softened by the influences of a milder age and of a creed less stern. In him was the 'prisca fides,' the ancient faith of Marcellus, and the 'mitis sapientia,' the gentle wisdom of Lælius. He was wise and good, tender and true; the calm of age was in his youth, and the freshness and hopefulness of youth was in his age."

Of his various poetical productions we present two pieces. The first of these was written for the Pilgrim Celebration at Plymouth, in 1792. A part of it, at least, has appeared in some of our hymn-books, and has been sung on numerous public commemorative occasions. We copy it entire, as it was revised and corrected by its author fifty years after it was originally composed. In this form it was used at the celebration of the Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, Dec. 21, 1870, and is to be found in the volume containing the published proceedings of that interesting festive day.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

SONS of renowned sires,
  Join in harmonious choirs,
  Swell your loud songs ;
Daughters of peerless dames,
Come with your mild acclaims,
Let their reveréd names
  Dwell on your tongues.

From frowning Albion's seat
See the famed band retreat,
  On ocean tost ;
Blue tumbling billows roar,
By keel scarce ploughed before,
And bear them to this shore
  Fettered with frost.

By yon wave-beaten rock
See the illustrious flock
  Collected stand ;
To seek some sheltering grove
Their faithful partners move,
Dear pledges of their love
  In either hand.

Not winter's sullen face,
Not the fierce tawny race
  In arms arrayed,
Not hunger, shook their faith ;
Not sickness' baleful breath,
Nor Carver's early death,
  Their souls dismayed.

Watered by heavenly dew,
The Germ of Empire grew,
  Freedom its root ;

From the cold northern pine,
Far toward the burning line,
Spreads the luxuriant vine,
  Bending with fruit.

Columbia, child of heaven!
The best of blessings given
  Be thine to greet;
Hailing this votive day,
Looking with fond survey
Upon the weary way
  Of Pilgrim feet.

Here trace the moss-grown stones,
Where rest their mouldering bones,
  Again to rise;
And let thy sons be led
To emulate the dead,
While o'er their tombs they tread
  With moistened eyes.

FOREFATHERS' DAY.

Written for the Pilgrim Celebration at Plymouth, in 1799.

HAIL, Pilgrim Fathers of our race!
  With grateful hearts your toils we trace;
Again this Votive Day returns,
And finds us bending o'er your urns.

Jehovah's arm prepared the road;
The Heathen vanished at his nod;
He gave his vine a lasting root;
He loads its goodly boughs with fruit.

The hills are covered with its shade;
Its thousand shoots like cedars spread;
Its branches to the sea expand,
And reach to broad Superior's strand.

Of peace and truth the gladsome ray
Smiles in our skies and cheers the day ;
And a new Empire's splendent wheels
Roll o'er the top of Western hills.

Hail, Pilgrim Fathers of our race !
With grateful hearts your toils we trace ;
Oft as this Votive Day returns,
We'll pay due honors to your urns.

SAMUEL DAVIS, brother of Hon. John Davis, was born in Plymouth, March 5, 1765. He devoted most of his life to antiquarian studies, and probably possessed more abundant and accurate knowledge of New England history than any man of his time. The collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society owe many of their pages to his diligent researches, and the student and writer of history always found him unerring authority. He died in Plymouth, July 10, 1829. His gravestone on Burying Hill bears the following inscription, written by his brother John : —

> " From life on earth our pensive friend retires,
> His dust commingling with the Pilgrim sires ;
> In thoughtful walks their every path he traced ;
> Their toils, their tombs, his faithful page embraced ;
> Peaceful and fair and innocent as they,
> With them to rise to everlasting day."

This member, also, of the Davis family in Plymouth, contributed a Pilgrim Ode, which was sung at the celebration in 1800. The following are some of its stanzas : —

PILGRIM ODE.

LET children learn the mighty deeds
Their sires achieved of old ;
And still, as time to time succeeds,
To them the tale unfold.

Their pious toils, their just rewards,
Returning tributes claim,
While faithful history records
Each venerable name.

No longer now the roaming hordes
Unhallowed vigils keep;
No more affrighted mothers guard
Their cradled infants' sleep.

But social arts and peaceful homes
This favored land endear,
Where fields, and masts, and rising domes
With scattered grace appear.

Let musing strangers view the ground,
Here seek tradition's lore,
Where Pilgrims walked their holy round
With God in days of yore.

Hon. William T. Davis, born in Plymouth, March 3, 1822, is a grandson of William Davis, who was brother of John and Samuel, above mentioned. He entered Harvard College in 1838, graduated in 1842, and afterwards studied law. He still resides in his native town; has been a member of the Massachusetts Senate, 1858 and 1859, and also of the Massachusetts Historical Society; President of the Plymouth Society; President of the Plymouth Bay Unitarian Conference, and Vice-President of the American Unitarian Association; while he has also received many other proofs of the confidence and respect of his fellow-citizens. He wrote the following hymn for the Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims: —

OUR FATHERS' GOD.

To Thee, O God! whose guiding hand
Our Fathers led across the sea,
And brought them to this barren shore,
Where they might freely worship Thee;

To Thee, O God! whose arm sustained
Their footsteps in this desert land,
Where sickness lurked and death assailed,
And foes beset on every hand, —

To Thee, O God! we lift our eyes,
To Thee our grateful voices raise,
And, kneeling at Thy gracious throne,
Devoutly join in hymns of praise.

Our Fathers' God! incline Thine ear,
And listen to our heartfelt prayer;
Surround us with Thy heavenly grace,
And guard us with Thy constant care.

Our Fathers' God! in Thee we'll trust,
Sheltered by Thee from every harm:
We'll follow where Thy hand shall guide,
And lean on Thy sustaining arm.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

(1767–1848.)

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS was born, July 11, 1767, in that part of Braintree, Mass., which was afterward incorporated as a distinct township under the name of Quincy. He was a descendant of the fifth generation from Henry Adams, who came to America early in the seventeenth century, and settled in Braintree; and he was the son of John Adams, the second President of the United States. His long and illustrious career is too familiar to the reader to justify more than the briefest mention of its principal stages or events. From his earliest life he was greatly blessed by the influence upon him of his pious and gifted mother, Abigail (Smith) Adams. In his youth he repeatedly accompanied his father to Europe, and was placed at various schools abroad; was afterward private secretary of Hon. Francis Dana, minister to Russia; graduated at Harvard College in 1787; studied law with Theophilus Parsons, of Newburyport, and entered upon the practice of his profession in Boston; was sent as minister to the Netherlands and also to Prussia; served as member of the Massachusetts Senate, and of the Senate of the United States; was Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory at Cambridge; himself, like Mr. Dana, represented his country at St. Petersburg, and, having been the head of the Commissioners who negotiated the Treaty of Ghent, was honored, like his father, with the mission at the Court of St. James; was appointed Secretary of State under Presi-

dent Monroe, and was at length elected Chief Magistrate of the Nation. Yet, after his Presidential term, he was sent by his fellow-citizens, for seventeen consecutive years, to the House of Representatives at Washington, where, after many a brave battle for the right of petition, and a chivalrous and unfaltering devotion to the cause of liberty and the weal of the Republic, he fell suddenly at his post, stricken with paralysis, on Monday, Feb. 21, 1848. He died on the following Wednesday, and his remains were conveyed to Quincy for burial, attended by members of Congress from every State in the Union. The funeral services were held in the Unitarian Church, where, at home, he had regularly and devoutly worshipped; and a most appropriate and impressive discourse was delivered on the occasion by his pastor, Rev. W. P. Lunt, D.D., while at the same time other eloquent voices paid fitting tributes to his memory. The general verdict of his countrymen, in relation to his character and life, is well given in a resolution which was passed, just after his death, by the people of his native town, and which pronounced him "one of the ablest, wisest, and most virtuous statesmen of modern times; a patriot, who has stood by his country in peace and in war, and who has guarded her interests at home and abroad; a scholar of the most varied attainments; an orator of surpassing eloquence; a friend and advocate of truth, freedom, and justice; a man of unbending integrity in public and private life; and, above all, a Christian who, in the greatest press of official cares, never forgot or omitted his duties to God."

The writings of Mr. Adams consist of a great mass of letters, speeches, lectures, eulogies, and important public papers, largely now in press, and edited by his son Hon. Charles Francis Adams, who includes in his work an extensive diary Life of his father. In a life crowded to its close with such varied and arduous public service, Mr. Adams found no little time to cultivate his taste and improve his talent for poetic composition. His longest poem was "Dermot MacMorrogh, or the Conquest of Ireland," an Historical Tale of the 12th Century, in four Cantos, published in 1832. From an Appendix in Rev. Dr. Lunt's pamphlet containing his funeral discourse, we learn that, while he was preparing in 1841 a new Hymn-book for the use of his own society, known as "The Christian Psalter," Mrs. Adams placed in his hands an entire metrical version which her husband had made of the Psalms, together with a few other pieces of poetry which he had written. From these Dr. Lunt selected twenty-two hymns, and gave them a place in his Collection. A small volume of Mr. Adams's "Poems" was published in Auburn and Buffalo, N. Y., in 1854, comprising, beside pieces of a more secular character, most, if not all, of the hymns which have found their way into the service of Sacred Song. Of the latter we present the following specimens, one or two of which have been widely adopted and much admired: —

PSALM XIX.

TURN to the stars of heaven thine eyes,
And God shall meet thee there;
Exalt thy vision to the skies,
His glory they declare;
Day speaks to day, night teaches night,
The wonders of their frame,
And all in harmony unite
Their Maker to proclaim.

Earth has no language, man no speech,
But gives their voice a tongue;
Their words the world's foundations reach,
Their hymn in heaven is sung:
Pavilioned there in glory bright,
As from a blooming bride,
The sun comes forth in floods of light,
With all a bridegroom's pride.

Glad, like a giant for the race,
His orient flame ascends,
Soars through the boundless realms of space,
And in the West descends;
His heat the vital lamp bestows,
The firmament pervades,
In ocean's darkest caverns glows,
And earth's profoundest shades.

PSALM CXXXIX.

O LORD, thy all-discerning eyes
My inmost purpose see;
My deeds, my words, my thoughts, arise
Alike disclosed to thee!

My sitting down, my rising up,
  Broad noon and deepest night,
My path, my pillow, and my cup,
  Are open to thy sight.

Before, behind, I meet thine eye,
  And feel thy heavy hand;
Such knowledge is for me too high
  To reach or understand;
What of thy wonders can I know?
  What of thy purpose see?
Where from thy Spirit shall I go?
  Where from thy presence flee?

If I ascend to heaven on high,
  Or make my bed in hell;
Or take the morning's wings, and fly
  O'er ocean's bounds to dwell;
Or seek from thee a hiding-place
  Amid the gloom of night, —
Alike to thee are time and space,
  The darkness and the light.

THE DEATH OF CHILDREN.

These verses originally appeared in the "Monthly Anthology and Boston Review," January, 1807, and are a part of a piece which there consists of twenty stanzas, and is entitled "Lines addressed to a Mother on the death of two infants, 19 Sept. 1803, and 19 Dec. 1806."

SURE, to the mansions of the blest
  When infant innocence ascends,
Some angel brighter than the rest
  The spotless spirit's flight attends.

On wings of ecstasy they rise,
  Beyond where worlds material roll,
Till some fair sister of the skies
  Receives the unpolluted soul.

There, at th' Almighty Father's hand,
  Nearest the throne of living light,
The choirs of infant seraphs stand,
  And dazzling shine, where all are bright.

That inextinguishable beam,
  With dust united at our birth,
Sheds a more dim, discolored gleam,
  The more it lingers upon earth.

Closed in this dark abode of clay,
  The stream of glory faintly burns,
Nor unobscured the lucid ray
  To its own native fount returns.

But when the Lord of mortal breath
  Decrees his bounty to resume,
And points the silent shaft of death,
  Which speeds an infant to the tomb, —

No passion fierce, no low desire,
  Has quenched the radiance of the flame;
Back to its God the living fire
  Returns, unsullied, as it came.

THE HOUR-GLASS.

Written for the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the First Congregational Church, Quincy, Sept. 29, 1839.

ALAS! how swift the moments fly!
  How flash the years along!
Scarce here, yet gone already by,
  The burden of a song.
See childhood, youth, and manhood pass,
  And age, with furrowed brow;
Time was, Time shall be, but alas!
  Where, where in Time is *now!*

Time is the measure but of change;
  No present hour is found;
The past, the future, fill the range
  Of Time's unceasing round.
Where, then, is *now?* In realms above,
  With God's atoning Lamb,
In regions of eternal love,
  Where sits enthroned I AM.

Then, pilgrim, let thy joys and tears
  On Time no longer lean;
But henceforth all thy hopes and fears
  From earth's affections wean:
To God let votive accents rise;
  With truth, with virtue live;
So all the bliss that Time denies
  Eternity shall give.

SAMUEL WILLARD.

(1776–1859.)

Rev. Samuel Willard, D. D., born in Petersham, Mass., April 18, 1776, was a son of William and Catherine (Wilde) Willard, and grandson of Rev. Samuel Willard, of Biddeford, Me. Samuel Willard, the grandfather of the Biddeford minister, was acting President of Harvard College, 1701–1707, and was the son of Major Simon Willard, who came from Kent, England, and bought land of the Indians in Concord, Mass., before the year 1635. Joseph Willard, another President of Harvard, 1781–1804, was uncle to Samuel, the subject of this sketch. The latter spent his early years on his father's farm. He began to prepare himself for college at the age of twenty-one, and was fitted mainly under the instruction of Rev. Nathaniel Thayer, D.D., of Lancaster, Mass. Having graduated at Harvard in 1803, he was subsequently for more than a year Dr. Abbot's assistant in the Exeter Academy, and was afterwards for some months tutor at Bowdoin College, prosecuting at both of these last-named institutions his study of the classics, and devoting himself also to the study of Theology, under the direction of Drs. Appleton, Buckminster, and McKean. In September, 1805, he removed to Cambridge, where he continued his preparations for the ministry, and soon obtained a license to preach. Economical considerations induced him to reside for

a time at Andover, and it was while he was there that he was invited to preach at Deerfield, Mass. He gave his first sermon in that place, March 15, 1807, and received the next June a call to settle. August 12th was the day fixed upon for the ordination. The council, called in accordance with the custom of the churches, sat for two days, and after a rigid examination of the candidate refused to ordain him, regarding his views too liberal for the orthodox standard. Here was one of the first indications of the split that was destined ere long to divide the Congregational body of New England. Another council was called with more success, and he was duly ordained, September 23d, of the same year. From that time Mr. Willard was a recognized pioneer of the Liberal movement in Western Massachusetts, bravely contending by voice and pen for a larger freedom, and willingly suffering not a little odium and persecution for the sake of what he believed to be the truth. On the 30th of May, 1808, he was married to Susan, only daughter of Dr. Joshua Barker, of Hingham, by whom he had three children, Susan, Mary, and Samuel, the last a graduate of Harvard, 1835. About the close of the year 1818 his eyes suddenly failed him in consequence of too much study by a dim light. For thirteen years after this sad occurrence he was able to see large objects only very indistinctly, and for the remaining twenty-seven years of his life he was totally blind. The amount and variety of intellectual and other labor which, with the faithful aid of his family, he accomplished during these forty years of his calamity, seem almost incredible. He continued his usual pastoral duties until September, 1829, when he resigned his charge; then removed to Hingham, where for some years he assisted his son-in-law in teaching a school; and finally, after a brief residence in Concord, returned to Deerfield, where he spent the rest of his days, preaching occasionally for his people even to the very close of his long career.

Most of his many writings were prepared for the press and published after his loss of sight. They consist of numerous articles for the "Christian Register," "Christian Disciple," and other papers and magazines; a variety of controversial, historical, and occasional discourses; a series of School Readers, and a few volumes beside relating to the subject of education; and several collections of music or hymns for worship. Of these latter were his "Regular Hymns," numbering 158 songs, composed altogether by himself, and published in 1823; a small tract, also written by himself, and printed in 1826, entitled "An Index to the Bible with Juvenile Hymns;" and a compilation, "Sacred Music and Poetry Reconciled," which was issued in 1830, and which contained 518 hymns from various authors, nearly 180 of them being his own. In the Library of Harvard College is a manuscript, in which all of his hymns appear, revised and corrected by their author, and preceded by an elaborate treatise, in which he explains and advocates the theory of "a coincidence between the musical and the poetical emphasis." The subject was one that engaged his mind and occupied

his pen for many years, and all his own hymns were written or altered with a view of practically illustrating this thought. Dr. Willard claimed no high poetic merit. Yet his hymns, however modest their claim, are filled with the sanctity of his own spirit; they are musical in their rhythm and smooth in versification. To such an extent had he exercised and strengthened his memory after he was deprived of his sense of sight, that he could readily repeat any one of his hymns, as also he could whole books of the Bible.

He was chosen a member of the Academy of Arts and Sciences in 1815, and in 1826 he received the degree of D.D. from Harvard College. He was a sturdy and unfaltering advocate of Temperance and Freedom, and the cause of Education ever found in him a wise and faithful helper. Even in his blindness, and to the day of his death, he was deemed a public benefactor. He bore his trials with remarkable patience and cheerfulness, and his piety and goodness were the frequent theme of all who saw him, or learned his name. He died at Deerfield, Mass., Oct. 8, 1859.

The following hymns, except the last two, are taken from Dr. Willard's Collection published in 1830, but are given here as they are found altered and revised in the manuscript referred to. The first originally appeared in the "Christian Disciple," 1822, with others from the same source.

FOR A BIRTHDAY.

ALL hail the smiling rays
  Of this my natal day!
Awake, my soul, to sound His praise,
  Who formed this living clay.

How many tranquil years
  I've passed beneath thy care!
His love has oft assuaged my fears,
  And answered every prayer.

My soul, with humble joy
  Review the season past;
Let thankful songs my lips employ
  While life and being last.

My father's God, on thee
  My only hopes depend;
From every sin preserve me free,
  From every ill defend.

With thee I leave my cares,
To thee my soul intrust,
To thee devote my future years,
Till nature sleep in dust.

Some of the Collections have a part, or the whole, of another hymn by Dr. Willard, consisting of five stanzas, of which we here give four: —

FOR THE PEACE OF THE CHURCH.

LO, they come from East and West;
Come to enjoy the heavenly rest:
North and South, in bliss complete,
Round the eternal altar meet.

Saints of different ages come;
Find in heaven one common home;
Who on earth have walked by faith
Breathe the same inspiring breath.

Mighty throng! how great! how blest!
Wondrous peace, and joy, and rest!
What shall fit us, Lord, for this?
Fit our souls for heavenly bliss?

Peace on earth, and peace alone;
Peace, that makes all churches one;
Peace, the fruit of Christian love,
Fits the soul for bliss above.

AGAINST UNREASONABLE FEARS.

CEASE, my heart, to dread the morrow;
Hush thine anxious cares to rest;
Let no unavailing sorrow
Ever throb within my breast.

All that loving care confessing,
  Whence thy present comforts flow,
Humbly wait each future blessing;
  Leave with Him each future woe.

Under his all-wise direction,
  Guard against impending harm;
Still with his divine protection,
  Cease from every vain alarm.

THE PRAYER OF PENITENCE.

IN deep affliction, Lord, I lie;
  To thee I breathe the fervent sigh,
My sins and follies, oh, forgive,
Those sins which now my spirit grieve!

The gloomy night involves the day;
My wonted joys have fled away;
In my desponding bosom, Lord,
Thy precious promises record.

I see, I see advancing light:
It spreads and rises still more bright.
Henceforth I breathe immortal air, —
Eternal Love has heard my prayer.

The following, except the first stanza, was copied into the "Christian Examiner," 1824, from Dr. Willard's "Regular Hymns," and is one of his best.

EVENING HYMN.

WELCOME, ye deep and silent shades
  That veil the glowing west!
    Hour of repose,
    Softly it flows,
  Diffusing balmy rest.

Far from the world we now retire,
And raise our eyes to God,
Who, in his love,
Smiles from above,
And cheers our dark abode.

Author of all the countless worlds
The vault of heaven displays,
Awed by thy power,
Thee we adore,
And chant our evening lays.

Under those eyes which never close
We lay us down to sleep;
Hearer of prayer,
Make us thy care,
And safe our slumbers keep.

Soon as the sun, with new-born rays,
Relumes the Eastern skies,
Source of all light,
Beam on our sight,
And bless our waking eyes.

In a postscript to the Preface of his manuscript, Dr. Willard tells us that such of the hymns as are marked with an asterisk were written, and all the changes in hymns before published were made, in the eighty-second year of the author's age. Of the fifty or more hymns that appear with a star, and that were thus composed by him during his last days, are the two which we here give: —

THE SURE PROMISES OF GOD.

Daniel ix. 2, 3; x. 18, 19; Acts x. 4, 5.

GRANT me, Lord, some precious token,
Bright and sure, of sins forgiven;
Oh, may those blest words be spoken,
"Know thy prayers are heard in heaven"!

Oh, those words, my soul sustaining,
  Would renew my languid powers;
Give my daylight, now fast waning,
  Brighter tints than morning hours.

But can such a kind indulgence
  Be on one like me bestowed?
Such a ray from thine effulgence
  Penetrate my soul's abode?

Lord, if not, with much endurance
  I will wait thy holy will;
While denied this bright assurance,
  Thank my God for twilight still.

No, my Father, thou wilt never
  Turn away the contrite soul;
Promises, the same for ever,
  All my doubts and fears control.

Filial love, I trust, hath bound me, —
  Bound my heart and soul to thee;
Hence, though other doubts confound me,
  I'll not doubt thy love to me.

OLD AGE.

The last of the four hundred and sixty-seven manuscript hymns, and dated Oct. 3, 1858.

YOUTH and its vernal bloom have fled,
  Summer and autumn gone;
And yet, O God, thy love may cheer,
  When wintry days come on.

Sun of the soul, beneath thy beams
  All things may bloom within;
And ripening fruits in frosty age
  May beautify the scene.

Thou, who hast fed me all my life,
  Help me to trust thee still ;
And all the hopes, by thee inspired,
  Most graciously fulfil.

Then will I travel on my way,
  Long though my journey be,
Nor tire beneath the weight of years
  While walking, Lord, with thee.

JAMES FLINT.

(1779–1855.)

Rev. James Flint, D.D., was born in Reading, Mass., Dec. 10, 1779. His early years were passed on his father's farm, where he divided his time between manual labor and preparatory studies. He began with the classics under the direction of the parish minister, Rev. Eliab Stone. He graduated at Harvard College in 1802; was afterward Preceptor of the Academy in Andover, and subsequently taught school in Dedham, where he studied for the ministry with Rev. Dr. Bates ; was ordained pastor of the church in East Bridgewater, Oct. 29, 1806; and for many years gave private instruction to young men who wished to prepare themselves for the regular course at Cambridge. In April, 1821, he resigned his charge at East Bridgewater, and accepted a call to the East Church, Salem, of which he was installed as the pastor on the 19th of the following September. After a ministry here of thirty years, he requested his parish, in view of his advanced age, to grant him the aid of a colleague, and himself designated for the office Rev. Dexter Clapp, who accepted the trust, and entered upon his labors Dec. 17, 1851. Dr. Flint died, March 4, 1855. His now sainted associate and successor, in a sermon which he preached soon afterward, spoke of "the quick and active intellect," of "the lively and exuberant fancy," and of "the deep religious sentiment" of his departed friend and counsellor, and quoted from a letter of a classmate of the latter, Ex-Governor Levi Lincoln, who wrote : "Dr. Flint's genial character, his warm affections, his pure classic taste, the high tone of his moral sentiments, and his literary aspirations and attainments, won the confidence and esteem of all, and made him the object of special regard to those with whom he was most intimate. Well and faithfully has he redeemed all the pledges of his early manhood, by distinguished usefulness in a Christian life, by the cultivation of a gifted mind, and the truest devotion of his rare endowments to the best interests of his fellow-men."

Dr. Flint received his degree of D.D., in 1825, from Harvard College. Besides contributing to some of the principal journals of the day.

and publishing some translations from Chateaubriand, he delivered numerous occasional discourses, and wrote many hymns and odes for public celebrations or anniversary services. In 1843 he published "A Collection of Hymns for the Christian Church and Home," for the use of his own society in Salem. It took at once the place of a smaller one prepared long before by his distinguished predecessor, Rev. William Bentley, D.D. The new Collection retained many of the hymns that were in the old, and included many others drawn from various sources. Ten or twelve of these were written by Dr. Flint himself, and some of them are as follows: —

GOD WITH THE TRUE WORSHIPPER EVERYWHERE.

IN costly fane, the pride of art,
Or bowed in lowliest cell,
Lord, in the pure and grateful heart
Thou dost delight to dwell.

Thy servants find thee everywhere,
Alone, by night or day;
The world is all a house of prayer
To souls that love to pray.

Yet, with intenser, brighter flame,
Devotion's fire will blaze,
When many meet in Jesus' name
To join in prayer and praise.

To thee, the only God, most wise,
In heaven and earth revered,
Our mingled vows shall duly rise,
Our Sabbath hymns be heard.

Be here our soul's secure retreat,
Our ark on life's chafed sea;
Unheard the storm without shall beat,
While we commune with thee.

Here, with a Father's gracious eye,
Behold the suppliant throng,
Oft as they breathe the imploring sigh,
Or wake the choral song.

THE BEATITUDES.

HAPPY the unrepining poor:
For them the heavenly rest is sure,
Whose patient minds, in every ill,
Submissive meet their Maker's will.

Happy the contrite, who lament
Their wasted hours, in sin misspent:
Reclaimed from sin, they shall obtain
Eternal joys for transient pain.

Happy the meek; by wisdom taught
To check each proud, resentful thought:
For them earth spreads the feast of life,
Unmixed with bitterness and strife.

Happy the souls that grow in grace,
Hunger and thirst for righteousness:
For them a full and rich supply
Shall be prepared in worlds on high.

Happy the men who mercy show
To all that need, or friend or foe:
To them like mercy shall be shown,
When God's just sentence all shall own.

Happy the pure in heart: for they,
Still holding on in virtue's way,
When faith and hope are changed to sight,
Shall see their God in cloudless light.

Happy the men of peaceful life,
Who win to peace the sons of strife:
They shall be called the sons of God,
The heirs of his serene abode.

And happy those who take the cross,
For truth encounter pain and loss,
And suffer shame for Christ, their Lord:
For great in heaven is their reward.

EVENING HYMN.

FATHER, thy mercies never fail;
Again the evening shades prevail,
And soothed I hear the still, small voice
That bids me in thy care rejoice.

Beneath thy sun's all-cheering ray
I've plied my task another day;
And thrice my strength refreshed hath been
With food, and converse sweet between.

Thy works, all beautiful and good,
I've scanned and partly understood;
Clothed in their livery of light,
All speak thy wisdom, love, and might.

When darkness veils the earth and skies,
New worlds and wonders o'er me rise,
That tell, in words of flame from far,
How vast, how bright thy glories are.

Kept by thine all-sustaining power,
I welcome now the solemn hour
That comes my weary lids to close,
And lay me down to sweet repose.

Wrapt in the soft embrace of sleep,
Let angel-guards their vigils keep
About my bed, and be my rest
With holy dreams and visions blest.

While my tired frame in mimic death
Lies motionless, save pulse and breath,
Let my free spirit heavenward fly,
And, without dying, learn to die.

REMEMBRANCE OF OUR FATHERS.

Sung in the First Congregational Church in Quincy, Mass., May 25, 1840, on the completion of the Second Century after the original incorporation of the town.

IN pleasant lands have fallen the lines
  That bound our goodly heritage;
And safe beneath our sheltering vines,
  Our youth is blest, and blest our age.

What thanks, O God, to thee are due,
  That thou didst plant our fathers here,
And watch and guard them as they grew,
  A vineyard to the Planter dear!

The toils they bore our ease have wrought;
  They sowed in tears, — in joy we reap;
The birthright they so dearly bought
  We'll guard till we with them shall sleep.

Thy kindness to our fathers shown,
  In want and woe through all the past,
Their grateful sons, O God, shall own,
  While here their name and race shall last.

CELEBRATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

FREEMEN, we our chartered rights
    Hold from men who lived the lights,
And the bulwark on her heights,
    Of their country, stood.

Tyrants' threats and bribes they spurned,
Back the oppressor's hosts they turned,
Freedom for their sons they earned
    By their toils and blood.

Be their names immortalized,
Who their life-blood sacrificed,
That a boon so dearly prized
They for us might win.

Yet in vain our freedom, Lord,
Bought with blood in battle poured,
If, unfranchised by thy word,
We are slaves to sin.

Freedom without self-control
Is but leave to wreck the soul,
Passion-driven on pleasure's shoal,
To the future blind.

Freemen, then, by right of birth,
Teach us, Lord, to prize the worth
Of that richest gem of earth,
Freedom of the mind.

ORDINATION HYMN FOR A NEW SOCIETY.

Written for the ordination of Mr. Samuel Barrett, as pastor of the Twelfth Congregational Church, Boston, Feb. 9, 1825.

ALL-GLORIOUS Lord of heaven and earth!
When angels sang a Saviour's birth,
"Glory to God!" the song began:
It closed with "Peace and Love to man."

Glory to thee we give this day,
That earthly heralds still convey,
What angels sang from their bright spheres,
Good news to our delighted ears.

Etèrnal life they still proclaim,
The gift and Giver still the same:
The same the straight and narrow way,
To know thy will, and to obey.

Grateful, this lately gathered band
Of suppliants, Lord, before thee stand,
And join their pastor's heart-breathed prayer,
That they may grow beneath his care.

Thy dews and sunshine swell the grain,
Till ripened sheaves bend o'er the plain:
So be thy Spirit largely given,
And souls shall ripen here for heaven.

All-glorious Lord of heaven and earth!
When angels sang a Saviour's birth,
"Glory to God!" the song began:
It closed with "Peace and Love to man."

The hymn, written by Dr. Flint, and inserted in his Collection, beginning,

"O'er life's pale wreck in loveliness,"

consists of the last five stanzas of one that was composed by him for the consecration of Harmony Grove Cemetery, at Salem, June 14, 1840. We present it here in its entire form: —

HARMONY GROVE CEMETERY.

FROM Thee, O God, our spirits come,
Enshrined in breathing clay;
Mysterious guests, not here at home,
Nor destined long to stay.

Nature, from her maternal breast,
Nurtures the living frame,
Till summoned hence the stranger guest
Returns to whence it came.

When of its life-guest dispossessed,
The appointed goal attained,
Her bosom folds in dreamless rest
The form her fruits sustained.

Be these sequestered haunts, of mound
  And slope, of dell and glade,
Approached henceforth, as hallowed ground,
  Where life's pale wrecks are laid.

Yet o'er these wrecks, in loveliness,
  These scenes shall yearly bloom ;
Type of the soul's ethereal dress,
  Heaven-wrought beyond the tomb.

Oh, why then mourn, that earth to earth,
  And dust to dust is given ?
'Tis but the spirit's second birth,
  Its coronal for heaven.

Though dear the dust, that once was warm
  With life the spirit gave,
We dote not on the perished form,
  That moulders in the grave.

We yield the body to its doom,
  The dust in dust to lie ;
Yet we may deem beside the tomb
  The spirit hovering nigh.

And oft our steps shall linger near,
  Till death the veil remove,
And kindred spirits, sundered here,
  Be joined in deathless love.

JOHN PIERPONT.

(1785–1866.)

Rev. John Pierpont was a descendant of John Pierpont, of London, who, having come to this country to see his two sons who had emigrated before him, died in Ipswich, Mass., Dec. 7, 1682. One of these two sons, James Pierpont, who lived in Roxbury, Mass., and then in New Haven, Conn., was the grandfather of James Pierpont, who settled

in Litchfield, Conn., and there married Elizabeth Collins, by whom he had six children. The second of the six was the subject of our sketch. He was born at Litchfield, April 6, 1785; graduated at Yale College, in 1804; taught for a time in the Academy with Rev. Dr. Backus, and afterward in the family of Col. William Allston, of Charleston, S.C.; returning home, studied law for several years, and then, in 1812, went to Newburyport, Mass., where he was admitted to the bar. In 1814 he gave up this profession from conscientious scruples, and devoted himself to literary and business pursuits; first in Boston, and later in Baltimore, where he was a partner in the dry goods trade with John Neal, of Portland, and Joseph L. Lord, whose sister, Mary Sheldon Lord, he had married in Litchfield, in 1810. We next find him, some years later, a student of theology at the Cambridge Divinity School, at which he graduated, in 1818, in the class with Jared Sparks, John G. Palfrey, and others, who afterward attained to eminence. In 1819 he succeeded Rev. Dr. Holley, as pastor of the Hollis Street Church, Boston; was settled over the Unitarian Society, at Troy, N.Y., in 1845, and over the parish in Medford, Mass., in 1849, remaining in charge of the latter until 1859, when he retired from the active ministry, although he continued to supply pulpits from time to time as occasion offered. His wife died in 1855, and in 1858 he was again married to Mrs. Louisa Campbell Fowler, of Dutchess County, N.Y. In 1861, soon after the outbreak of the war, he went into Virginia, as chaplain of the Massachusetts Regiment, entering upon this service of country and liberty, though at the age of more than threescore years and ten, with wonderful zeal and heroism. The toils and risks required of him were too great for his increasing infirmities, and he was obliged to return to more peaceful pursuits. In 1862, his friend, Secretary Chase, devolved upon him the labor of indexing the decisions of the Treasury Department at Washington. He lived to complete the vast work, executing the task with marvellous neatness and fidelity. He died suddenly, Aug. 27, 1866, while on a visit among his friends at Medford.

Mr. Pierpont was of tall and handsome figure, was an admirable reader and an earnest, interesting speaker, a ready, logical, and powerful controversialist, and an indomitable champion of all the reforms of the day. His bold advocacy of the Temperance cause led, in 1838, to a prolonged and exciting conflict between him and his church in Hollis Street, a committee of which requested him to resign. This he declined to do, and the matter was brought before an ecclesiastical tribunal, whose decision in 1841 was that he was not of right called upon to leave his pulpit, and whose protracted proceedings were afterward published in a volume.

Not less valiant and faithful was his testimony against the sin and evils of slavery. In the pulpit and in conversation, in papers and magazines, in prose and poetry, he witnessed from first to last to this good confession; and his burning, uncompromising words did much to

swell the growing public sentiment that finally set free the oppressed. Keenly alive to every movement or enterprise that promised aid to human welfare, he was also deeply interested in prison discipline, popular education, and other kindred matters, giving to each and all his hearty sympathy and support.

His literary labors and productions were numerous, and of superior merit. His earliest extended poem, "The Portrait," was read before the Washington Benevolent Society, of Newburyport, Oct. 27, 1812. His "Airs of Palestine," which justly earned for him a high reputation as a poet, was first published in a small volume at Baltimore in 1816; and two other editions of it were issued in Boston, in the following year. During his ministry in Boston, he prepared an admirable series of school-books, which passed through many editions, and were very widely used: "The American First Class Book," "The National Reader," "An Introduction to the National Reader," "The Young Reader," and "The Little Learner." In 1835–36 he went abroad, and travelled in England, France, Italy, Asia Minor, and Greece, writing letters from Rome for the "Evening Gazette." In 1839 he edited an American reprint, with some changes, of Emily Taylor's volume of selected poems, entitled "Sabbath Recreations," and in 1840 published a Collection of his own poems, which included his "Airs of Palestine," and other pieces of considerable length; a great number of hymns or odes for Christmas, and the Lord's Supper; for Ordination, Installation, and Dedicatory Services, and Temperance and Anniversary Celebrations; and a variety of brief, fugitive productions beside. From time to time during his active professional life, he gave to the press some of his more notable sermons, which, as they pertained chiefly to the more exciting subjects of the day, created a deep and wide interest in the community.

Mr. Pierpont was one of the best hymn-writers of America. He was a genuine poet, as well as a powerful preacher and stern reformer. His imagination took a bold, strong wing, and his fine lyric verse was inspired with the ardor and nobleness of his own great soul. Fiery as some of his pieces are in their rebuke and denunciation of injustice and cruelty, yet there are others which are remarkable for their tenderness and pathos, and betray the sweetness and love that lay hidden beneath his rugged face, and imperial, warlike manner. His songs as well as his sermons throb with intense devotion to truth and goodness, to country and humanity, and to that better Church of God, that is yet to be. From the volume of his poems, published in 1840, we take the following pieces: —

MORNING HYMN. FOR A CHILD.

O GOD, I thank thee that the night
In peace and rest hath passed away;
And that I see, in this fair light,
My Father's smile, that makes it day.

Be thou my Guide, and let me live
As under thine all-seeing eye;
Supply my wants, my sins forgive,
And make me happy when I die.

EVENING HYMN. FOR A CHILD.

ANOTHER day its course hath run,
And still, O God, thy child is blest;
For thou hast been by day my sun,
And thou wilt be by night my rest.

Sweet sleep descends, my eyes to close;
And now, when all the world is still,
I give my body to repose,
My spirit to my Father's will.

WORKS OF MAN.

Written for the Fifth Triennial Celebration of the Massachusetts Charitable Association, Oct. 4, 1821.

SPIRIT of Wisdom and of Power!
The works of Egypt's mightiest hour, —
The pyramid and vaulted tomb,
The peerless fane of David's Son,
The giant towers of Babylon, —
Old works of grandeur and of gloom;

The curtained ark, the jewelled vest
That gleamed of old on Aaron's breast, —
Works for their glorious beauty famed:
All these, by thine informing mind,
In strength were reared, with skill designed,
And lead our thoughts to thee when named.

Lone columns on the Ionian shore,
And sculptured ruins scattered o'er

Athenian and Corinthian plains,
Of thy departed spirit speak,
That shed a glory round the Greek,
And threw its last light on his chains.

The conqueror's arch, the temple's dome,
Of pagan and of Christian Rome,
Thy kindling spirit taught to swell ;
And many a tall monastic pile,
Still frowning o'er our fathers' Isle,
Of thy past inspirations tell.

The arts that bid our navies ride
And thunder o'er the trackless tide,
The arts of dove-winged Peace are thine.
Spirit of Wisdom and of Power !
Be thou our undecaying tower,
And our adoring hearts thy shrine.

WORKS OF GOD.

Written for the same occasion as the last.

NOW to the God to whom all might
And glory in all worlds belong,
Who fills, unseen, his throne of light,
Come, let us sing a general song.

His Spirit wrapped the mantling air,
Of old, around our infant earth,
And on her bosom, warm and fair,
Gave her young lord his joyous birth.

He smiles on morning's rosy way ;
He paints the gorgeous clouds of even ;
To noon he gives its ripening ray ;
To night, the view of glorious heaven.

He drives along those sparkling globes
In circles of unerring truth ;
He decks them all in radiant robes,
And crowns them with eternal youth.

So will he crown the upright mind,
When life and all its toils are o'er;
Then let his praise on every wind
Rise till the winds shall wake no more.

ORDINATION HYMN.

Written for the Ordination of Mr. William Ware, as Pastor of the First Congregational Church in New York, Dec. 18, 1821.

O THOU, who art above all height!
Our God, our Father, and our Friend!
Beneath thy throne of love and light,
We, thine adoring children, bend.

We kneel in praise, that here is set
A vine that by thy culture grew;
We kneel in prayer, that thou wouldst wet
Its opening leaves with heavenly dew.

Since thy young servant now hath given
Himself, his powers, his hopes, his youth,
To the great cause of truth and heaven, —
Be thou his guide, O God of truth!

Here may his doctrines drop like rain,
His speech like Hermon's dew distil,
Till green fields smile, and golden grain,
Ripe for the harvest, waits thy will.

And when he sinks in death, — by care,
Or pain, or toil, or years oppressed, —
O God! remember then our prayer,
And take his spirit to thy rest.

UNIVERSAL WORSHIP.

Written for the opening of the Independent Congregational Church in Barton Square, Salem, Mass., Dec. 7, 1824.

O THOU, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue!

Not now on Zion's height alone
  Thy favored worshipper may dwell,
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
  Sat weary by the patriarch's well.

From every place below the skies,
  The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart, may rise
  To heaven, and find acceptance there.

In this, thy house, whose doors we now,
  For social worship, first unfold,
To thee the suppliant throng shall bow,
  While circling years on years are rolled.

To thee shall age, with snowy hair,
  And strength and beauty, bend the knee ;
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
  Its praises and its prayers to thee.

O thou, to whom, in ancient time,
  The lyre of prophet bards was strung !
To thee at last, in every clime,
  Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

Written for the Anniversary of the Pilgrim Society, celebrated at Plymouth, Dec. 22, 1824.

THE Pilgrim Fathers, — where are they ?
  The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray
  As they break along the shore ;
Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day
  When the MAYFLOWER moored below,
When the sea around was black with storms,
  And white the shore with snow.
CHORUS. Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day, &c.

The mists that wrapped the Pilgrim's sleep
  Still brood upon the tide ;
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep
  To stay its waves of pride.
But the snow-white sail that he gave to the gale,
  When the heavens looked dark, is gone, —
As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,
  Is seen, and then withdrawn.

CHORUS. It is gone from the bay, where it spread that day, &c.

The Pilgrim exile, — sainted name !
  The hill whose icy brow
Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame,
  In the morning's flame burns now.
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
  On the hill-side and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head, —
  But the Pilgrim ! where is he ?

CHORUS. He is not in the bay, as he was that day, &c.

The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest :
  When summer's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure drest,
  Go stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day
  On that hallowed spot is cast ;
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
  Looks kindly on that spot last.

CHORUS. Not such was the ray that he shed that day, &c.

The Pilgrim *spirit* has not fled :
  It walks in noon's broad light ;
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
  With the holy stars by night.

It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And shall guard this ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay, where the MAYFLOWER lay,
Shall foam and freeze no more.

CHORUS. It watches the bed of the brave who have bled, &c.

THE STONE CHURCH AT QUINCY.

Written for the Dedication of the New Stone Congregational Church, in Quincy, Nov. 12, 1828. The allusion in the third stanza is to President John Adams, who had given to the parish the stone quarries in the town for the purpose of erecting this "Temple for the worship of God." In a chambered granite vault beneath the vestibule of this edifice repose the remains of President John Adams and John Quincy Adams, and of their honored consorts.

WHEN thy Son, O God, was sleeping,
In death's rocky prison bound,
When his faithful ones were weeping,
And the guards were watching round,
Then thy word, that strong house shaking,
Rent the rocky bars away,
And the holy sleeper, waking,
Rose to meet the rising day.

When thy word, by Jesus spoken,
In its power is heard even now,
Shake the hills, the rocks are broken,
As on Calvary's trembling brow.
From the bosom of the mountain,
At that word, these stones have burst,
And have gathered round the fountain
Where our souls may quench their thirst.

Here the water of salvation
Long hath gushed, a liberal wave;
Here a Father of our nation
Drank, and felt the strength it gave.
Here he sleeps, his bed how lowly!
But his aim and trust were high;
And his memory, — that is holy;
And his name, — it cannot die.

While beneath this temple's portal
  Rest the relics of the just,
While the light of hope immortal
  Shines above his sacred dust,
While the well of life its waters
  To the weary here shall give,
Father, may thy sons and daughters,
  Kneeling round it, drink and live.

SETTLEMENT OF BOSTON.

Written for the Second Centennial Celebration of the Settlement of Boston, Sept. 17, 1830.

BREAK forth in song, ye trees,
    As through your tops the breeze
    Sweeps from the sea;
For, on its rushing wings,
To your cool shades and springs,
That breeze a people brings,
    Exiled though free.

Ye sister hills, lay down
Of ancient oaks your crown,
    In homage due:
These are the great of earth,
Great not by kingly birth,
Great in their well-proved worth,
    Firm hearts and true.

These are the living lights,
That from your bold, green heights,
    Shall shine afar,
Till they who name the name
Of Freedom, toward the flame
Come, as the Magi came
    Toward Bethlehem's star.

Gone are those great and good
Who here, in peril, stood
And raised their hymn.
Peace to the reverend dead;
The light, that on their head
Two hundred years have shed,
Shall ne'er grow dim.

Ye temples, that to God
Rise where our fathers trod,
Guard well your trust, —
The faith, that dared the sea,
The truth, that made them free,
Their cherished purity,
Their garnered dust.

Thou high and holy One,
Whose care for sire and son
All nature fills,
While day shall break and close,
While night her crescent shows,
Oh, let thy light repose
On these our hills.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Written for the Celebration of the Centennial Anniversary of the Birthday of Washington, Boston, Feb. 22, 1832.

TO Thee, beneath whose eye
Each circling century
Obedient rolls,
Our nation, in its prime,
Looked with a faith sublime,
And trusted, in "the time
That tried men's souls," —

When, from this * gate of heaven,
People and priest were driven

* The Old South Church was taken possession of by the British, while they held Boston, and converted into barracks for the cavalry, the pews being cut up for fuel, or used in constructing stalls for their horses.

By fire and sword,
And, where thy saints had prayed,
The harnessed war-horse neighed,
And horsemen's trumpets brayed
In harsh accord.

Nor was our fathers' trust,
Thou mighty One, and just,
Then put to shame:
"Up to the hills" for light,
Looked they in peril's night,
And, from yon guardian height,*
Deliverance came.

There like an angel form,
Sent down to still the storm,
Stood Washington:
Clouds broke and rolled away;
Foes fled in pale dismay;
Wreathed were his brows with bay,
When war was done.

God of our sires and sons,
Let other Washingtons
Our country bless,
And, like the brave and wise
Of by-gone centuries,
Show that true greatness lies
In righteousness.

TEMPERANCE HYMN.

Written for the simultaneous Temperance Meeting, in the Old South Church in Boston, Feb. 22, 1835.

THOU sparkling bowl! thou sparkling bowl!
Though lips of bards thy brim may press,
And eyes of beauty o'er thee roll,
And song and dance thy power confess,

* From his position on Dorchester Heights, that overlook the town, General Washington succeeded in compelling the British forces to evacuate Boston.

I will not touch thee; for there clings
A scorpion to thy side, that stings!

Thou crystal glass! like Eden's tree,
  Thy melted ruby tempts the eye,
And, as from that, there comes from thee
  The voice, "Thou shalt not surely die."
I dare not lift thy liquid gem;
A snake is twisted round thy stem!

Thou liquid fire! like that which glowed
  On Melita's surf-beaten shore,
Thou'st been upon my guests bestowed,
  But thou shalt warm my house no more;
For, wheresoe'er thy radiance falls,
Forth from thy heart a viper crawls!

What though of gold the goblet be,
  Embossed with branches of the vine,
Beneath whose burnished leaves we see
  Such clusters as poured out the wine?
Among those leaves an adder hangs!
I fear him; for I've felt his fangs.

The Hebrew, who the desert trod,
  And felt the fiery serpent's bite,
Looked up to that ordained of God,
  And found that life was in the sight.
So, the *worm*-bitten's fiery veins
Cool, when he drinks what God ordains.

Ye gracious clouds! ye deep, cold wells!
  Ye gems, from mossy rocks that drip!
Springs, that from earth's mysterious cells
  Gush o'er your granite basin's lip!
To you I look: your largess give,
And I will drink of you, and live.

CHARLES FOLLEN.

Written for the funeral service in commemoration of the life and character of Charles Follen, before the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, April 17, 1840.

OH, not for thee we weep ; we weep
For her, whose love and long caress,
And widow's tears, from fountains deep,
Fall on the early fatherless.

'Tis for ourselves we mourn ; we mourn
Our blighted hopes, our wishes crossed,
Thy strength that hath our burdens borne,
Thy love, thy smile, thy counsels lost.

'Tis for the slave we sigh ; we sigh
To think thou sleepest on a shore
Where thy calm voice and beaming eye
Shall plead the bondman's cause no more.

'Tis for our land we grieve ; we grieve
That Freedom's fane, Devotion's shrine,
And Faith's fresh altar, thou should'st leave,
And they all lose a soul like thine.

A soul like thine, — so true a soul, —
Wife, friends, our land, the world, must miss ;
The waters o'er thy corse may roll,
But thy pure spirit is in bliss.

MY FATHER, MOTHER, BROTHERS, SISTERS.

This is the title of a poem of sixteen verses, which is in the author's most tender and beautiful vein. We give only the first four.

THEY are all gone but one, —
A daughter and a son
Were, from my parents, early taken away ;
And my own childhood's joy
Was darkened when, a boy,
I saw them, in their coffins as they lay.

To manhood had I grown;
And children of my own
Were gathering round me, when my mother died.
I saw not her cold clay,
When it was borne away
And buried by her little children's side,

Beneath the now green sod.
She led me first to God:
Her words and prayers were my young spirit's dew.
For, when she used to leave
The fireside every eve,
I knew that it was for prayer that she withdrew.

That dew, that blessed my youth, —
Her holy love, her truth,
Her spirit of devotion, and the tears
That she could not suppress, —
Hath never ceased to bless
My soul, nor will it, through eternal years.

HYMN OF THE LAST SUPPER.

"And when they had sung a hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives." — MATTHEW xxvi. 30.

THE winds are hushed; the peaceful moon
Looks down on Zion's hill;
The city sleeps; 'tis night's calm noon,
And all the streets are still.

Save when, along the shaded walks,
We hear the watchman's call,
Or the guard's footsteps, as he stalks
In moonlight on the wall.

How soft, how holy, is this light!
And hark! a mournful song,
As gentle as these dews of night,
Floats on the air along.

Affection's wish, devotion's prayer,
Are in that holy strain ;
'Tis resignation, not despair,
'Tis triumph, though 'tis pain.

'Tis Jesus and his faithful few
That pour that hymn of love ;
O God ! may we the song renew
Around thy board above !

REMEMBRANCE OF CHRIST.

OUR Father, we approach thy board,
As children that would be forgiven ;
Remembering him, thy Son, who poured
His blood, to seal our hope of heaven.

O God, our Saviour ! while we thus
Remember him who made us free,
Who agonized and died for us,
Our grateful hearts would rise to thee.

In him, whose bursting heart the cloud
Of sorrow chilled, and wretchedness ;
In him, whose fainting head was bowed
In his unspeakable distress ;

Oh, listen to our fervent prayer :
That he, who hung on Calvary's hill,
And gave thee back his spirit there,
May live in our affections still.

HE IS NOT THERE.

A part of an exquisitely touching and beautiful poem of ten stanzas, originally printed in the "Monthly Miscellany," October, 1840. Like the two pieces which follow it, it is not found in the volume of poems.

I CANNOT make him dead :
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair ;
Yet when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes, — he is not there !

Not there ; — where, then, is he ?
The form I used to see
Was but the *raiment* that he used to wear.
The grave, that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe locked ; — *he* is not there !

He lives, — in all the past
He lives ; nor to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair.
In dreams I see him now ;
And, on his angel brow,
I see it written, " Thou shalt see me *there*."

Yes, we all live to God ;
FATHER, thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That, in the spirit land,
Meeting at thy right hand,
'Twill be our heaven to find that — he is *there*.

The following hymn was written by Mr. Pierpont for the consecration of the burial-grounds of the Church of the Saviour, Brooklyn, N.Y. They are situated on a noble eminence in Greenwood Cemetery, are shaded by a variety of ornamental trees, and are surrounded with much of the beauty and loveliness that reign in that city of the dead. The poet, in his frequent visits among his relatives in Brooklyn, the family of the late Joseph L. Lord, was often called upon to exercise his gift for our Unitarian friends there, on special public occasions. His pen was ever ready for the service ; and it is in illustration of the marvellous facility and success with which he was wont to respond to all such requests, that, as Rev. Dr. Farley, then pastor of the Church, informs us, he composed these lines in an incredibly short space of time.

CONSECRATION AT GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

O GOD, beneath this Greenwood shade,
Beneath this blue autumnal sky,
Would we, by those we love, be laid,
Whene'er it is our time to die.

The glory of this woodland scene,
  These leaves that came at summer's call,
These leaves, so lately young and green,
  Even now begin to fade and fall.

So shall we fade and fall, at length;
  Youth's blooming cheek, the silvery hair
Of reverend age, and manhood's strength,
  Shall here repose: Then hear our prayer,

O Thou, who, by Thy Son, hast said,
  From fear of death to set us free,
"God is a God, not of the dead," —
  That we, for aye, may live in Thee!

"E PLURIBUS UNUM."

Written during the war for the preservation of the Union.

THE harp of the minstrel with melody rings,
  When the Muses have taught him to touch and to tune it;
And though he may have a full octave of strings,
  To both maker and minstrel the harp is a unit.
    So the power that creates
    Our republic of States,
To harmony attunes them at different dates;
And, many or few, when the Union is done,
Be they thirteen or thirty, the Nation is one.

The science that measures and numbers the spheres,
  And has done so since first the Chaldean began it,
Now and then as she counts them, and measures their years,
  Brings into our system and names a new planet.
    Yet the old and new stars,
    Venus, Neptune, and Mars,
As they drive round the sun their invisible cars,
Whether faster or slower their races are run,
Are "E Pluribus Unum," — of many made one.

Of those federate spheres should but one fly the track,
  Or with others conspire for a general dispersion,
By the great central orb they would all be brought back,
  And held, each in its place, by a wholesome "coercion."
    Were one daughter of light
    Indulged in her flight,
They might all be engulfed by old Chaos and Night;
So must none of our sisters be suffered to run,
For, "E Pluribus Unum," — we all go, if one.

Let the Demon of Discord our melody mar,
  Or Treason's red hand rend our system asunder,
Break one string from our harp, or extinguish one star,
  The whole system's ablaze with its lightning and thunder.
    Let that discord be hushed;
    Let the traitors be crushed,
Though "Legion" their name, all with victory flushed;
For aye must our motto stand, fronting the sun,
"E Pluribus Unum," — the many are one.

Among the numerous hymns written by Mr. Pierpont, after the publication of his volume of poems in 1840, there are, beside those which we have copied above, some whose first lines are as follows: "Robed in sackcloth, dark and deep," 1841; "The bloom of spring, at last, has come," 1843; "The dead! the reverend dead!" 1843; "Sacred to Thee, Eternal One," 1848; "God of the rolling year," 1849; "To thee; O God, in humble trust," 1850; "Glad hearts, O God, we bring," 1855; "On, 'mid the starry spheres," 1858.

ANDREWS NORTON.

(1786–1853.)

Andrews Norton, the youngest child of Samuel and Jane Norton, was born at Hingham, Mass., Dec. 31, 1786. He completed his preparatory studies at the Derby Academy in that town, and entered the Sophomore class in Harvard College in 1801, graduating in 1804. Having afterward spent a considerable time at Cambridge, and at Hingham, in a course of literary and theological study, he preached for a few weeks in Augusta, Me., in 1809, and then was a tutor for a year in Bowdoin

College. For another year he was tutor in Mathematics in Harvard College; in 1813 was appointed Librarian, and subsequently Lecturer on Biblical Criticism and Interpretation, meanwhile preaching in various pulpits in Boston and other places. On the establishment of the Theological School in Cambridge, in 1819, Mr. Norton was chosen its Dexter Professor of Sacred Literature, and occupied the position until 1830. He continued his residence at that seat of learning for the remainder of his life, passing his time in scholarly retirement, and giving to the press at intervals the results of his able, careful, and conscientious thought and investigations. He died at Newport, R.I., Sept. 18, 1853.

In 1812 he became editor of the "General Repository and Review," in the interest of the more liberal views of Christianity which had begun to prevail among the churches. In 1826 he collected and republished the poetry of Mrs. Hemans, for which he had a high admiration, and in 1827 he sailed for Europe. In 1833 he published his well-known "Statement of Reasons for not believing the Doctrines of Trinitarians concerning the Nature of God and the Person of Christ;" and in 1833–34 he was associated with Charles Folsom, Esq., in editing "The Select Journal of Foreign Periodical Literature." The first volume of his great work, "The Genuineness of the Gospels," appeared in 1837; the second and third volumes, in 1844; and his "Tracts on Christianity," in 1852. His fourth volume on the "Genuineness of the Gospels," and his "Translation of the Gospels," were both published after his death, though in an incomplete form. His books, lectures, pamphlet discourses, and literary and theological magazine contributions, were marked by great ability and learning, and exerted a wide and powerful influence in moulding opinion and thought in his day. This eminent Christian teacher was not only a distinguished scholar, controversialist, and critic, but one of the finest of poets as well. Rev. William Newell, D.D., in an article in the "Christian Examiner," November, 1853, writes: "The few specimens which he has left behind are gems of rare lustre, finished of their kind." These, just after his death, were printed in a small volume, from which we copy the following pieces, indicating also where and when most of them were originally published.

TRUST AND SUBMISSION.

"Monthly Anthology and Boston Review," September, 1809.

MY God, I thank thee; may no thought
E'er deem thy chastisements severe;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

Thy mercy bids all nature bloom;
  The sun shines bright, and man is gay;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom,
  That darkens o'er his little day.

Full many a throb of grief and pain
  Thy frail and erring child must know;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
  Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

Thy various messengers employ,
  Thy purposes of love fulfil;
And, 'mid the wreck of human joy,
  Let kneeling faith adore thy will.

THE DEATH OF A YOUNG FRIEND.

"General Repository and Review," April, 1812.

OH, stay thy tears; for they are blest,
  Whose days are past, whose toil is done:
Here midnight care disturbs our rest;
  Here sorrow dims the noonday sun.

For laboring Virtue's anxious toil,
  For patient Sorrow's stifled sigh,
For Faith that marks the conqueror's spoil,
  Heaven grants the recompense — to die.

How blest are they whose transient years
  Pass like an evening meteor's flight!
Not dark with guilt, nor dim with tears;
  Whose course is short, unclouded, bright.

Oh, cheerless were our lengthened way,
  Did Heaven's own light not break the gloom,
Stream downward from eternal day,
  And cast a glory round the tomb.

Oh, stay thy tears: the blest above
  Have hailed a spirit's heavenly birth,
Sung a new song of joy and love;
  And why should anguish reign on earth?

WRITTEN AFTER A SUMMER SHOWER.

"Christian Disciple," March and April No., 1819.

THE rain is o'er, — how dense and bright
  Yon pearly clouds reposing lie!
Cloud above cloud, a glorious sight,
  Contrasting with the deep blue sky!

In grateful silence earth receives
  The general blessing; fresh and fair,
Each flower expands its little leaves,
  As glad the common joy to share.

The softened sunbeams pour around
  A fairy light, uncertain, pale;
The wind flows cool, the scented ground
  Is breathing odors on the gale.

'Mid yon rich clouds' voluptuous pile,
  Methinks some spirit of the air
Might rest to gaze below awhile,
  Then turn to bathe and revel there.

The sun breaks forth, — from off the scene,
  Its floating veil of mist is flung;
And all the wilderness of green
  With trembling drops of light is hung.

Now gaze on nature, — yet the same,
  Glowing with life, by breezes fanned,
Luxuriant, lovely, as she came
  Fresh in her youth from God's own hand.

Hear the rich music of that voice,
  Which sounds from all, below, above;
She calls her children to rejoice,
  And round them throws her arms of love.

Drink in her influence: low-born care,
  And all the train of mean desire,
Refuse to breathe this holy air,
  And in this living light expire.

THE PARTING.

"Christian Examiner," January and February No., 1824.

WE did not part as others part;
  And should we meet on earth no more,
Yet deep and dear within my heart
  Some thoughts will rest, a treasured store.

How oft, when weary and alone,
  Have I recalled each word, each look,
The meaning of each varying tone,
  And the last parting glance we took!

Yes, sometimes even here are found
  Those who can touch the chords of love,
And wake a glad and holy sound,
  Like that which fills the courts above.

It is as when a traveller hears,
  In a strange land, his native tongue,
A voice he loved in happier years,
  A song which once his mother sung.

We part: the sea may roll between,
  While we through different climates roam;
Sad days — a life — may intervene;
  But we shall meet again — at home.

FORTITUDE.

"Christian Disciple," July and August No., 1822.

FAINT not, poor traveller, though thy way
  Be rough, like that thy Saviour trod;
Though cold and stormy lower the day,
  This path of suffering leads to God.

Nay, sink not, though from every limb
  Are starting drops of toil and pain;
Thou dost but share the lot of Him,
  With whom his followers are to reign.

Thy friends are gone, and thou, alone,
  Must bear the sorrows that assail;
Look upward to the eternal throne,
  And know a Friend who cannot fail.

Bear firmly: yet a few more days,
  And thy hard trial will be past;
Then, wrapt in glory's opening blaze,
  Thy feet shall rest on heaven at last.

Christian! thy Friend, thy Master prayed,
  When dread and anguish shook his frame;
Then met his sufferings undismayed, —
  Wilt thou not strive to do the same?

Oh! think'st thou that his Father's love
  Shone round him then with fainter rays
Than now, when, throned all height above,
  Unceasing voices hymn his praise?

Go, sufferer! calmly meet the woes
  Which God's own mercy bids thee bear;
Then, rising, as thy Saviour rose,
  Go! his eternal victory share.

FUNERAL HYMN.

"Christian Examiner," January and February No., 1824.

HE has gone to his God, he has gone to his home;
No more amid peril and error to roam.
His eyes are no longer dim,
His feet no more will falter;
No grief can follow him,
No pang his cheek can alter.

There are paleness, and weeping, and sighs below;
For our faith is faint, and our tears will flow;
But the harps of heaven are ringing,
Glad angels come to greet him,
And hymns of joy are singing,
While old friends press to meet him.

O honored, beloved! to earth unconfined,
Thou hast soared on high, thou hast left us behind;
But our parting is not for ever.
We will follow thee by heaven's light,
Where the grave cannot dissever
The souls whom God will unite.

ON THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

"Christian Examiner," Nov. and Dec. No., 1827.

ANOTHER year! another year!
The unceasing rush of time sweeps on;
Whelmed in its surges, disappear
Man's hopes and fears, for ever gone.

Oh, no! forbear that idle tale;
The hour demands another strain,—
Demands high thoughts that cannot quail,
And strength to conquer and retain.

'Tis midnight. From the dark-blue sky
  The stars, which now look down on earth,
Have seen ten thousand centuries fly,
  And give to countless changes birth.

And when the pyramids shall fall,
  And, mouldering, mix as dust in air,
The dwellers on this altered ball
  May still behold them glorious there.

Shine on! shine on! — with you I tread
  The march of ages, orbs of light!
A last eclipse o'er you may spread;
  To me, to me, there comes no night.

Oh! what concerns it him whose way
  Lies upward to the immortal dead,
That a few hairs are turning gray,
  Or one more year of life has fled?

Swift years! but teach me how to bear,
  To feel and act with strength and skill,
To reason wisely, nobly dare,
  And speed your courses as you will.

When life's meridian toils are done,
  How calm, how rich the twilight glow, —
The morning twilight of a sun
  That shines not here on things below!

But sorrow, sickness, death, the pain
  To leave or lose, wife, children, friends, —
What then? Shall we not meet again,
  Where parting comes not, sorrow ends?

The fondness of a parent's care,
  The changeless trust which woman gives,
The smile of childhood, — it is there
  That all we love in them still lives.

Press onward through each varying hour;
Let no weak fears thy course delay:
Immortal being! feel thy power,
Pursue thy bright and endless way.

HYMN FOR THE DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

WHERE ancient forests round us spread,
Where bends the cataract's ocean-fall,
On the lone mountain's silent head,
There are thy temples, God of all!

Beneath the dark-blue midnight arch,
Whence myriad suns pour down their rays,
Where planets trace their ceaseless march,
Father! we worship as we gaze.

The tombs thy altars are; for there,
When earthly loves and hopes have fled,
To thee ascends the spirit's prayer,
Thou God of the immortal dead!

All space is holy; for all space
Is filled by thee; but human thought
Burns clearer in some chosen place,
Where thy own words of love are taught.

Here be they taught; and may we know
That faith thy servants knew of old,
Which onward bears through weal and woe,
Till Death the gates of heaven unfold.

Nor we alone: may those whose brow
Shows yet no trace of human cares,
Hereafter stand where we do now,
And raise to thee still holier prayers.

1833.

ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.

(1787–1860.)

Mrs. Eliza Lee Follen, daughter of Samuel and Sarah Cabot, was born in Boston, Aug. 15, 1787. In her early life she contributed various pieces of prose and poetry to the papers and magazines. In 1828 she was married to Prof. Charles Follen, the eminent exiled friend of civil and religious liberty, who came to this country in 1825, and was for some years a teacher of the German Language and of Ecclesiastical History and Ethics at Cambridge, and was afterward the pastor of the Unitarian Society at East Lexington. While minister of this church, he perished on board the ill-fated "Lexington," which was burned on Long Island Sound, Jan. 13, 1840. During more than thirty years of her married life, she published, at intervals, a variety of popular and useful books, all of which were characterized by her well-known purity of taste and sentiment, and by her elevated Christian piety. Among the works she gave to the press are, "Selections from Fénelon," "The Well-spent Hour," "Words of Truth," "The Sceptic," "Married Life," "Little Songs," "Poems," "Life of Charles Follen," "Twilight Stories," "Second Series of Little Songs," a compilation of "Home Dramas," "German Fairy Tales." In her deep interest in the religious instruction of the young, she edited, in 1829, the "Christian Teacher's Manual," and, from 1843 to 1850, the "Child's Friend." She died in Brookline, Mass., Jan. 26, 1860.

From the volume of "Poems," published in 1839, we copy some of her hymns, several of which have found a place in various church Collections.

SABBATH DAY.

HOW sweet, upon this sacred day,
The best of all the seven,
To cast our earthly thoughts away,
And think of God and heaven!

How sweet to be allowed to pray
Our sins may be forgiven!
With filial confidence to say,
"Father, who art in heaven!"

With humble hope to bend the knee,
And, free from folly's leaven,
Confess that we have strayed from thee,
Thou righteous Judge in heaven.

And if, to make all sin depart,
In vain the will has striven,
He who regards the inmost heart
Will send his grace from heaven.

If, from the bosom that is dear,
By cold unkindness driven,
The heart, that knows no refuge here,
Shall find a friend in heaven ;—

Then hail, thou sacred, blessed day,
The best of all the seven,
When hearts unite their vows to pay
Of gratitude to Heaven !

SUNSET ON THE HILLS.

IT is the gentle evening hour,
And, see, the shades are lengthening fast ;
My spirit feels its softening power,
And troubles, with the day, have passed.

In quiet beauty, fixed repose,
The hills, like guardians of the land,
Catch the last sunbeam as it glows,
And bright in tranquil grandeur stand.

All, all is beauty, love, and peace ;
Mysterious longings heave and swell
Within my soul, and shall not cease,
Till a like glory there shall dwell.

"TO WHOM SHALL WE GO?"

WHEN our purest delights are nipt in the blossom,
When those we love best are laid low,
When grief plants in secret her thorns in the bosom,
Deserted, "To whom shall we go?"

When error bewilders, and our path becomes dreary,
And tears of despondency flow;
When the whole head is sick, and the whole heart is weary,
Despairing, "To whom shall we go?"

When the sad, thirsty spirit turns from the springs
Of enchantment this life can bestow,
And sighs for another, and flutters its wings,
Impatient, "To whom shall we go?"

Oh! blest be that light which has parted the clouds,
A path to the pilgrim to show,
That pierces the veil which the future enshrouds,
And shows us to whom we may go.

HYMN OF PRAISE.

PRAISE to God! oh, let us raise
From our hearts a song of praise;
Of that goodness let us sing,
Whence our lives and blessings spring.

Praise to him who made the light;
Praise to him who gave us sight;
Praise to him who formed the ear;
Will he not his children hear?

Praise him for our happy hours;
Praise him for our varied powers;
For these thoughts that rise above,
For these hearts he made for love.

For the voice he placed within,
Bearing witness when we sin;
Praise to him whose tender care
Keeps this watchful guardian there.

Praise to his mercy, that did send
Jesus for our guide and friend;
Praise him, every heart and voice,
Him who makes all worlds rejoice.

WE NEVER PART FROM THEE.

GOD, who dwellest everywhere,
God, who makest all thy care,
God, who hearest every prayer,
Thou who seest the heart, —
Thou, to whom we lift our eyes,
Father, help our souls to rise,
And, beyond these narrow skies,
See thee as thou art.

Let our anxious thoughts be still,
Holy trust adore thy will,
Holy love our bosoms fill;
Let our songs ascend.
Dearest friends may parted be,
All our earthly treasures flee,
Yet we never part from thee,
Our eternal Friend.

ON PRAYER.

AS through the pathless fields of air
Once wandered forth the timid dove,
So does the heart, in humble prayer,
Essay to reach the throne of love.

Like her, it may return unblest;
  Like her, again may soar;
And still return and find no rest,
  No peaceful, happy shore.

But now once more she spreads her wings,
  And takes a bolder flight, —
And, see! the olive-branch she brings,
  To bless her master's sight.

And thus the heart renews its strength,
  Though spent and tempest-driven;
And higher soars, and brings, at length,
  A pledge of peace with Heaven.

THE TWENTY-NINTH PSALM.

IN the beauty of holiness worship the Lord;
  Exalt him, ye nations, and bow to his word;
Ye mighty, his power and wisdom proclaim,
And give him the glory due unto his name.

It is he that we hear in the storm's wild commotion;
And the voice of the Lord is on the wide ocean;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his voice,
While men in his temple adore and rejoice.

'Tis the Lord in the deep-rolling thunder we hear,
While the untrodden wilderness trembles with fear;
O'er the high-tossing billows unseen is his way;
Him the floods, and the flames, and the whirlwinds obey.

He spreads o'er his people the wings of his love,
And gives them the peace which descends from above:
Then give him the glory and praise evermore,
And join with all nature his name to adore.

GOODNESS OF GOD.

GOD, thou art good! each perfumed flower,
The waving field, the dark green wood,
The insect fluttering for an hour, —
All things proclaim that God is good.

I hear it in each breath of wind;
The hills that have for ages stood,
And clouds, with gold and silver lined,
All still repeat that God is good.

Each little rill, that many a year
Has the same verdant path pursued,
And every bird, in accents clear,
Joins in the song that God is good.

The restless sea, with haughty roar,
Calms each wild wave and billow rude,
Retreats submissive from the shore,
And swells the chorus, "God is good."

The countless hosts of twinkling stars,
That sing his praise with light renewed;
The rising sun each day declares,
In rays of glory, God is good.

The moon, that walks in brightness, says
That God is good! and man, endued
With power to speak his Maker's praise,
Should still repeat that God is good.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

"Christian Disciple," Sept. 1818.

HOW sweet to be allowed to pray
To God, the Holy One;
With filial love and trust to say,
Father, thy will be done!

We in these sacred words can find
  A cure for every ill;
They calm and soothe the troubled mind,
  And bid all care be still.

Oh, let that will, which gave me breath
  And an immortal soul,
In joy or grief, in life or death,
  My every wish control!

Oh, could my heart thus ever pray,
  Thus imitate thy Son!
Teach me, O God, with truth to say:
"Thy will, not mine, be done."

SARAH W. LIVERMORE.

(1789–1874.)

SARAH WHITE LIVERMORE was born in Wilton, N.H., July 20, 1789, and was the daughter of Rev. Jonathan Livermore, who was settled as the first minister of that town, Dec. 14, 1763. Having faithfully improved the limited advantages of her early life, she became, while still young, a very successful teacher of common schools. About the year 1843, she established a self-supporting boarding-school at the Livermore Mansion in Wilton. After a few years, however, she was obliged to relinquish the care of it on account of ill-health. Her interest in the welfare of children manifested itself in efforts for their religious as well as their secular instruction. She was greatly instrumental in establishing, in her native town, one of the first Sunday-schools in the country. It was in successful operation as long ago as 1816, — the year when, as we are told by Mr. Lewis G. Pray, in his "History of Sunday-Schools," these institutions began to take the form of a voluntary and improved system.

Miss Livermore, having a natural talent and taste for poetic composition, was often called upon, during her long life, to write verses for a great variety of occasions. These have never been collected and published, though not a few of them have been printed for use in connection with ordination or dedicatory services, or commemorative or festive celebrations. She died in Wilton, July 3, 1874, having nearly completed her eighty-fifth year. Of the four hymns which we copy, the first two are, one or both, in several of our Collections, and are here taken from the book of "Christian Hymns," compiled by a committee of the Cheshire Pastoral Association. The other two are not so well known.

THE COMING OF CHRIST.

GLORY to God, and peace on earth,
Was once by angels sung;
Glad tidings of a Saviour's birth
Through plains of Bethlehem rung.

He came to make the feeble strong,
To heal the deaf and blind,
To give the dumb the voice of song,
And free the captive mind.

He came the light of life to show,
The true and living way;
Where streams of joy unceasing flow,
And lead to endless day.

Glory to God! the gospel's sound
Our churches echo still;
Spread it, O Lord, the world around,
And with its spirit fill.

Glory to God! our hearts acclaim;
Oh, haste the happy time,
When songs shall sound the Saviour's name
O'er every distant clime!

THE WESTERN CHURCHES.

OUR pilgrim brethren dwelling far, —
O God of truth and love,
Light thou their path with thine own star,
Bright beaming from above.

Wide as their mighty rivers flow,
  Let thine own truth extend ;
Where prairies spread and forests grow,
  O Lord, thy gospel send !

Then will a mighty nation own
  A union firm and strong ;
The sceptre of the eternal throne
  Shall rule its councils long.

The following hymn was written by Miss Livermore for the ordination of her nephew, Rev. A. A. Livermore (now President of the Theological School, Meadville, Pa.), at Keene, N.H., Nov. 2, 1836: —

HYMN FOR ORDINATION.

AWAKE, O church! thy strength put on ;
  In holy garments be thou clad;
We come, thou High and Holy One,
  With songs of praise and voices glad.

As followers of thy Son, we bow
  Before thy throne in fervent prayer ;
Thy gracious presence grant us now,
  And be this flock thy constant care.

To him, who in the bloom of youth
  Comes with desire to do thy will,
Oh, grant thy spirit and thy truth,
  And be his guide and guardian still.

Oh, may the gospel's gracious call
  Greet with kind accents every ear ;
Its precepts be a guide to all, —
  To him who speaks and those who hear.

Here may the hopeless wanderer come;
Here may the weary pilgrim rest;
May Penitence here find a home;
May all who worship here be blest.

Long may this holy union last
In harmony and Christian love;
And when the day of life is past,
Oh, take us to thy fold above!

FOR THE CHURCH AT WILTON.

ALMIGHTY Father, condescend
To hear the prayer thy suppliants raise;
Thy Spirit on us kindly send,
And tune our hearts to songs of praise.

Oh, fill this ancient house of thine
With those who seek thy grace and truth!
And let thy mighty power divine
Support the aged, guide the youth.

Those blessed truths which, e'en of old,
Christ and the Twelve were sent to teach,
We still with grateful ardor hold, —
These may thy servant ever preach.

Oh, may the light which Christ hath shed
On ruined souls with life arise;
Salvation o'er the nations spread,
And a new Eden bless our eyes.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

(1791.)

CHARLES SPRAGUE, who is still living in Boston, was born in that city, Oct. 25, 1791, and received his education in her public schools. His father was one of those who, in resistance to British taxation, threw overboard the tea in Boston Harbor, in 1773. The son, at the age of thirteen, became a clerk in a mercantile house, and subsequently a part-

ner with his employers. In 1820 he was appointed teller in the State Bank, and in 1825 cashier of the Globe Bank, in which position he continued until a few years ago, when advancing years obliged him to surrender the trust.

During his life he has cultivated his taste for poetry with great success; and his own published productions, in this as well as in other departments of literature, have given him a high rank among American authors. He first came to be well known as a poet by successfully contending for the prize offered for the best Prologue at the opening of the Park Theatre, in New York, in 1821. He won similar honors at Philadelphia, in 1822; at Boston, in 1823; at Philadelphia and at Salem, in 1828; and at Portsmouth, in 1830. The longest of his poems, entitled "Curiosity," was read before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, at Cambridge, in 1829, and was published some years afterward, in Calcutta, by a British officer, as a production of his own, with only certain slight alterations from the original text. A collection of Mr. Sprague's poems appeared from the press in 1841. A revised and enlarged edition was issued, in 1850, by Ticknor, Reed, & Fields, the volume including also an oration which the author delivered in Boston, July 4, 1825, and an address which he gave, in 1827, before the Massachusetts Society for the Suppression of the Evils of Intemperance. "The book," says the "Christian Examiner" for May, 1851, "is so full of delicate skill and the truest feeling, that it will always be in demand, and live an affectionate kind of life in the old country, as well as in our own." From this later edition we cull a few of the pieces most suitable to our present purpose.

DEDICATION HYMN.

GOD of Wisdom, God of Might!
Father! dearest name of all,
Bow thy throne, and bless our rite;
'Tis thy children on thee call.
Glorious One! look down from heaven,
Warm each heart and wake each vow;
Unto thee this house is given,
With thy presence fill it now.

Fill it now! on every soul
Shed the incense of thy grace;
While our anthem echoes roll
Round the consecrated place,

While thy holy page we read,
  While the prayers thou lov'st ascend,
While thy cause thy servants plead,
  Fill this house, our God, our Friend!

Fill it now, — oh, fill it long!
  So, when death shall call us home,
Still to thee, in many a throng,
  May our children's children come.
Bless them, Father, long and late;
  Blot their sins, their sorrows dry;
Make this place to them the gate,
  Leading to thy courts on high.

There, when time shall be no more,
  When the feuds of earth are past,
May the tribes of every shore
  Congregate in peace at last!
Then to thee, thou One all-wise,
  Shall the gathered millions sing,
Till the arches of the skies
  With their hallelujahs ring.

ORDINATION HYMN.

OUR fathers, Lord, to seek a spot,
  Where they might kneel to thee,
Their own fair heritage forgot,
  And braved an unknown sea.

Here found their pilgrim souls repose,
  Where long the heathen roved;
And here their humble anthems rose,
  To bless the Power they loved.

They sleep in dust; but where they trod,
  A feeble, fainting band,
Glad millions catch the strain, O God,
  And sound it through the land.

Come, Lord, to this new temple now,
  Thy servant here behold;
In thy dread name he breathes his vow,
  To guard this little fold.

Long may he stand thy herald here,
  Thy lessons to impart;
From every eye to wipe the tear,
  The stain from every heart;

In paths of peace to bid them tread,
  Where no vain feuds arise,
And from his life a lustre shed,
  To light them to the skies.

So, when the last long night shall go,
  The glad, glad morning break,
When all that walked in truth below
  In joy above shall wake,

There may thy servant, Lord, be found,
  The chosen of thy Son,
And hear from him the glorious sound,
  "Well done, beloved one!"

INSTALLATION HYMN.

Written for the installation of Rev. M. I. Motte over the South Congregational Society, Boston, May 21, 1828.

THOU lofty One! whose name is Love,
  Whose praise all nations swell,
Bend from thy glorious throne above,
  And in this temple dwell.

Father, 'tis thine, this sacred hour ;
  Thine let its spirit be ;
And while each tongue proclaims thy power,
  Oh, turn each heart to thee.

Bless *him*, thy servant ; bid him here
  Thy faithful shepherd stand,
To fold for thee, through many a year,
  This little gathering band.

Bless him with grace their steps to lead,
  Where no dark tests divide,
To make the name of Christ their creed,
  His life and law their guide.

Bless *them*, thy children, —them and theirs, —
  In all their ways below ;
Be with them, Father, in their prayers,
  And with them in their woe.

Be with them when they come to die,
  And make the summons blest ;
Then, in a better world on high,
  Receive them to thy rest.

CHILDREN'S HYMN.

O THOU, at whose dread name we bend,
  To whom our purest vows we pay,
God over all ! in love descend,
  And bless the labors of this day.

Our fathers here, a pilgrim band,
  Fixed the proud empire of the free ;
Art moved in gladness o'er the land,
  And Faith her altars reared to thee.

Here, too, to guard, through every age,
  The sacred rights their valor won,
They bade Instruction spread her page,
  And send down truth from sire to son.

Here, still through all succeeding time,
  Their stores may Worth and Wisdom bring,
And still the anthem-notes sublime
  To thee from children's children ring.

DEATH OF AN INFANT.

ONE little bud adorned my bower,
  And shed sweet fragrance round;
It grew in beauty, hour by hour,
Till, ah! the Spoiler came in power,
  And crushed it to the ground.

Yet not for ever in the dust
  That beauteous bud shall lie;
No! in the garden of the just,
Beneath God's glorious eye, we trust,
  'Twill bloom again on high.

MOUNT AUBURN.

"There was a garden, and in the garden a new sepulchre."

WHAT myriads throng, in proud array,
  With songs of joy, and flags unfurled,
To consecrate the glorious day
  That gave a nation to the world.

We raise no shout, no trumpet sound,
  No banner to the breeze we spread;
Children of clay! bend humbly round;
  We plant a city to the dead.

For man a garden rose in bloom,
When yon glad sun began to burn;
He fell, and heard the awful doom,
"Of dust thou art, to dust return!"

But He, in whose pure faith we come,
Who in a gloomier garden lay,
Assured us of a brighter home,
And rose, and led the glorious way.

His word we trust! when life shall end,
Here be our long, long slumber passed;
To the *first* garden's doom we bend,
And bless the promise of the *last*.

THE BROTHERS.

WE are but two, — the others sleep
Through death's untroubled night;
We are but two, — oh, let us keep
The link that binds us bright!

Heart leaps to heart, — the sacred flood
That warms us is the same;
That good old man, — his honest blood
Alike we fondly claim.

We in one mother's arms were locked, —
Long be her love repaid;
In the same cradle we were rocked,
Round the same hearth we played.

Our boyish sports were all the same,
Each little joy and woe:
Let manhood keep alive the flame,
Lit up so long ago.

We are but two, — be that the band
To hold us till we die;
Shoulder to shoulder let us stand,
Till side by side we lie.

THE WINGED WORSHIPPERS.

Addressed to two swallows that flew into Chauncy Place Church during divine service. — A very interesting account of this poem, given by Mr. Sprague himself, may be found in the "Monthly Magazine," for May, 1870.

GAY, guiltless pair,
What seek ye from the fields of heaven?
Ye have no need of prayer,
Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here
Where mortals to their Maker bend?
Can your pure spirits fear
The God ye never could offend?

Ye never knew
The crimes for which we come to weep.
Penance is not for you,
Blessed wanderers of the *upper deep*.

To you 'tis given
To make sweet Nature's untaught lays;
Beneath the arch of heaven
To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing
Far, far above o'er lakes and lands,
And join the choirs that sing
In that blue dome not reared with hands.

Or, if ye stay,
To note the consecrated hour,
Teach me the airy way,
And let me try your envied power.

Above the crowd,
On upward wings could I but fly,
I'd bathe in yon bright cloud,
And seek the stars that gem the sky.

'Twere heaven indeed
Through fields of trackless light to soar,
On Nature's charms to feed,
And Nature's own great God adore.

SAMUEL GILMAN.

(1791–1858.)

Rev. Samuel Gilman, D.D., son of Frederick and Abigail H. (Somes) Gilman, was born in Gloucester, Mass., Feb. 16, 1791. In his early youth he attended school for some time at the Academy in Atkinson, N.H., and was subsequently a clerk in the Essex Bank, Salem. He graduated, with distinction, at Harvard College, in 1811; was tutor for two years at Cambridge, in Mathematics; studied Theology under Drs. Ware and Kirkland, and was ordained, Dec. 1, 1819, pastor of the Unitarian Church in Charleston, S.C. On the 14th October, 1819, he was married to Caroline Howard, daughter of Samuel Howard, Esq., of Boston, and a lady of much literary talent and distinction. This union of pastor and people, and of husband and wife, continued unbroken until Feb. 9, 1858, when Dr. Gilman died at Kingston, Mass., while on a visit to the family of his son-in-law, Rev. C. J. Bowen. During his long ministry at the South, this eminent and saintly man was not only distinguished for his able pulpit ministrations and faithful parochial labors, but was greatly esteemed for his active interest in the cause of Temperance, for his successful pursuit of Literature, and for the zeal which he awakened in others for the general welfare of the community. His death was regarded as a public calamity; and his funeral obsequies at Charleston witnessed to the universal sorrow of the people among whom he had spent so many of his years.

His literary productions were numerous and of rare merit. A poem which he delivered when he graduated, in 1811, elicited much applause. It was repeated, with a "sequel," in 1852, at the residence of Hon. Edward Everett, in Boston, whither the class had been invited to celebrate their forty-first anniversary. The longest of his poems was one on "Human Life," which he read before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at

Cambridge, in 1815. Another, on a "History of a Ray of Light," was first published in an annual entitled "The Atlantic Souvenir," in 1822. He became a frequent and welcome contributor to the North American Review, the Christian Examiner, and the Southern Quarterly. Among his fine papers and essays were a series on the lectures of Dr. Thomas Brown, one on the writings of Mr. Everett, and another on "The Influence of One National Literature upon Another." In 1829 he published his "Memoirs of a New England Village Choir," of which three editions were issued. In 1837 he received his degree of D.D. from Harvard College. In 1856 appeared his "Contributions to Literature, Descriptive, Critical, Humorous, Biographical, Philosophical, and Poetical." In this volume are included his "Memoirs of a New England Village Choir," some of his magazine articles, and the more important of his poetic compositions. Here and in various Collections are a number of excellent hymns, some of which are very familiar to many congregations. The first of the five which we here give is a translation from the German, with two stanzas omitted; the others are Dr. Gilman's own.

HYMN FOR BAPTISM.

THIS child we dedicate to thee,
O God of grace and purity!
Shield it from sin and threatening wrong,
And let thy love its life prolong.

Oh, may thy Spirit gently draw
Its willing soul to keep thy law;
May virtue, piety, and truth
Dawn even with its dawning youth.

We, too, before thy gracious sight,
Once shared the blest baptismal rite,
And would renew its solemn vow
With love, and thanks, and praises now.

Grant that, with true and faithful heart,
We still may act the Christian's part,
Cheered by each promise thou hast given,
And laboring for the prize in heaven.

COMMUNION HYMNS.

YES, to the last command
We will obedient prove;
Around his table will we stand,
In memory of his love.

His precious blood he shed
For our unworthy race,
While uttering, in the Almighty's stead,
His messages of grace.

Oh, if our senseless pride
His dying words neglect,
'Tis we who pierce his sacred side,
And we who God reject!

Then let us ever keep
This consecrated feast,
Till memory shall have sunk to sleep,
Or life itself have ceased.

O GOD! accept the sacred hour
Which we to thee have given;
And let this hallowed scene have power
To raise our souls to heaven.

Still let us hold, till life departs,
The precepts of thy Son,
Nor let our thoughtless, thankless hearts
Forget what he has done.

His true disciples may we live,
  From all corruption free,
And humbly learn like him to give
  Our powers, our wills, to thee.

And oft along life's dangerous way,
  To smooth our passage through,
Wilt thou on this thy holy day
  For us this scene renew.

WE sing thy mercy, God of love!
  That sent the Saviour from above
To free our race from sin and woe,
And spread thy peace and truth below.

We thank thee for the words he brought;
We thank thee that he lived, and taught
Frail and imperfect man, to be
In humble mode, resembling thee.

We thank thee for thy gracious care
Which kept those sacred pages fair
Through every age, whose lines record
The deeds and precepts of our Lord.

We thank thee for this solemn rite,
By us repeated in thy sight;
Oh, fill our souls with bread divine,
And nourish us with heavenly wine!

HYMN FOR AN ORDINATION.

Written for the ordination of Mr. Charles J. Bowen to the ministry, at Newburyport, Nov. 20, 1850.

FATHER! thy rich spirit shed
  On this youthful suppliant's head;
Soothe his self-distrusting tears;
Temper his abounding fears;

Guide his vast and high desire;
Touch his lips with coals of fire;
Pour thy truth upon his soul,
O'er the thirsting church to roll.

In thy vineyard called to toil,
Wisely may he search the soil;
Sinners may he love to win,
Whilst he hates and brands the sin.
Give him boldness for the right,
Give him meekness for the fight;
Teach him zeal and care to blend;
Give him patience to the end.

Seal, this day, the vows that hold
Flock and shepherd in one fold;
May he well those mandates keep,
Feed my lambs, and, Feed my sheep.
Bless his home, his watch-tower bless;
Guide him with thy gentleness
In the path once taught and trod
By the enduring Son of God.

Grant him, in his charge, to find
Listening ear and fervent mind,
Helpful counsels, deepening peace,
Earnest life and glad increase.
May they, by each other led,
Grow to one in Christ their head;
And, at last, together be
Ripe for heaven and meet for thee!

CAROLINE GILMAN.

(1794.)

Mrs. Caroline Gilman, daughter of Samuel Howard, Esq., and wife of Rev. Samuel Gilman, D.D., was born in Boston, Oct. 8, 1794. Having passed her school days at Concord, Cambridge, and other towns in her native State, she accompanied her husband, soon after their mar-

riage, in 1819, to the future scene of his ministerial labors, at Charleston, S.C. Since Dr. Gilman's death, she has resided at Charleston and Cambridge, and is now living at Tiverton, R.I., with her daughter, Mrs. Charles J. Bowen, and other members of the family circle.

She began to write poems and stories at a very early age. Her well-known lines "On the Raising of Jairus' Daughter" appeared in the "North American Review" as long ago as 1817. In 1832 she began to edit, at Charleston, a juvenile weekly paper, which she named "The Rosebud," and which afterward took the title of "The Southern Rose." She contributed to it most of the verses, tales, and novels, which were subsequently published in volumes. "Recollections of a Northern Housekeeper" originally appeared in "The Rosebud," in 1834; and "Recollections of a Southern Matron" in "The Southern Rose," in 1835 and 1836. These, with "Ruth Raymond, or Love's Progress," and others of her popular works, passed through many editions, and were much admired for "their practical lessons as well as their genial simplicity and humor." She was the author, for several years, of the "Lady's Annual Register and Almanac," and wrote also a book entitled "The Poetry of Travelling in the United States." Her "Verses of a Lifetime" she gave to the press in 1849, and published her "Oracles from the Poets" in 1854, and, still later, "The Sibyl, or New Oracles from the Poets," the latter "consisting of passages of verse ingeniously arranged to correspond to numbers which are to be taken at random."

Not to mention in detail a variety of other volumes of tales, ballads, &c., which she has written, it may be added that, in 1872, she and her daughter, Mrs. Caroline H. Jervey, published a small book of "Stories and Poems" for children, for whom Mrs. Gilman, all through her life, has rendered a most delightful literary service. Mrs. Jervey is also an authoress of no little merit, as her "Poetry and Prose for the Young," 1856, her story "Vernon Grove," 1859, and her "Hannah Courtenay," 1866, give ample proof.

The talented and accomplished lady who is the subject of this sketch, as she shared with her husband the toils and satisfactions of his long and beautiful ministry at Charleston, shared with him also the gift of song; and several of her fine, lovely hymns have, like his, lent their aid to the service of praise.

The fifth verse of the following favorite hymn is less familiar to our congregations than the four which precede it, having been added to the others by the writer herself for the book of "Services and Hymns," published in 1867, for the church at Charleston. The same may be said of the hymn which immediately succeeds this one. Both thus came to be a fuller expression of her Christian faith. We copy them from the Charleston Collection. They originally appeared in 1838, in the "Lady's Annual Register."

SABBATH DAY.

WE bless thee for this sacred day,
Thou who hast every blessing given,
Which sends the dreams of earth away,
And yields a glimpse of opening heaven.

Rich day of holy, thoughtful rest,
May we improve thy calm repose;
And, in God's service truly blest,
Forget the world, its joys and woes.

Lord, may thy truth upon the heart
Here fall and dwell as heavenly dew,
And flowers of grace and freshness start,
Where once the weeds of error grew.

May Prayer now lift her sacred wings,
Contented with that aim alone
Which bears her to the King of kings,
And rests her at his sheltering throne.

And ever, on this sacred day,
May we remember Him who taught,
Though heaven and earth should pass away,
The Sabbath's holiest, highest thought.

As an illustration of the general favor with which the following lines have been regarded, we may say that the late Judge White, of Salem, having, in his constant attendance at the First Church in that city, noted, for a term of years, all the hymns which had been given out by different ministers to be sung, was curious to learn which one had been most frequently used during that time. He found that this was the hymn: —

GOD OUR FATHER.

IS there a lone and dreary hour,
When worldly pleasures lose their power?
My Father! let me turn to thee,
And set each thought of darkness free.

Is there a time of racking grief,
Which scorns the prospect of relief:
My Father! break the cheerless gloom
And bid my heart its calm resume.

Is there an hour of peace and joy,
When hope is all my soul's employ:
My Father! still my hopes will roam,
Until they rest with thee, their home.

The noontide blaze, the midnight scene,
The dawn, or twilight's sweet serene,
The glow of life, the dying hour,
Shall own my Father's grace and power.

And while such lofty memories roll
In solemn grandeur o'er my soul,
May Christ be with me, he who came
To teach "Our Father's" tender name.

HYMN FOR A CHILD.

Taken from Mrs. Gilman's little volume, entitled "A Gift Book."

THE glorious God who reigns on high,
Who formed the earth and built the sky,
Stoops from his throne in heaven to hear
A little infant's prattling prayer.

Father of all! My Father too!
Oh, make me good and just and true!
Make me delight to learn thy word,
And love to pray, and praise thee, Lord.

Oh, may thy gracious presence bless
And guard my childhood's helplessness!
Be with me as I grow in years,
And guard me through the vale of tears.

THE VOICE FROM THE CLOUD.

From "Verses of a Life-time."

"There came a cloud, and overshadowed them, and they feared as they entered into the cloud. And there came a voice out of the cloud, saying, This is my beloved Son: hear him."

A CLOUD flits o'er the youthful brow,
And grief's first shadowings veil it now;
But hark! within its misty wreaths,
A tone of heavenly mercy breathes,
"'Tis my beloved Son! hear him."

A cloud hangs o'er yon manly form,
While buffeting misfortune's storm:
A wreck, his earthly treasure lies;
But ah! a voice in mercy cries,
"'Tis my beloved Son! hear him."

Wrapt in her sorrowing sable veil,
Sits the young widow, sad and pale;
Dense is the cloud that round her dwells,
But hark! the heavenly chorus swells,
"'Tis my beloved Son! hear him."

A cloud is on the sinner's soul,
Deep, deep the murky volumes roll:
He gropes, unaided and alone,
Until he hears the welcome tone,
"'Tis my beloved Son! hear him."

Above the graveyard's grassy breast,
Funeral shadows love to rest;
But to the heart well-taught of Heaven,
A light from these rich words is given,
"'Tis my beloved Son! hear him."

In heaven those clouds will roll away:
Unbroken light, unshadowed day,
Shall burst upon the gazing eye,
And seraph voices raise the cry,
"'Tis God's beloved Son! hear him."

We give also these few lines, which we copy from the "Lady's Annual Register," of 1838, where not less than twelve of Mrs. Gilman's poetical pieces may be found: —

THE EARTH IS BEAUTIFUL.

THE whole broad earth is beautiful
To minds attuned aright,
And wheresoe'er my feet are turned
A smile has met my sight:
The city with its bustling walk,
Its splendor, wealth, and power,
A ramble by the river-side,
A passing summer flower,
The meadow green, the ocean's swell,
The forest waving free, —
Are gifts of God, and speak in tones
Of kindliness to me.
And oh! where'er my lot is cast,
Where'er my footsteps roam,
If those I love are near to me,
That spot is still my home.

LEWIS G. PRAY.

(1793.)

LEWIS GLOVER PRAY was born in Quincy, Mass., Aug. 15, 1793, and was educated at the public schools of his native town. Removing to Boston in 1808, he served for some years as an apprentice in a shoe-store, and in 1815 entered into business on his own account. In 1823 he was married to Miss Catherine L. Wright. Retiring from business in 1838, he has, since that time, during his continued residence in his adopted city, and after his removal to Roxbury (Boston Highlands), where he now resides, fulfilled many public trusts, and occupied himself with numerous charitable, religious, and literary labors. As early as 1821 he served as a member of the Committee which reported the basis of the Municipal Charter of Boston, and in later years was a member of the City Government, the Board of Education, and the State Legislature. Mr. Pray deserves

special mention for his services in the cause of Sunday Schools, having been one of the earliest pioneers and most steadfast laborers in this work among the Liberal Churches. For thirty-four years, from 1827 to 1861, he was superintendent of the Sunday School of the Twelfth Congregational Society in Boston, being also for the same period an officer of the church. In 1833 he published his "Sunday School Hymn Book," which was the first collection of the kind ever prepared for use in Unitarian Sunday Schools, in connection with music. To meet a new want, he published, in 1844, the "Sunday School Hymn and Service Book," which was a much altered and somewhat enlarged edition of the other, and embraced Scripture Lessons, and forms of prayer for children's worship. In 1847 he published a "History of Sunday Schools," and in 1849 a "Christian Catechism." For many years he was treasurer of the Sunday School Society, and also its agent to visit and address Unitarian Sunday Schools, far and near.

In 1862 he printed for his friends a volume of his hymns and poems, entitled "The Sylphids' School." In 1863 he published an "Historical Sketch of the Twelfth Congregational Society, Boston;" in 1867, a "Memoir of Rev. S. Barrett, D.D.," long the honored and beloved minister of the church just mentioned, and friend and pastor of Mr. Pray; and in 1873, at the age of eighty, an additional volume of hymns and poems, under the title, "Autumn Leaves." He has been the author of various books beside, and for more than a half century has contributed to the secular and religious papers and magazines.

A large number of the hymns of this earnest and devoted servant of the Church and Sunday School first appeared in his own compilations of 1833 and 1844. Some of them have passed into other and larger Collections. The first four of those which we give below are taken from the "Sylphids' School," one of them, "When God upheaved the pillared earth," having been deemed worthy of a place in the "Hymns of the Ages." The other two of those which we copy are from "Autumn Leaves."

FOR A RURAL EXCURSION.

Written for the Rural Excursion of the Suffolk Street Sunday School, in 1843, and published in the Sunday-school Hymn Book, 1844. Several stanzas are here omitted.

COME when the leaves are greenest,
  Come in the flush of light,
Come when the air is sweetest,
  Come when the flowers are bright;
For God has made in beauty
  The world in which we live,
To teach us of our duty,
  To know him, and believe.

Oh ! feel that God is speaking
  In every breeze that blows,
In hues the clouds are streaking,
  In every stream that flows ;
Oh ! hear him in the singing
  That swells the groves among,
And in the grateful humming
  Of every insect throng.

Oh ! see him in the mountain,
  And hear him in the rill ;
Speaking from every fountain,
  And vocal in the hill.
The planets, in their rising,
  Him day and night proclaim ;
While every season, changing,
  Attests his glorious name.

MONODY

On the Death of Israel Alden Putnam,

A Teacher of the Twelfth Congregational Sunday School, in Boston, and graduate of the Divinity School, Cambridge, of the class of 1848. He died in his native town, Danvers, Mass., Oct. 31, 1848.

DRY, dry up those tears,
  Ye friends, sad and many :
Dismiss all thy fears,
  If fears ye have any ;
For thy classmate, thy teacher, thy brother, thy son,
Hath left us a pattern of life-work well done.

Gone, gone to his rest !
The young how they're grieved !
The good feel oppressed,
And the Church is bereaved ;
For their teacher, their pastor, their brother, their son,
Was an angel of these ; and his work was well done.

Stop, stop now the bier
That beareth the form :

His body lay here
For the earth and the worm;
But thy classmate, thy teacher, thy brother, thy son,
Is not here, but is risen; for his work was well done.

Lay, lay on the sod
That hideth his frame;
But, remember, his God
Hath written the name
Of thy classmate, thy teacher, thy brother, thy son,
In the Lamb's Book of Life; for his work was well done.

Strong, strong is the grave
That holdeth his dust,
But stronger to save,
The Arm of his Trust;
For thy classmate, thy teacher, thy brother, thy son,
Was strong in the faith that God's will should be done.

Now, now, not alone,
But with myriads bright,
He stands round His throne,
With the angels of light;
Where thy classmate, thy teacher, thy brother, thy son,
Swells gladly the chorus, "Let God's will be done!"

Thus, thus shouldst thou feel,
In this day of thy grief;
And to Him should'st appeal,
Who hath promised relief
To pupil or parent, to brother or son,
Whose prayer at His altar is, "Thy will be done."

ORDINATION HYMN.

For the ordination of Mr. Alfred P. Putnam as pastor of the Mount Pleasant Congregational Church and Society, Roxbury, Dec. 19, 1855.

AROUND thine altar, Lord, this day,
Thy people here their homage pay;
Would seek thy grace, thy love review,
As they thy mercies taste anew.

Lord, thou hast sent thy servant here ;
His purpose let thy presence cheer,
As, bending low and reverent, he
Devotes his powers, himself, to thee.

O Father! grant him, from above,
Thine aid to speak the truth in love ;
So may his words like dew distil,
And every heart with blessings fill.

Lord, help him, when Christ's feast is spread,
To break with holy peace its bread ;
And send him forth, with shepherd's crook,
To lead the lambs by Kedron's brook.

As varied scenes his powers shall try,
Lord, with thine aid be ever nigh ;
His people's love a cheering light,
And thou his strength in death's dark night.

SILENT WORK.

"So that there was neither hammer nor axe, nor any tool of iron, heard in the house, while it was building." — 1 KINGS vi. 7.

WHEN God upheaved the pillared earth,
Hung out the stars, to light gave birth,
Opened its deeps, its carpet spread,
'Twas silence all, as chaos fled.

When rose the fane on Zion's hill,
A work of matchless power and skill,
No axe was heard, no hammer there ;
But all was still as summer air.

Thus laboring through life's working day,
In gold or marble, wood or clay,
Let Art, through us, its empire pure
By quiet toil and skill secure.

Thus air and flame shall space o'ercome,
And bring the distant near to home;
While thought in channels new shall flow,
And round the world in silence go.

Its softening light shall Science lend,
And Fancy her rich tracery blend,
New beauty o'er each work be cast,
And still the fairest, best, the last.

Great God! thus let the temple rise
Whose altar-stone within us lies,
Silent and calm with skill divine,
Till light immortal round it shine.

PENITENCE.

FAR off from God, O thou my soul!
Far off from God, the source of light;
The waves of passion round thee roll,
And interpose a starless night.

Lost on thy course, thy steps astray,
How canst thou find again thy road?
Fall on the knee, devoutly pray,
And seek the aid of truth and God.

Thy sins confess, from error flee;
Then holy thoughts and heavenly love
Shall come through sweet humility,
And flood thy soul from realms above.

Flood it with peace that earth hath not,
And earth no power to take away;
Thy stains washed out, thy sins forgot,
And God thy trust, thy strength, thy stay.

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

The fourth stanza in the original is here omitted.

THE Cross, the symbol once of crime,
It bore a hated name ;
Through ages dark in realms of time,
The mark of human shame.

But when the Son of God appeared,
Haloed with light divine, —
Hung on the cross by those who feared,
He made it glory's sign.

O Son of God! that cross how bright,
Which typifies thy love!
To human hopes a beacon-light
To guide to worlds above.

O symbol, to the Christian dear!
Be ever dear to me ;
To strengthen faith, to quell all fear,
And lead, O God, to thee.

NATHANIEL L. FROTHINGHAM.

(1793–1870.)

REV. NATHANIEL L. FROTHINGHAM, D.D., was born in Boston, July 23, 1793. He graduated at Harvard College, in 1811, with distinguished honor, in the class with Edward Everett, Samuel Gilman, and others of subsequent fame. After teaching awhile in the Boston Latin School, he was for a short time a private tutor, and then became, in 1812, when he was only nineteen years of age, Instructor in Rhetoric and Oratory in Harvard College. Meanwhile he studied theology, and in 1815 was ordained pastor of the First Congregational Church in Boston. In consequence of ill-health, he resigned this charge in 1850, but continued to worship at the church of which he had been the faithful and revered minister for thirty-five years, until failing sight and strength deprived him of the privilege. He visited Europe several times during his life.

He was the author of more than fifty published sermons, and contributed a large number of religious and literary articles to the "Christian Examiner," the "North American Review," and other periodicals. In 1852 he published a volume of "Sermons in the Order of a Twelve-Month;" in 1855, "Metrical Pieces, Translated and Original:" and, in 1870, "Part Second," or a new series of his poems. Some of the fine hymns with which the last-named volume abounds, and which he had himself written or imported from the German, were wrought into their finished forms of beauty as we find them here, and were given to the pages of the "Monthly Magazine" and other publications, after the author or translator himself had become blind. While yet a student at Cambridge, he had delivered a poem at the installation of Dr. Kirkland as President of the College. The sacred fire of his genius burned steadily on through life, and lighted up for him the gathering shadows of age.

He received his degree of D.D. from Harvard College in 1836. He was a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and also of the Academy of Arts and Sciences. His wife was Ann Gorham, daughter of Peter C. Brooks, an eminent merchant of Boston.

"All who knew Dr. Frothingham," wrote Rev. J. W. Thompson, D.D., in the "Monthly Magazine," soon after his death, April 4, 1870, "recognized in him the most courteous gentleman; the finished scholar; the man of exquisite tastes; the refined, instructive, pleasing, and able preacher; the sweet poet, his lips moist with the dew, now of Parnassus, and now of Hermon, as he followed his charming muse from classic to holy land, himself equally at home in both."

The first hymns or sacred poems which we copy are taken from his "Metrical Pieces," published in 1855. Most of them are in many of the Church Collections.

ORDINATION OF A MINISTER.

Written for the ordination of Mr. William P. Lunt as pastor of the Second Unitarian Congregational Society of the city of New York, June 19, 1828.

O GOD, whose presence glows in all
Within, around us, and above!
Thy word we bless, thy name we call,
Whose word is Truth, whose name is Love.

That truth be with the heart believed
Of all who seek this sacred place;
With power proclaimed, in peace received,
Our spirits' light, thy Spirit's grace.

That love its holy influence pour,
  To keep us meek, and make us free,
And throw its binding blessing more
  Round each with all, and all with thee.

Direct and guard the youthful strength,
  Devoted to thy Son this day;
And give thy word full course at length
  O'er man's defects and time's decay.

Send down its angel to our side;
  Send in its calm upon the breast;
For we would know no other guide,
  And we can need no other rest.

CHRIST'S MANIFESTATION.

Written for the installation of Rev. William P. Lunt, as colleague pastor with Rev. Peter Whitney, at Quincy, Mass., June 3, 1835. The sermon on the occasion was also on the Manifestation of Christ.

WE meditate the day
  Of triumph and of rest,
When, shown of God, and shaped in clay,
  The Word was manifest.

The angels saw and sung;
  Earth listened far and wide;
Believed and preached, — a faith, a tongue, —
  The Word was glorified.

Lord, give it gracious sweep,
  And here its errand bless,
Whose mercy sent it o'er the deep,
  To glad a wilderness.

Shoot out its starry * light,
  To guide our pilgrim way ;
A sign of hope through this world's night,
  And brighter than its day.

Again thy witness-voice !
  Again thy spirit-dove ! *
That hearts may in its trust rejoice,
  And soften with its love.

Send round its blessèd cup *
  As once in Galilee ;
And catch our dull affections up
  To heaven, and Christ, and Thee.

THE CHURCH.

Written for the ordination of Mr. Henry W. Bellows, at New York, 1839.

O LORD of life, and truth, and grace,
  Ere Nature was begun !
Make welcome to our erring race
  Thy Spirit and thy Son.

We hail the Church, built high o'er all
  The heathen's rage and scoff ;
Thy providence its fencèd wall,
  "The Lamb the light thereof."

Thy Christ hath reached his heavenly seat
  Through sorrows and through scars ;
The golden lamps are at his feet,
  And in his hand the stars.†

* One of three ancient symbols, in the Church, of Christ's manifestation to the Gentiles.

† Revelations ii. 1.

Oh, may he walk among us here,
  With his rebuke and love, —
A brightness o'er this lower sphere,
  A ray from worlds above!

Teach thou thy youthful servant, Lord,
  The mysteries he reveals,
That reverence may receive the word,
  And meekness loose the seals.

HYMN OF DEDICATION.

For the dedication of the Church of the Saviour, Boston, Nov. 10, 1847.

O SAVIOUR, whose immortal word
  For ever lasts the same!
Thy grace within the walls afford,
  Here builded to thy name.

No other name is named below,
  No other sign unfurled,
To lead our hope, or quell our woe,
  Or sanctify the world.

Here, many-tongued, thy truth be found,
  And mind and heart employ;
Thy Law and Promise pour around
  Their terror and their joy!

Here may thy saints new progress make;
  Thy loitering ones be sped;
And here thy mourners comfort take,
  And here thy poor be fed.

May God, thy God, his Spirit send, —
  The Word is else unblest, —
And fill this place from end to end,
  O Ark of strength and rest!

COMMUNION HYMN.

"Do this in remembrance of me."
"How he was known of them in breaking of bread."

"REMEMBER me," the Saviour said,
On that forsaken night,
When from his side the nearest fled,
And death was close in sight.

Through all the following ages' track
The world remembers yet;
With love and worship gazes back,
And never can forget.

But who of us has seen his face,
Or heard the words he said?
And none can now his look retrace
In breaking of the bread.

Oh, blest are they, who have not seen,
And yet believe him still!
They know him, when his praise they mean,
And when they do his will.

We hear his word along our way;
We see his light above;
Remember when we strive and pray,
Remember when we love.

STRENGTH.

To a Friend near Death.

"WHEN I am weak, I'm strong,"
The great Apostle cried.
The strength, that did not to the earth belong,
The might of Heaven supplied.

"When I am weak, I'm strong;"—
  Blind Milton caught that strain,
And flung its victory o'er the ills that throng
  Round Age, and Want, and Pain.

"When I am weak I'm strong,"
  Each Christian heart repeats;
These words will tune its feeblest breath to song,
  And fire its languid heats.

"When I am weak, I'm strong,"
  That saying is for you,
Dear friend, and well it may become your tongue,
  Whose soul has found it true.

O Holy Strength! whose ground
  Is in the heavenly land;
And whose supporting help alone is found
  In God's immortal hand.

O blessed! that appears
  When fleshly aids are spent;
And girds the mind, when most it faints and fears,
  With trust and sweet content.

It bids us cast aside
  All thoughts of lesser powers;
Give up all hopes from changing time and tide,
  And all vain will of ours.

We have but to confess
  That there's but one retreat;
And meekly lay each need and each distress
  Down at the sovereign Feet:

Then, then it fills the place
  Of all we hoped to do;
And sunken nature triumphs in the grace
  That bears us up and through.

A better glow than health
  Flushes the cheek and brow;
The heart is stout with store of nameless wealth: —
  We can do all things now.

No less sufficience seek;
  All counsel less is wrong;
The whole world's force is poor and mean and weak, —
  "When I am weak, I'm strong."

The following selections are from the second volume of "Metrical Pieces:" —

HOMEWARD FROM FOREIGN LANDS.

"Then I said, I shall die in my nest." — Job xxix. 18.

THERE are they who have left their sweet home,
  Through these strange distant places to roam,
And no more back, no more, ever come;
  And I sigh, with their memory oppressed,
    "Let me die in my nest."

When the troubles of nature are rife,
And the heart with itself is at strife,
For then Death is in conflict with Life,
  I submit to the sovereign behest,
    But would die in my nest.

Where within me the first thoughts were dreamed,
And upon me affection first beamed,
And through blossoms and tears my spring teemed;
  Amid scenes and companions loved best,
    I would die in my nest.

Not in lands with a speech not my own,
Where the sights that are newest look lone;
But where all most familiar had grown
To my eyes and the throbs of my breast, —
Shall I die in that nest?

They will say, "It is one to the wise
From what country the freed spirit flies,
For the way is the same to the skies;" —
Truths to faith and to reason addressed,
But alas for the nest!

Oh, methinks it would glad the last gaze,
To be circled with friends of old days,
And the spots that are gilt with the rays,
That stream from the sun of the West
O'er the down of my nest!

And I hear a propitious decree;
And the blessing I hoped for shall be;
For I smell the wide air of the sea,
There is land o'er the wave's foamy crest,
"I shall die in my nest."

"ARISE AND EAT."

"Arise and eat, because the journey is too great for thee." — 1 Kings xix. 7.

"THE journey is too great for thee,"
The prophet heard;
And all may list in secrecy
The self-same word.

Life's way and work lie forward spread
In Duty's sight;
And who but needs more strength to stead,
And fuller light?

And grant no lack of view or force, —
  We faint in will ;
And so the sweep of that great course
  We fail to fill.

The weary tracts of pain and grief
  Will stretch far through,
Till the flesh sinks beyond relief,
  And the heart too.

The tangled paths of many a care
  Wind slow about ;
And straight in front, lo ! flinty fare
  And foggy doubt !

And hindrances the firmest tread
  Will oft beset :
And perils with a deeper dread
  The dear life threat.

" The journey is too great for thee ! "
  Beyond the bounds
Where Time parts from Immensity
  Its measured grounds.

Oh, then that other word attend !
  Its offer meet : —
The calling of an angel friend ;
  " Arise and eat."

Eat of the fruits of holy trust
  In heavenly good ;
Not grown of dust, to mould to dust,
  But angels' food.

That food shall nerve both limb and heart
When faint with fear;
And pour through each immortal part
Its power and cheer.

Thus, girt with zeal, the travelling soul,
With patience shod,
Arrives at Horeb's distant goal,
The mount of God.

CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."— ECCL. xi. 1.

I.

CAST thy bread upon the waters,
Food for Penury's sons and daughters;
Nor on its drowning crumbs mistrustful gaze,
For thou shalt find it after many days.

Sail thine aid across the billows,
For famished mouths and fevered pillows:
Then watch it back over those streetless ways,
For thou shalt find it after many days.

Sink thy corn within the furrow
Of labor faithful, patience thorough;
And trust it to great Nature's drops and rays,
For thou shalt find it after many days.

II.

Not the aid which thou bestowest;
Not the very seed thou sowest;
Not just the prize thy doting heart portrays,—
Thou wilt not find these after many days.

Nobler stores and growths and prizes
Lie in what the soul devises;
For this hath spheres that show no waning phase,
Nor own dependence on these mortal days.

Crave from Fortune no indenture;
Boldly on, and venture, venture!
Who scants his pains and risks for heavenly praise
Finds naught but pains and losses all his days.

Trust! Let not weak expectation
Take the place of that strong station;
The peace that's free from this world's hurt and craze
Thou'lt find above, where there are no more days.

FEDERAL STREET MEETING-HOUSE.

Sung in the Federal Street Meeting-House, Boston, on the last Sunday of its use for public worship, March 13, 1859. This was the church that witnessed, for so long a time, the ministry of Dr. Channing, and also of Dr. Gannett, his colleague and successor.

FAREWELL, ye walls! though in your sacred square
The feet of many a saint have loved to walk;
Farewell, ye walls! though through your charmèd air
Echoes, and more than echoes, seem to talk.

Oh, not within the house that man has reared,
Or man has hallowed, is God's Spirit bound;
It runs and sanctifies, adored, endeared;
For ever present, and sufficient found.

Nor let us think that all the fervid speech
The preacher utters when his triumphs come
Was more of human worth, or heavenly reach,
Than the heart's prayer that rises and is dumb.

We thank thee, Father, for thy good gifts here,
  In spoken word and feeling unexpressed ;.
Let thy full grace be, as aforetime, near ;
  Go with our steps, and lodge where'er we rest.

Now lift the Ark, God's testimonial sign ;
  May union hold it by its golden rings !
His law laid up within its awful shrine,
  Its lid arched over with the cherubs' wings.

HYMN.

For the dedication of the house of worship of the Third Unitarian Society, New York, Dec. 25, 1863.

ONE Father, God, we own ;
  One Spirit ever more ;
One Christ, with manger, cross, and throne,
  The Light, the Way, the Door.

In souls we hail his birth ;
  'Tis now he comes again :
His kingdom is the convert earth,
  His church all faithful men.

The Scriptures thus we read ;
  Of strangest powers compiled,
To mould the heart and clear the creed
  Of earth's frail, clouded child.

Its essence, not its writ,
  Our sovereign rule we call ;
Not fastening down all truth to it,
  But widening it to all.

With this free reverence, Lord,
  In Christly church estate,
With earnest, brotherly accord,
  These walls we dedicate

To prayer and holy thought;
  Affections set above;
To faiths from highest fountains brought,
  And works of widest love.

Thy presence, Father, make
  The refuge and supply;
And for thy Truth and Mercy's sake
  Build on, and sanctify.

A LAMENT.

For Rev. William Parsons Lunt, D.D., who died at Akabah, the ancient Ezion-Geber, on the Red Sea, March 20, 1857, on his way to the Holy Land.

A WAIL from beyond the desert!
  A wail from across the sea!
  The home he left,
  Bereft, bereft,
For evermore must be.

As spread the heavy tidings,
How many a heart grows sore
  That the eloquent grace
  Of that pensive face
And that mellow voice is o'er!

Alas for thee, O our brother!
And for this we sorrow most,
  That a spirit so fair
  Must be breathed out there,
On that stern Arabian coast: —

That a life so all unforeign,
To faith and his country bound,
  Turned dying eyes
  Upon Asian skies,
And dropped on Moslem ground.

Away for the Holy City
With pilgrim soul he trod;
  But nearer at hand
  Must the pearl gates expand
Of the city new of God.

The judgment-peak of Sinai
Rose now in the homeward WEST.
  Its shadows grim
  Had no terror for him,
As he sank to his Christian rest.

But, oh, that the thoughtful scholar, —
His mind at its fullest noon, —
  That the preacher's tongue
  And the poet's song
Should pass away so soon!

HYMN FOR THE BLIND.

O GOD! to thine all-seeing ken
  The night and day are one;
The blackness of earth's deepest den,
  And flaming of the sun.

Both lend to eyes of mortal race
  Their sweet and mingled aid;
And blest in its alternate place
  The shining and the shade.

For us a cloud is on the sight,
  And Nature's face is hid;
Alike untouched by figured light
  The eyeball and the lid.

So it hath pleased thee, God! Be each
  Sore plaint and passion still;
And holy thoughts kneel down, and teach
  Submission to that will.

From all our diminutions, Lord,
  Let trust and love increase;
And all our hindrances reward
  With patience and with peace.

Oh, clear the mind! Be more and more
  The invisible revealed;
And spirits brighten at the door,
  When all without is sealed!

PRAYER AND THE DEAD.

THEY passed away from sight and hand,
  A slow successive train;
To memory's heart, a gathered band,
  Our lost ones come again.

Not back to earth, a second time,
  The mortal path to tread;
They walk in their appointed clime,
  The dead, but not the dead.

Their spirits up to God we gave,
  With eyes as wet as dim;
Confiding in his care to save,
  For all do live to him.

Beyond all we can know or think,
  Beyond the earth and sky,
Beyond Time's lone and dreaded brink,
  Their deathless dwellings lie.

Dear thoughts that once our union made,
  Death does not disallow:
We prayed for them while here they stayed,
  And what shall hinder now?

Our Father! give them perfect day
  And portions with the blest;
Oh, pity if they went astray,
  And pardon for the best!

As they may need, still deign to bring
  The helping of thy grace ;
The shadow of thy guardian wing,
  Or shining of thy face.

For all their sorrows here below
  Be boundless joy and peace ;
For all their love, a heavenly glow
  That never more shall cease.

O Lord of souls ! when ours shall part,
  To try the farther birth,
Let Faith go journeying with the heart
  To those we loved on earth.

HENRY WARE, JR.

(1794–1843.)

REV. HENRY WARE, JR., D.D., was born in Hingham, Mass., April 21, 1794, and was the eldest son of Rev. Henry Ware, D.D., minister of the Unitarian Church in that town, and subsequently, for thirty-five years, Hollis Professor of Divinity at Cambridge. Having pursued his early studies, first in the schools of his native place then at Duxbury under Rev. Dr. Allyn, and afterward under Judge Ware at Cambridge, he entered Harvard College in 1808, and graduated with high honor in 1812. He was for two years assistant teacher at the Exeter Academy, meanwhile studying theology. Having, still later, more fully prepared himself for the ministry under the immediate direction of his father, he was licensed to preach by the Boston Association, July 31, 1815 ; and was ordained pastor of the Second Church of that city, Jan. 1, 1817. In consequence of ill-health, he tendered, in 1828, his resignation ; but his society was unwilling to accept it, and elected as his colleague Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, who entered upon his labors as associate minister, March 11, 1829. During the same year, Mr. Ware was appointed Professor of Pulpit Eloquence and Pastoral Care in the Cambridge Theological School, but engaged in the active duties of his new sphere only after he had spent nearly a year abroad. He received the degree of D.D. from Harvard College in 1834. In the summer of 1842, exhausted by his arduous work as a lecturer, preacher, and writer, he withdrew from his important post of service, and removed to Framingham, where he died, Sept. 25, 1843.

His first marriage was with Miss Elizabeth Watson Waterhouse, daughter of Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse, of Cambridge. One of their children is Rev. J. F. W. Ware, now minister of the Arlington Street Church, Boston. Mrs. Ware died Feb. 9, 1824. The second wife was Mary Lovell Pickard, whose Memoir, written by Rev. E. B. Hall, D.D., both from the manner in which the work was executed and from the beautiful character and life of the woman whom it portrays, has well deserved the favor which it has received from the public.

Professor Ware's numerous theological, religious, and literary productions are all marked by great intellectual ability, and by a lofty, consecrated spirit and purpose. Previous to 1824, he was for some time the editor of the "Christian Disciple," which had been established in 1813, and which, in 1819, became a more pronounced organ of Unitarian views and sentiments. In 1824, while under the editorial care of Rev. John G. Palfrey, it took the name of the "Christian Examiner," and continued to receive, for many years, Mr. Ware's ardent sympathy and frequent contributions. Some months before his death, he was inclined once more to take charge of this magazine, and actually laid out a great deal of work with a view to its increased circulation and usefulness. But, though he was taken away amidst his many plans, and in the very fulness and prime of his manhood, he had lived quite long enough to accomplish a wonderful service for truth and humanity, as the long list of his valuable writings, given in his Memoir, prepared by his brother, John Ware, M.D., and published in 1846, sufficiently shows. Four volumes of his works appeared from the press in 1847, edited by Rev. Chandler Robbins, who succeeded Mr. Emerson as the pastor of the Second Church, and is still its minister. His treatise on the "Formation of the Christian Character" and his "Life of the Saviour" have passed through many editions, and blessed many souls. Various other volumes, the contents of which were afterward included in his collected writings, had been previously given to the press during his life; while not alone the "Christian Disciple" and "Christian Examiner," but other periodicals as well, had had their pages enriched by the productions, in prose or poetry, of his gifted mind. Wrote Rev. E. S. Gannett, D.D.: "That God had bestowed on him the gift of genius, no one who has read the poetic effusions which occasion struck from his glowing mind can doubt."

In the first of the four volumes of his works are numerous hymns and poems which have given him a high rank among American bards. Some of the more important of these are, "The Peace of 1815," "The Vision of Liberty," "To the Ursa Major," "My Dream of Life," and "Seasons of Prayer." We select for our pages the last of these, together with others of like merit that have had a place, to a greater or less extent, in many hymn-books. The following lines appeared in the "Christian Disciple," Vol. I.: —

RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

LIFT your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die;
Vain were the terrors that gathered around him,
And short the dominion of death and the grave;
He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound him,
Resplendent in glory, to live and to save:
Loud was the chorus of angels on high, —
"The Saviour hath risen, and man cannot die."

Glory to God, in full anthems of joy!
The being he gave us death cannot destroy!
Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birthright, and death were our end;
But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend:
Lift, then, your voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.

1817.

THE TRUTH AS IT IS IN JESUS.

For the ordination of Mr. Jared Sparks as pastor of the Unitarian Church at Baltimore, May 5, 1819.

GREAT God, the followers of thy Son,
We bow before thy mercy-seat
To worship thee, the Holy One,
And pour our wishes at thy feet.

Oh, grant thy blessing here to-day!
Oh, give thy people joy and peace!
The tokens of thy love display,
And favor that shall never cease.

We seek the truth that Jesus brought;
His path of light we long to tread;
Here be his holy doctrines taught,
And here their purest influence shed.

May faith and hope and love abound ;
  Our sins and errors be forgiven ;
And we, in thy great day, be found
  Children of God, and heirs of heaven.

ON OPENING OUR ORGAN.

Nov. 9, 1822

ALL Nature's works His praise declare,
  To whom they all belong ;
There is a voice in every star,
  In every breeze a song.
Sweet music fills the world abroad
  With strains of love and power ;
The stormy sea sings praise to God,
  The thunder and the shower.

To God the tribes of ocean cry,
  And birds upon the wing ;
To God the powers that dwell on high
  Their tuneful tribute bring.
Like them, let man the throne surround,
  With them loud chorus raise,
While instruments of loftier sound
  Assist his feeble praise.

Great God, to thee we consecrate
  Our voices and our skill ;
We bid the pealing organ wait
  To speak alone thy will.
Oh, teach its rich and swelling notes
  To lift our souls on high ;
And while the music round us floats,
  Let earth-born passion die.

AROUND THE THRONE.

Published in the "Christian Disciple," Vol. V.

REVELATION iv. 2, 3, xv. 3.

AROUND the throne of God
The host angelic throngs;
They spread their palms abroad,
And shout perpetual songs.
Him first they own,
Him last and best;
God ever blest,
And God alone.

Their golden crowns they fling
Before his throne of light,
And strike the rapturous string,
Unceasing, day and night:
"Earth, heaven, and sea,
Thy praise declare;
For thine they are,
And thine shall be.

"O holy, holy Lord,
Creation's sovereign King!
Thy majesty adored
Let all creation sing;
Who wast, and art,
And art to be;
Nor time shall see
Thy sway depart.

"Great are thy works of praise,
O God of boundless might!
All just and true thy ways,
Thou King of saints, in light!
Let all above,
And all below,
Conspire to show
Thy power and love.

"Who shall not fear thee, Lord,
And magnify thy name?
Thy judgments, sent abroad,
Thy holiness proclaim.
Nations shall throng
From every shore,
And all adore
In one loud song."

While thus the powers on high
Their swelling chorus raise,
Let earth and man reply,
And echo back the praise;
His glory own,
First, last, and best;
God ever blest,
And God alone.

1823.

SEASONS OF PRAYER.

TO prayer, to prayer; — for the morning breaks,
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes.
His light is on all below and above, —
The light of gladness, and life, and love.
Oh, then, on the breath of this early air,
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.

To prayer; — for the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes on;
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows,
To shade the couch where his children repose.
Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of night.

To prayer; — for the day that God has blest
Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest.

It speaks of creation's early bloom ;
It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb.
Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,
And devote to Heaven the hallowed hours.

There are smiles and tears in the mother's eyes,
For her new-born infant beside her lies.
O hour of bliss ! when the heart o'erflows
With rapture a mother only knows.
Let it gush forth in words of fervent prayer ;
Let it swell up to Heaven for her precious care.

There are smiles and tears in that gathering band,
Where the heart is pledged with the trembling hand :
What trying thoughts in her bosom swell,
As the bride bids parent and home farewell !
Kneel down by the side of the tearful pair,
And strengthen the perilous hour with prayer.

Kneel down by the sinner's dying side,
And pray for his soul through Him who died.
Large drops of anguish are thick on his brow ;
Oh, what are earth and its pleasures now !
And what shall assuage his dark despair,
But the penitent cry of humble prayer ?

Kneel down by the couch of departing faith,
And hear the last words the believer saith.
He has bidden adieu to his earthly friends ;
There is peace in his eye that upward bends ;
There is peace in his calm, confiding air ;
For his last thoughts are God's, his last words prayer.

The voice of prayer at the sable bier !
A voice to sustain, to soothe, and to cheer.
It commends the spirit to God who gave ;
It lifts the thoughts from the cold, dark grave ;
It points to the glory where he shall reign,
Who whispered, "Thy brother shall rise again."

The voice of prayer in the world of bliss!
But gladder, purer, than rose from this.
The ransomed shout to their glorious King,
Where no sorrow shades the soul as they sing;
But a sinless and joyous song they raise,
And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.

Awake, awake! and gird up thy strength,
To join that holy band at length!
To him who unceasing love displays,
Whom the powers of nature unceasingly praise, —
To him thy heart and thy hours be given;
For a life of prayer is the life of heaven.

1826.

HYMN.

For an ordination, March, 1829.

O THOU, who on thy chosen Son
Didst send thy Spirit like a dove,
To mark the long expected One,
And seal the Messenger of love;

And, when the heralds of his name
Went forth his glorious truth to spread,
Didst send it down in tongues of flame
To hallow each devoted head, —

So, Lord, thy servant now inspire
With holy unction from above;
Give him the tongue of living fire,
Give him the temper of the dove.

Lord, hear thy suppliant church to-day!
Accept our work, our souls possess.
'Tis ours to labor, watch, and pray;
Be thine to cheer, sustain, and bless.

THE GOD OF OUR FATHERS.

For the Centennial Celebration of the Boston Thursday Lecture, Oct. 17, 1833.

LIKE Israel's hosts to exile driven,
  Across the flood the Pilgrims fled;
Their hands bore up the ark of Heaven,
  And Heaven their trusting footsteps led,
Till on these savage shores they trod,
And won the wilderness for God.

Then, where their weary ark found rest.
  Another Zion proudly grew,
In more than Judah's glory dressed,
  With light that Israel never knew.
From sea to sea her empire spread,
Her temple heaven, and Christ her head.

Then let the grateful church, to-day,
  Its ancient rite with gladness keep:
Our fathers' God! their children pray
  Thy blessing, though the fathers sleep.
Oh, bless, as thou hast blessed the past,
While earth, and time, and heaven shall last!

FAMILY MEETING.

Aug. 20, 1835.

IN this glad hour, when children meet,
  And home with them their children bring,
Our hearts with one affection beat,
  One song of praise our voices sing.

For all the faithful, loved and dear,
  Whom thou so kindly, Lord, hast given;
For those who still are with us here,
  And those who wait for us in heaven;—

For every past and present joy,
  For honor, competence, and health,
For hopes which time may not destroy,
  Our souls' imperishable wealth: —

For all, accept our humble praise;
  Still bless us, Father, by thy love;
And when are closed our mortal days,
  Unite us in one home above.

HYMN IN SICKNESS.

FATHER, thy gentle chastisement
  Falls kindly on my burdened soul;
I see its merciful intent,
  To warn me back to thy control,
And pray that, while I kiss the rod,
I may find perfect peace with God.

The errors of my heart I know;
  I feel my deep infirmities;
For, often, virtuous feelings glow,
  And holy purposes arise,
But, like the morning clouds, decay,
As empty, though as fair, as they.

Forgive the weakness I deplore,
  And let thy peace abound in me,
That I may trust my heart no more,
  But wholly cast myself on thee.
Oh, let my Father's strength be mine,
And my devoted life be thine!

March, 1836.

HYMN.

For the dedication of a church, April, 1839.

WE rear not a temple, like Judah's of old,
  Whose portals were marble, whose vaultings were gold;
No incense is lighted, no victims are slain,
No monarch kneels praying to hallow the fane.

More simple and lowly the walls that we raise,
And humbler the pomp of procession and praise,
Where the heart is the altar whence incense shall roll,
And Messiah the King who shall pray for the soul.

O Father, come in! but not in the cloud
Which filled the bright courts where thy chosen ones
bowed;
But come in that spirit of glory and grace
Which beams on the soul and illumines the race.

Oh, come in the power of thy life-giving Word,
And reveal to each heart its Redeemer and Lord;
Till Faith bring the peace to the penitent given,
And Love fill the air with the fragrance of heaven.

The pomp of Moriah has long passed away,
And soon shall our frailer erection decay;
But the souls that are builded in worship and love
Shall be temples to God, everlasting above.

THE PROGRESS OF FREEDOM.

This "Anti-Slavery Song" has for us a peculiar interest, not alone from the thrilling spirit of power and prophecy that animates it, but from the circumstance that it was Mr. Ware's last composition in verse. It bears the date, March 15, 1843. In its original form it is longer than as presented here, and is unsuited to a church hymn-book. The following stanzas, taken from one of the Collections, are a part of the original, altered and transposed, and thus adapted to sacred worship: —

OPPRESSION shall not always reign;
There comes a brighter day,
When Freedom, burst from every chain,
Shall have triumphant way.
Then Right shall over might prevail,
And Truth, like hero armed in mail,
The hosts of tyrant wrong assail,
And hold eternal sway.

What voice shall bid the progress stay,
Of truth's victorious car?
What arm arrest the growing day,
Or quench the solar star?

What reckless soul, though stout and strong,
Shall dare bring back the ancient wrong,
Oppression's guilty night prolong,
And freedom's morning bar?

The hour of triumph comes apace,
The fated, promised hour,
When earth upon a ransomed race
Her bounteous gifts shall shower.
Ring, Liberty, thy glorious bell!
Bid high thy sacred banner swell!
Let trump on trump the triumph tell
Of Heaven's redeeming power.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

(1794.)

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT was born, Nov. 3, 1794, at Cummington, Hampton County, Mass. It is only necessary here to present the merest outline of the career of this venerable and beloved poet, whose name is a household word in the homes of the land. His father, Peter Bryant, was a physician, well-travelled and highly cultured, who knew how to awaken and call forth the mental powers of the gifted son. The latter, before he was ten years of age, wrote lines which were published in the County Gazette. Other poems, which he composed not long afterward, were printed by his friends; and when he was only eighteen he wrote his immortal "Thanatopsis," which appeared in the "North American Review" in 1817. For two years he was a student at Williams College; then studied law, and, first at Plainfield and next at Great Barrington, practised his profession until 1825, when he removed to New York, and became the editor of the "New York Review." In 1826 he associated himself with William Coleman in conducting the "Evening Post," and in the following year assumed its entire editorial charge. He has continued at this post of service from then until now.

The first volume of his poems, embracing one on "The Ages," delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge, and also some other pieces, was published in 1821. From 1827 to 1830 he was one of the editors of an annual, "The Talisman," and, about the same time,

contributed "Medfield" and the "Skeleton's Cave" to a book entitled "Tales of the Glauber Spa." In 1832 appeared a complete edition of his poems, which Washington Irving caused to be reprinted in London, and which gave the author at once a high literary reputation in England. From time to time, during subsequent years, he visited Europe, and in one of his trips extended his journey to the distant East, giving the results of many of his observations in numerous letters to the press, which were afterward republished in a collected form. In a more recent visit he was an object of marked attention among influential circles in the Old World. The fresh volumes of his poetry and prose, and the handsome and enlarged editions of his works, which have been given to the public at intervals, through all the later years of his life, as well as the fine, graceful, classic orations and speeches, essays and reviews, which have marked the whole progress of his literary career, have been too numerous, if they are not also too well known, to be recounted here. Nor need it be said that his style is a model for purity, elegance, and strength of expression, his thought chaste, profound, and reverent, and his imagination of marvellous sweep and power, while every play of his fancy or flow of his eloquence is restrained and chastened by the severest taste and by an instinctive love of truth.

The spirit which informs Mr. Bryant's writings is in the man himself. There is a fine harmony between the stainless and lofty characters and lives, and all the beautiful and imperishable productions of our greatest American poets. In the eldest of them, as in the rest, we see an unsullied soul, the truest love of nature and art, an exquisite yet vital sympathy with human sorrow and suffering, the deepest abhorrence of injustice and the most intense devotion to liberty and right, and the most habitual communion with the things that are unseen and eternal.

Dividing his time between the busy cares of his professional life in New York and the more retired retreat of his embowered "old-time mansion" in Roslyn, on Long Island, our poet has sung many a sacred song that is sure of a permanent place in the hymn-books of the church. From a little book which he printed in 1864, and which included only such pieces as may properly be called hymns, and from other volumes of his works, we make the following selections. The first two were written for ordination services more than fifty years ago.

"THE LORD GIVETH WISDOM."

MIGHTY One, before whose face
Wisdom had her glorious seat,
When the orbs that people space
Sprang to birth beneath thy feet!

Source of Truth, whose beams alone
  Light the mighty world of mind!
God of Love, who, from thy throne,
  Watchest over all mankind!

Shed on those who, in thy name,
  Teach the way of Truth and Right,
Shed that Love's undying flame,
  Shed that Wisdom's guiding light.

"THY WORD IS TRUTH."

O THOU, whose Love can ne'er forget
  Its offspring, Great Eternal Mind!
We thank thee that thy truth is yet
  A sojourner among mankind;

A light before whose brightness fall
  The feet arrayed to tread it down,
A voice whose strong and solemn call
  The cry of nations cannot drown.

Thy servants, at this sacred hour,
  With humble prayer thy throne surround,
That here, in glory and in power,
  That light may shine, that voice may sound,

Till Error's shades shall flee away,
  And Faith, descending from above,
Amid the pure and perfect day,
  Shall bring her fairer sister Love.

The next three hymns, with two others also by Mr. Bryant, were written at the instance of Miss Sedgwick for a Collection made in 1820 by Henry D. Sewall and long used in the church of which Rev. William Ware was formerly the pastor, and which for so many years has been in the charge of Rev. H. W. Bellows, D.D.

"HIS TENDER MERCIES ARE OVER ALL HIS WORKS."

OUR Father, to thy love we owe
All that is fair and good below.
Life, and the health that makes life sweet,
Are blessings from thy mercy-seat.

O Giver of the quickening rain!
O Ripener of the golden grain!
From thee the cheerful dayspring flows,
Thy balmy evening brings repose.

Thy frosts arrest, thy tempests chase
The plagues that waste our helpless race;
Thy softer breath, o'er land and deep,
Wakes Nature from her winter sleep.

Yet deem we not that thus alone
Thy bounty and thy love are shown;
For we have learned with higher praise
And holier names to speak thy ways.

In woe's dark hour our kindest stay,
Sole trust when life shall pass away,
Teacher of hopes that light the gloom
Of Death, and consecrate the tomb.

Patient with headstrong guilt to bear,
Slow to avenge and kind to spare,
Listening to prayer and reconciled
Full soon to thy repentant child.

"BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN."

DEEM not that they are blest alone
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep;
The God who loves our race has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
  The lids that overflow with tears,
And weary hours of woe and pain
  Are promises of happier years.

Oh, there are days of sunny rest
  For every dark and troubled night;
And Grief may bide, an evening guest,
  But Joy shall come with early light.

And thou, who o'er thy friend's low bier,
  Dost shed the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
  Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
  Though life its common gifts deny;
Though, with a pierced and broken heart,
  And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God hath marked each sorrowing day,
  And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
  For all his children suffer here.

"A BROKEN AND A CONTRITE HEART, O GOD, THOU WILT NOT DESPISE."

O GOD, whose dread and dazzling brow
  Love never yet forsook!
On those who seek thy presence now,
  In deep compassion look.

Aid our weak steps and eyesight dim
  The paths of peace to find,
And lead us all to learn of Him
  Who died to save mankind.

For many a frail and erring heart
  Is in thy holy sight,
And feet too willing to depart
  From the plain way of right.

Yet, pleased the humble prayer to hear,
  And kind to all that live,
Thou, when thou seest the contrite tear,
  Art ready to forgive.

"HOW AMIABLE ARE THY TABERNACLES."

Written for the dedication of a church in Prince Street, New York City. The edifice was afterwards destroyed by fire.

THOU, whose unmeasured temple stands,
  Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
  Have raised, O God! to thee.

And let the Comforter and Friend,
  Thy Holy Spirit, meet
With those who here in worship bend
  Before thy mercy-seat.

May they who err be guided here
  To find the better way,
And they who mourn and they who fear
  Be strengthened as they pray.

May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
  And hallowed wishes rise,
While round these peaceful walls the storm
  Of earth-born passion dies.

"I WILL SEND THEM PROPHETS AND APOSTLES."

Written, probably, for some church in England.

ALL that in this wide world we see,
Almighty Father! speaks of thee;
And in the darkness, or the day,
Thy monitors surround our way.

The fearful storms that sweep the sky,
The maladies by which we die,
The pangs that make the guilty groan,
Are angels from thy awful throne.

Each mercy sent when sorrows lower,
Each blessing of the wingèd hour,
All we enjoy and all we love,
Bring with them lessons from above.

Nor thus content, thy gracious hand,
From midst the children of the land,
Hath raised, to stand before our race,
Thy living messengers of grace.

We thank thee that so clear a ray
Shines on thy straight, thy chosen way,
And pray that passion, sloth, or pride,
May never lure our steps aside.

"THOU, GOD, SEEST ME."

Written for a Collection of hymns at the end of a Sunday School Liturgy, prepared by Mr. James Lombard, of Utica, N. Y., in 1859.

WHEN this song of praise shall cease,
Let thy children, Lord, depart
With the blessing of thy peace
And thy love in every heart.

Oh, where'er our path may lie,
  Father, let us not forget
That we walk beneath thine eye,
  That thy care upholds us yet.

Blind are we, and weak, and frail:
  Be thine aid forever near;
May the fear to sin prevail
  Over every other fear.

THE MOTHER'S HYMN.

"BLESSED ART THOU AMONG WOMEN."

Written at the suggestion of Rev. Samuel Osgood, D.D., and included in the service-book entitled "Christian Worship," which he and Rev. F. A. Farley, D.D., compiled.

LORD, who ordainest for mankind
  Benignant toils and tender cares,
We thank thee for the ties that bind
  The mother to the child she bears.

We thank thee for the hopes that rise
  Within her heart, as day by day
The dawning soul, from those young eyes,
  Looks with a clearer, steadier ray.

And, grateful for the blessing given
  With that dear infant on her knee,
She trains the eye to look to heaven,
  The voice to lisp a prayer to thee.

Such thanks the blessed Mary gave
  When from her lap the Holy Child,
Sent from on high to seek and save
  The lost of earth, looked up and smiled.

All-Gracious! grant to those who bear
  A mother's charge, the strength and light
To guide the feet that own their care
  In ways of Love, and Truth, and Right.

COMMUNION HYMN.

"Do this in remembrance of me."

ALL praise to Him of Nazareth,
The Holy One who came,
For love of man, to die a death
Of agony and shame.

Dark was the grave; but since he lay
Within its dreary cell,
The beams of heaven's eternal day
Upon its threshold dwell.

He grasped the iron veil, he drew
Its gloomy folds aside,
And opened, to his followers' view,
The glorious world they hide.

In tender memory of his grave
The mystic bread we take,
And muse upon the life he gave
So freely for our sake.

A boundless love he bore mankind;
Oh, may at least a part
Of that strong love descend and find
A place in every heart.

"THOU HAST PUT ALL THINGS UNDER HIS FEET."

O NORTH, with all thy vales of green!
Oh South, with all thy palms!
From peopled towns and fields between
Uplift the voice of psalms.
Raise, ancient East, the anthem high,
And let the youthful West reply.

Lo! in the clouds of heaven appears
God's well-belovèd Son;
He brings a train of brighter years;
His kingdom is begun.
He comes a guilty world to bless
With mercy, truth, and righteousness.

Oh Father! haste the promised hour,
When, at His feet, shall lie
All rule, authority, and power,
Beneath the ample sky:
When He shall reign from pole to pole,
The Lord of every human soul:

When all shall heed the words He said,
Amid their daily cares,
And, by the loving life He led,
Shall strive to pattern theirs;
And He, who conquered Death, shall win
The mightier conquest over Sin.

Of the nineteen hymns that form the contents of the small volume to which we have alluded in our brief sketch as having been printed in 1864, we have copied eleven, as above. The remaining eight are thus indicated by their first lines, the occasions for which they were written being also given. The two others of the five which were contributed to Mr. Sewall's Collection, and which we have previously referred to, are, "Almighty! hear thy children raise," and "When he who from the scourge of wrong." "Ancient of Days! except thou deign," was written for the dedication of Rev. R. C. Waterston's church, in Boston; "Lord, from whose glorious presence came," at the request of a friend, Mr. Hiram Barney, for the opening of an Orthodox Congregational Church; "Look from the sphere of endless day," for some Foreign Missionary Anniversary. The last five hymns in the little volume were written purposely for the book itself. Two of these were the last two presented above; the other three are, "As o'er the cradle of her Son," "Whate'er he bids, observe and do," and "Go forth, O Word of Christ! go forth."

The following pieces, except the last, are copied from a recent beautiful miniature edition of Mr. Bryant's poems, issued by his publishers, D. Appleton & Co. However familiar they may be to our readers, they can ill be spared from the present volume.

THE PAST.

THOU unrelenting Past!
Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain,
And fetters, sure and fast,
Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.

Far in thy realm withdrawn
Old empires sit in sullenness and gloom,
And glorious ages gone
Lie deep within the shadow of thy womb.

Childhood, with all its mirth,
Youth, Manhood, Age that draws us to the ground,
And last, Man's Life on earth,
Glide to thy dim dominions, and are bound.

Thou hast my better years;
Thou hast my earlier friends, the good, the kind,
Yielded to thee with tears —
The venerable form — the exalted mind.

My spirit yearns to bring
The lost ones back — yearns with desire intense,
And struggles hard to wring
Thy bolts apart, and pluck thy captives thence.

In vain; thy gates deny
All passage save to those who hence depart;
Nor to the streaming eye
Thou giv'st them back — nor to the broken heart.

In thy abysses hide
Beauty and excellence unknown; to thee
Earth's wonder and her pride
Are gathered, as the waters to the sea;

Labors of good to man,
Unpublished charity, unbroken faith,
Love, that midst grief began,
And grew with years, and faltered not in death.

Full many a mighty name
Lurks in thy depths, unuttered, unrevered;
With thee are silent fame,
Forgotten arts, and wisdom disappeared.

Thine for a space are they —
Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up at last:
Thy gates shall yet give way,
Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable Past!

All that of good and fair
Has gone into thy womb from earliest time,
Shall then come forth to wear
The glory and the beauty of its prime.

They have not perished — No!
Kind words, remembered voices once so sweet,
Smiles, radiant long ago,
And features, the great soul's apparent seat.

All shall come back; each tie
Of pure affection shall be knit again;
Alone shall Evil die,
And Sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign.

And then shall I behold
Him, by whose kind paternal side I sprung,
And her, who, still and cold,
Fills the next grave — the beautiful and young.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

HOW shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
The disembodied spirits of the dead,
When all of thee that time could wither sleeps
And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain
  If there I meet thy gentle presence not;
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
  In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there?
  That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given —
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,
  And wilt thou never utter it in heaven?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind,
  In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,
And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
  Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,
  And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last,
  Shall it expire with life, and be no more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light,
  Await thee there, for thou hast bowed thy will
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
  And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell
  Shrink and consume my heart, as heat the scroll;
And wrath has left its scar — that fire of hell
  Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet, though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
  Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,
The same fair thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
  Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?

Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home,
  The wisdom that I learned so ill in this —
The wisdom which is love — till I become
  Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

THE CONQUEROR'S GRAVE.

WITHIN this lowly grave a conqueror lies,
And yet the monument proclaims it not,
Nor round the sleeper's name hath chisel wrought
The emblems of a fame that never dies,
Ivy and amaranth, in a graceful sheaf,
Twined with the laurel's fair, imperial leaf.
A simple name alone,
To the great world unknown,
Is graven here, and wild-flowers, rising round,
Meek meadow-sweet and violets of the ground
Lean lovingly against the humble stone.

Here, in the quiet earth, they laid apart
No man of iron mould and bloody hands,
Who sought to wreak upon the cowering lands
The passions that consumed his restless heart;
But one of tender spirit and delicate frame,
Gentlest, in mien and mind,
Of gentle womankind,
Timidly shrinking from the breath of blame:
One in whose eyes the smile of kindness made
Its haunt, like flowers by sunny brooks in May,
Yet, at the thought of others' pain, a shade
Of sweeter sadness chased the smile away.

Nor deem that when the hand that moulders here
Was raised in menace, realms were chilled with fear,
And armies mustered at the sign, as when
Clouds rise on clouds before the rainy East —
Gray captains leading bands of veteran men
And fiery youths to be the vulture's feast.
Not thus were waged the mighty wars that gave
The victory to her who fills this grave:
Alone her task was wrought,
Alone the battle fought;
Through that long strife her constant hope was staid
On God alone, nor looked for other aid.

She met the hosts of Sorrow with a look
  That altered not beneath the frown they wore,
And soon the lowering brood were tamed, and took,
  Meekly, her gentle rule, and frowned no more.
Her soft hand put aside the assaults of wrath,
    And calmly broke in twain
    The fiery shafts of pain,
And rent the nets of passion from her path.
  By that victorious hand despair was slain.
With love she vanquished hate and overcame
  Evil with good in her Great Master's name.

Her glory is not of this shadowy state,
  Glory that with the fleeting season dies ;
But when she entered at the sapphire gate
  What joy was radiant in celestial eyes !
How heaven's bright depths with sounding welcome rung,
And flowers of heaven by shining hands were flung.
    And He who, long before,
    Pain, scorn, and sorrow bore,
The Mighty Sufferer, with aspect sweet,
Smiled on the timid stranger from his seat ;
He who returning, glorious, from the grave,
Dragged Death, disarmed, in chains, a crouching slave.

See, as I linger here, the sun grows low ;
  Cool airs are murmuring that the night is near.
Oh gentle sleeper, from thy grave I go
  Consoled though sad, in hope and yet in fear.
    Brief is the time, I know,
    The warfare scarce begun ;
Yet all may win the triumphs thou hast won.
Still flows the fount whose waters strengthened thee ;
  The victors' names are yet too few to fill
Heaven's mighty roll ; the glorious armory,
  That ministered to thee, is open still.

THE DEATH OF LINCOLN.

OH, slow to smite and swift to spare,
Gentle and merciful and just!
Who, in the fear of God, didst bear
The sword of power, — a nation's trust!

In sorrow by thy bier we stand,
Amid the awe that hushes all,
And speak the anguish of a land
That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done: the bond are free:
We bear thee to an honored grave,
Whose proudest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life: its bloody close
Hath placed thee with the sons of light,
Among the noble host of those
Who perished in the cause of Right.

April, 1865.

"RECEIVE THY SIGHT."

WHEN the blind suppliant in the way,
By friendly hands to Jesus led,
Prayed to behold the light of day,
"Receive thy sight," the Saviour said.

At once he saw the pleasant rays
That lit the glorious firmament;
And, with firm step and words of praise,
He followed where the Master went.

Look down in pity, Lord, we pray,
On eyes oppressed by moral night,
And touch the darkened lids, and say
The gracious words, "Receive thy sight."

Then, in clear daylight, shall we see
  Where walked the sinless Son of God;
And, aided by new strength from thee,
  Press onward in the path he trod.

Mr. Bryant has kindly sent us, as an additional contribution to this volume, the following exquisite lines, which were written about forty years since for some charitable occasion, and which he lately found among his old papers. They are not among his published poems.

MUTUAL KINDNESS.

DEAR ties of mutual succor bind
  The children of our feeble race,
And, if our brethren were not kind,
  This earth were but a weary place.
We lean on others as we walk
  Life's twilight path with pitfalls strewn;
And 'twere an idle boast to talk
  Of treading that dim path alone.

Amid the snares misfortune lays
  Unseen, beneath the steps of all,
Blest is the Love that seeks to raise
  And stay and strengthen those who fall;
Till, taught by Him who, for our sake,
  Bore every form of Life's distress,
With every passing year we make
  The sum of human sorrows less.

SAMUEL B. SUMNER.

(1797.)

SAMUEL BARRETT SUMNER was born in Boston, March 4, 1797. He was baptized by Rev. Peter Thacher, D.D., pastor of the Brattle Street Church, at which his parents continued to worship until the family removed to Brighton, Mass., in 1811. He early enjoyed but lim-

ited advantages for education. When about thirty-three years old, he visited Louisville, Ky., for business purposes, and became a Sunday-School teacher and assistant superintendent in the then rising Unitarian Church of that place, where his first pastor was Rev. James Freeman Clarke, and his next, Rev. John H. Heywood, who is still minister of the society. He married, in July, 1830, Miss Harriet Farmer, of his native city, whither, at length, he returned to live. He now resides at Brookline, but is connected, in various important offices, with the church and Sunday school of the Bulfinch Place Chapel in Boston. His mother, who was a daughter of Judge Barrett, lived to see four of her sons occupying prominent positions and rendering a faithful service in the work of the religious instruction of the young.

Mr. Sumner is a stencil-maker, and is of the firm of Sumner & Sons. Unknown to fame, his worth is fitly set before us by these words of a friend: "Meek and gentle, he has, nevertheless, borne all the trials and vicissitudes of a long life — not a few — with manliness and fortitude. His only recreation, so far as I know, is the composition of a hymn. When one is finished to his liking, he sends it to the 'Boston Transcript.' Copies are afterward struck off, and distributed by him among his pupils, friends, and others, as opportunity occurs. They are simple, sweet, and Christian." Rev. Dr. Furness has described them as "musical, tender, and devout."

Those which we present have all been written since April 1, 1864, and none of them, we believe, are to be found in any collection of hymns or other book. We copy the following lines from the "Home Journal" (June 18, 1864), of which N. P. Willis was then editor. They are there introduced with these words: "There is here and there, among what is commonly called fugitive poetry, — verses published without signatures and in the corner of a newspaper, — an instance of what is immediately understood as the inspired voice of the devout heart." Two of these clippings the editor proceeds to give to the reader; and this one of them, by Mr. Sumner, he characterizes as "a wonderfully simple and truthful expression of *a heart at prayer:*" —

PENITENCE.

FATHER, I see my wrong:
I have too often swerved;
And yet thy gifts are multiplied
As if they were deserved.

My Father, I adore;
How patient thou hast been!
How long hast thou forborne and paused
To chide me for my sin!

I do not feel this pain,
  Because I fear thy wrath,
But that I have so tried thy love
  In wandering from the path.

I know that thou dost love;
  I know thou canst forgive;
I know it through my faith in Him
  "Who died that I might live."

And though I am so weak —
  So prone to part from thee —
If I but strive to do thy will,
  "The truth shall make me free."

Then in the closed retreat,
  And in the public mart,
Be it my earnest wish to be
  Patient and pure in heart.

Oh, let me not forget
  That thou art ever nigh;
That I can never hide or shun
  The notice of thine eye.

I leave these transient joys;
  They are not what they seem:
No longer will I seek to own
  A phantom and a dream.

Dear Father, then forgive!
  I yield my all to thee;
And never more will deviate,
  If thou wilt strengthen me.

April 8, 1864.

The pieces which follow are copied mostly from the printed slips to which reference has been made in the sketch above : —

"ONLY BELIEVE."

JESUS said with soothing voice,
Brother, hast thou made thy choice, —
Art thou striving to be free,
Earnestly to follow me ?

Does thy heart in me believe ;
When thou sinnest dost thou grieve ?
Heed'st the Monitor within
When he chides thee for thy sin ?

If thy fellow-men transgress
And revile thee, dost thou bless ?
Meekly intercede for all,
Fearing lest thyself may fall ?

Canst thou estimate the love
That could send me from above,
To reveal a Father's face
Yearning for a fallen race ?

Doth such love thy bosom fill ?
Meekly yielding to his will,
Dost the golden rule observe,
Others, not thyself, to serve ?

Then thou dost believe in me,
And art mine, art saved, art free !
Brother, thou art born again —
Shalt Eternal Life attain.

* May 27, 1865.

THE FAMILY ALTAR.

"Thy home is with the humble, Lord!
The simple are thy rest,
Thy lodging is in childlike hearts;
Thou makest there thy nest."
FABER.

WHEN all things thou hast made
Thy wondrous love declare,
We would come now, our Father dear,
To breathe a grateful prayer.

In humble trust we come,
Believing in thy Son,
Conscious how often we have erred —
Of what we've left undone.

Forgive our many sins,
O Father, we implore!
And let thy holy presence still
These erring feet restore.

To-day we would be thine,
Whate'er our trials be;
Earnest in every thing to do
Only what pleases thee.

May all who love thy truth
Unite with one accord,
Converting nations in the name
Of Jesus Christ, our Lord.

Nov. 20, 1865.

"LOVEST THOU ME?"

I AIM to follow thee,
Jesus, my guide and friend;
Thou art my love, my joy, my hope,
"In thee my wishes end."

Thy hand is on my head,
  I lean upon thy breast;
I hear thee whisper in my heart, —
  Come and enjoy my rest.

I know that thou art mine;
  Thy promises are true:
Dear Jesus, to abide in thee
  Doth all my strength renew.

When I forget myself,
  And see what others need,
And comfort all who ask my aid, —
  Then am I thine indeed.

And when in all thy ways
  My willing heart accords,
Thou dost impart a peacefulness
  No other source affords.

I would be more like thee,
  "And give my follies o'er;"
O Saviour, Saviour! say to me,
  "Go thou, and sin no more!"

Dec. 20, 1866.

The "Boston Transcript," in publishing the following lines, alludes to the author as "one whose tenderness of sentiment, childlike devotion, and quaint simplicity, give a winning charm to his heart-inspired verses:"—

SPRING TIME.

"No earthly father loves like thee,
  No mother half so mild —"
FABER.

GIVE me, O Lord, a thankful heart,
  For all thy love and care;
The countless wonders of the spring
  Are thronging everywhere.

Thou makest the warm sun to shine,
  To give thy children food ;
And rainest on men — all alike —
  The evil and the good.

The joyous birds and cheerful flowers
  Thy constant favor see ;
And if thou carest so for them,
  Oh, how much more for me !

How numberless the benefits
  Thy daily favor brings ;
When I am thine and thou art mine,
  I shall possess all things !

Seek first the heavenly kingdom, then
  And have no anxious fear ;
For every want He will provide, —
  All thy entreaties hear.

May 1, 1867.

DEDICATION HYMN.

Sung at the dedication of Rev. S. H. Winkley's New Sunday-School Room, corner of Bulfinch Place, Boston, Mass.

FATHER, accept these sacred walls
  Which now to thee are given,
And may the deeds which we perform
  Lead many souls to heaven.

With growing zeal may we pursue
  The works our Master taught ;
And every kingdom of the world
  Into his own be brought.

And when, our work on earth all done,
  We stand before thy face,
Continue what is here begun
  In thine own dwelling-place.

Dec. 22, 1869.

"THE GOOD FATHER."

"Whene'er he sees a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for taint or vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in paradise."

LOVING Father, heavenly King,
Hear the praises that we sing;
Let the thanks we offer here
Ever in our lives appear.

Though we often disobey,
Thou dost hear the prayers we pray;
Wilt increase our heart's desire
To receive the sacred fire!

Strength of him who did thy will,
Help us all thy law fulfil —
Do in all our deeds and thought
As the dear Redeemer taught.

ALLSTON, Mass., Aug., 1872.

WILLIAM B. O. PEABODY.

(1799–1847.)

REV. WILLIAM BOURNE OLIVER PEABODY, D.D., was born in Exeter, N.H., July 9, 1799. Having pursued his preparatory studies mainly at the Academy in his native town, he entered Harvard College when but fourteen years of age, graduating in 1817. After serving for a year as an assistant of Dr. Adams at the Exeter Academy, he studied Theology under Dr. Henry Ware, at the Cambridge Divinity School, and began to preach in 1819. He was ordained pastor of the Unitarian Church in Springfield, Mass., in October, 1820. This was his only settlement, and here he remained until his death, May 28, 1847. The degree of D.D. was conferred upon him by Harvard College in 1842. Gentle and retiring in spirit, he was yet enterprising and active in many useful pursuits. Fond of natural scenery, he gave much attention to landscape gardening, and was chiefly instrumental in securing for Springfield its beautiful cemetery, whose grounds he assisted in adorning even with his own daily toil, and whose consecration address he wrote and delivered in his own happiest style. The pages of the "North American Review" and of the "Chris-

tian Examiner" were enriched by many of his religious and literary contributions, and by others which he wrote upon Natural History, a branch of study for which he was very partial. At the request of the Massachusetts Legislature, he prepared a very useful Report on the Birds of the Commonwealth, and also furnished for Sparks's "American Biography" a memoir of Alexander Wilson, the ornithologist. After his death, a volume was issued containing a memoir of him, written by his twin brother, Rev. O. W. B. Peabody, with selections from his sermons. In 1850 another volume was published, entitled "Literary Remains," in which appear not only some of his literary articles and papers on Natural History, but also selections from his poems. The "Record of Unitarian Worthies" speaks very justly of Dr. Peabody as "a man of rare accomplishments and consummate virtue, whose whole life was a marked commentary on the maxim of Bacon, — 'Certainly it is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.'"

Dr. Peabody was possessed of a lively imagination and of a fine lyric power, and wrote some beautiful hymns and other poems which will long hold their place in the best American Literature. In 1823 he published a "Catechism" for the use of children, written in verse, with some short sacred poems annexed. This little paper-covered book, prepared for the Home and the Sunday School, has long been out of print, and it is difficult to obtain a copy of it. Yet it has a peculiar interest for us, since its entire contents, consisting of twenty-three or twenty-four hymns, were Dr. Peabody's own productions, and since most of the few cherished songs of this poet-preacher, which have found their way into the Collections, here first made their appearance. There are other pieces here which are so well worthy of their author, and which are so unknown, at least, to recent hymn-books or compilations of poetry, that we think the reader will be glad to have us transfer a large part of this Catechism to our pages. Dr. Peabody prepared and published, in 1835, for the use of his own church, what is usually styled the "Springfield Collection;" but his characteristic modesty prevented him from admitting any considerable number of his own inspired songs, and even those which he contributed to the volume were inserted without his name.

In copying some of these hymns, we give the questions to which they are written as replies, together with the numbers that indicate their order in the Catechism.

QUESTION I. *Who made you?*

ANSWER.

THE God in whom I ever trust
Hath made my body from the dust:
He gave me life, he gave me breath,
And he preserves me still from death.

QUESTION II. *What else hath God made?*

ANSWER.

HE made the sun, and gave him light;
He made the moon to shine by night;
He placed the brilliant stars on high,
And leads them through the midnight sky.

He made the earth in order stand,
He made the ocean and the land;
He made the hills their places know,
And gentle rivers round them flow.

He made the forests, and sustains
The grass that clothes the fields and plains:
He sends from heaven the summer showers,
And makes the meadows bright with flowers.

He made the living things; with care
He feeds the wanderers of the air;
He gave the beasts their dens and caves,
And fish their dwelling in the waves.

He called all beings into birth
That crowd the ocean, air, and earth;
And all in heaven and earth proclaim
The glory of his holy name.

QUESTION XI. *What can you tell me concerning sin?*

ANSWER.

I SIN whenever I pursue
What God commands me not to do;
I sin too, if I ever shun
What he hath told me must be done.

Thus have I often sinned, and still
Offend against his holy will:
I know my duty, but my heart
Will always from its rules depart.

Oh! let me then confess my sin,
And all the faults I hide within;
And let my erring heart deplore
Its follies, and do wrong no more.

If I sincerely now repent,
And trust in him whom Heaven hath sent,
He will remove the threatening rod,
And bear me to the arms of God.

QUESTION XII. *What has Jesus Christ done for you?*

ANSWER.

FOR us God's only Son,
From childhood to the grave,
Was poorer than the humblest one
Of those he came to save.

For us he was distrest,
And many a tear he shed;
And had, in his few hours of rest,
Not where to lay his head.

For us the Saviour died
In weariness and pain;
And God forbid the crimson tide
Should be poured out in vain!

He rested in the tomb
Where mouldering bodies lie,
Till the third morning broke the gloom,
And he ascended high.

Now in the heaven above
  He sits beside the throne,
And there implores his Father's love
  For those who wronged his own.

QUESTION XIV. *What do you learn of the Future State of Happiness?*

ANSWER.

OH, when the hours of life are past,
And death's dark shade arrives at last,
It is not sleep, — it is not rest, —
'Tis glory opening to the blest.

Their way to heaven was pure from sin,
And Christ shall there receive them in;
There each shall wear a robe of light
Like his, divinely fair and bright.

There parted hearts again shall meet
In union holy, calm, and sweet;
There grief find rest, and never more
Shall sorrow call them to deplore.

There angels will unite their prayers
With spirits bright and blest as theirs,
And light shall glance on every crown
From suns that never more go down.

No storms shall ride the troubled air,
No voice of passion enter there;
But all be peaceful as the sigh
Of evening gales that breathe and die.

For there the God of mercy sheds
His purest influence on their heads,
And gilds the spirits round the throne
With glory radiant as his own.

The following are all the hymns which are annexed to the Catechism proper: —

SPRING.

WHEN brighter suns and milder skies
Proclaim the opening year,
What various sounds of joy arise!
What prospects bright appear!

Earth and her thousand voices give
Their thousand notes of praise;
And all that by his mercy live
To God their offering raise.

Forth walks the laborer to his toil,
And sees the fresh array
Of verdure clothe the flowery soil
Along his careless way.

The streams, all beautiful and bright,
Reflect the morning sky;
And there, with music in his flight,
The wild bird soars on high.

Thus, like the morning, calm and clear,
That saw the Saviour rise,
The spring of heaven's eternal year
Shall dawn on earth and skies.

No winter there, no shades of night
Profane those mansions blest,
Where, in the happy fields of light,
The weary are at rest.

SUMMER.

HOW fast the rapid hours retire!
How soon the spring was done!
And now no cloud keeps off the fire
Of the bright-burning sun.

The slender flower-bud dreads to swell
  In that unclouded blue,
And treasures in its fading bell
  The spark of morning dew.

The stream bounds lightly from the spring
  To cool and shadowy caves,
And the bird dips his weary wing
  Beneath its sparkling waves.

Or when in thunder from the sky
  The sounding shower descends,
In every gale that passes by
  The loaded cornfield bends.

Now all the plants in bright array
  Their little leaves unfold,
And fruit-trees bear in proud display
  Their weight of living gold.

Praise to the God whose liberal power
  These summer beauties spread!
And praise him in the darkest hour,
  When Nature's self is dead.

AUTUMN.

THE dying year! the dying year!
  The heaven is clear and mild;
And withering all the fields appear
  Where once the verdure smiled.

The summer ends its short career,
  The zephyr breathes farewell;
And now, upon the closing year,
  The yellow glories dwell.

The radiant clouds float slow above
  The lake's transparent breast;
In splendid foliage all the grove
  Is fancifully drest.

On many a tree the autumn throws
  Its brilliant robes of red;
As sickness lights the cheeks of those
  It hastens to the dead.

That tinge is flattering and bright,
  But tells of death like this;
And they that see its gathering light
  Their lingering hopes dismiss.

Oh! thus serene and free from fear
  Shall be our last repose;
Thus, like the Sabbath of the year,
  Our latest evening close.

WINTER.

THE midnight winds are sounding loud,
  The storm is gathering fast;
It floats upon the hurrying cloud,
  And rides the rising blast.

The slumberer starts from troubled sleep
  To hear the wintry gales;
The seaman on the threatening deep
  Collects his tattered sails.

And now it sweeps o'er earth and main
  With fierce and boundless power;
And snow-clouds, following in its train,
  Send down their icy shower.

Oh! what a wreck of all below
  The morning sun shall see!
The gloomy winding-sheet of snow
  Is hung on every tree.

How rapidly have passed the hours
  Since spring was shining bright,
And all its paradise of flowers
  Were opening to the light!

But sadder changes than of years
  Our mournful thoughts engage:
We think upon the hour of tears,
  When youth gives place to age.

THE THUNDER STORM.

BLACK the heaven is overcast,
  Breathless is the sultry blast;
Nature now its silence keeping,
Still, as if the world were sleeping;
Then the red and fiery flash
Heralds forth the angry crash
Of the echoes long and loud
Rolling from the thunder-cloud.

Then the storm pours forth its power,
Then comes down the rattling shower,
Till the war of winds is ended,
And the rainbow's arch is bended;
Then the cool airs sweetly breathe
Fragrance on the world beneath;
And the sun, with farewell ray,
Smiles upon the closing day.

Thus the storm of trouble rolls
On the Christians' darkened souls:
All their brightest hopes are faded,
All their souls awhile are shaded,
Till the light of heaven imparts
Comfort to their sorrowing hearts,
Shining till their last release
Bears them to the vale of peace.

SUNRISE.

SEE the streaks of daylight swim
  On the heaving ocean-brim!
Now the waves begin to flow
With a warmer, ruddier glow.

Now the gathering lustre shines
On the loftiest mountain pines,
And the far-off village spires
Redden in the kindling fires.

There! he bursts upon the sight,
Wrapped in flames, intensely bright!
Milder now the cool wind blows;
All is waking from repose.
Now the laborer's steps once more
Issue from the opening door;
And the busy echo sounds
From the woods and rising grounds.

God hath made the sun to shine, —
Image of his love divine:
Thus his rays of mercy fall
Liberally alike on all;
Thus he lights our happy way
To the labor of the day,
And, when all our cares are past,
Leads us up to heaven at last.

THE AUTUMN EVENING.

BEHOLD the western evening light!
It melts in deepening gloom;
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

The winds breathe low; the withering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree:
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed!
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the wandering cloud
  The sunset beam is cast!
'Tis like the memory left behind,
  When loved ones breathe their last.

And now above the dews of night
  The yellow star appears!
So faith springs in the hearts of those
  Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

But soon the morning's happier light
  Its glories shall restore;
And eyelids that are sealed in death
  Shall wake to close no more.

THE RISING MOON.

THE moon is up: how calm and slow
  She wheels above the hill!
The weary winds forget to blow,
  And all the world lies still.

The way-worn travellers with delight
  Her rising brightness see,
Revealing all the paths and plains,
  And gilding every tree.

It glistens where the hurrying stream
  Its little rippling heaves;
It falls upon the forest shade,
  And sparkles on the leaves.

So once on Judah's evening hills
  The heavenly lustre spread;
The gospel sounded from the blaze,
  And shepherds gazed with dread.

And still that light upon the world
  Its guiding splendor throws ;
Bright in the opening hours of life,
  And brighter at the close.

The waning moon in time shall fail
  To walk the midnight skies ;
But God hath kindled this bright light
  With fire that never dies.

PRAYER BEFORE RISING.

MY God ! by thy directing power
  The rising light returns ;
And high within his morning tower
  The sun serenely burns.

Thou faithful Guardian of my days !
  I owe my heart to thee ;
To thee my earliest prayers I raise,
  And fervent they shall be.

Thou hast preserved my sleeping breath
  Secure from harm and pain,
While many an eye was closed in death,
  And shall not wake again.

Thy spirit calmed my anxious breast,
  Forbidding tears to flow,
And wrapt me in that peaceful rest
  The guilty never know.

Oh ! thus protect me till the last
  Long hour of rest is nigh ;
And thus, when death's long sleep is past,
  Awake my soul on high.

PRAYER BEFORE SLEEPING.

FATHER! I thank thee for thy care
Of all below the skies;
And I would raise a grateful prayer
Before I close my eyes.

Thy hand hath led me every hour,
Till this day's cares were past;
And may the same unaltering power
Be with me to the last.

Sleep, like the slumber of the dead,
Steals o'er my heavy eye;
And may I ne'er lie down in bed
Unless prepared to die!

Let no dark vision break my rest,
Let sad remembrance cease;
Let sorrow leave my weary breast,
And all my thoughts be peace.

I know thy never-sleeping eye
Can look creation through;
Nor all the darkness of the sky
Can hide me from thy view.

Let me but feel that love divine
Is never asked in vain,
Then may the lasting sleep be mine
That never wakes again.

The following hymn is taken from Griswold's "Poets and Poetry of America:"—

HYMN OF NATURE.

GOD of the earth's extended plains!
The dark, green fields contented lie;
The mountains rise like holy towers,
Where man might commune with the sky;

The tall cliff challenges the storm
  That towers upon the vale below,
Where shaded fountains send their streams
  With joyous music in their flow.

God of the dark and heavy deep!
  The waves lie sleeping on the sands,
Till the fierce trumpet of the storm
  Hath summoned up their thundering bands.
Then the white sails are dashed like foam,
  Or hurry, trembling, o'er the seas,
Till, calmed by thee, the sinking gale
  Serenely breathes, Depart in peace.

God of the forest's solemn shade!
  The grandeur of the lonely tree,
That wrestles singly with the gale,
  Lifts up admiring eyes to thee;
But more majestic far they stand,
  When side by side their ranks they form,
To wave on high their plumes of green,
  And fight their battles with the storm.

God of the light and viewless air!
  How gloriously above us springs
The tented dome of heavenly blue,
  Suspended on the rainbow's rings!
Each brilliant star, that sparkles through,
  Each gilded cloud, that wanders free
In evening's purple radiance, gives
  The beauty of its praise to thee.

God of the rolling orbs above!
  Thy name is written clearly bright
In the warm day's unvarying blaze,
  Or evening's golden shower of light;
For every fire that fronts the sun,
  And every spark that walks alone
Around the utmost verge of heaven,
  Were kindled at thy burning throne.

God of the world! the hour must come,
  And nature's self to dust return;
Her crumbling altars must decay;
  Her incense-fires shall cease to burn:
But still her grand and lovely scenes
  Have made man's warmest praises flow;
For hearts grow holier as they trace
  The beauty of the world below.

The last hymn which we give from Dr. Peabody appears in many of the Collections: —

WHO IS THY NEIGHBOR?

WHO is thy neighbor? He whom thou
  Hast power to aid and bless;
Whose aching heart or burning brow
  Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis the fainting poor,
  Whose eye with want is dim;
Oh, enter thou his humble door,
  With aid and peace for him.

Thy neighbor? He who drinks the cup
  When sorrow drowns the brain:
With words of high, sustaining hope,
  Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis the weary slave,
  Fettered in mind and limb;
He hath no hope this side the grave;
  Go thou and ransom him.

Thy neighbor? Pass no mourner by;
  Perhaps thou canst redeem
A breaking heart from misery;
  Go share thy lot with him.

OLIVER W. B. PEABODY.

(1799–1847.)

Rev. Oliver William Bourne Peabody was born in Exeter, N.H., July 9, 1799, and was a twin-brother of Rev. W. B. O. Peabody, whose story and hymns we have given above, and to whom, in respect of looks, voice, manner, and quality of mind and character, he had a most remarkable similarity. Having graduated at Harvard College in 1817, he studied law, and then practised his profession at Exeter for some years, during which time he also edited the "Rockingham Gazette and Exeter News-Letter." In 1822 he removed to Boston, where, with Alexander H. Everett, his brother-in-law, he engaged in editing the "North American Review," and where he assisted in conducting the "Boston Daily Advertiser." In 1842 he was appointed Professor of English Literature in Jefferson College, Louisiana, having gone thither for the recovery of his health, which had become much impaired. Returning once more to Massachusetts, in fulfilment of his long-cherished desire to enter the ministry, he was licensed to preach by the Boston Association in 1845, and soon became the minister of the Unitarian Church in Burlington, Vt., where he died, July 5, 1847.

The following lines, which are found in various compilations, are copied from Bulfinch's "Harp and Cross:"—

LINES.

OH, who that has gazed, in the stillness of even,
On the fast-fading hues of the West,
Has not seen afar, in the bosom of heaven,
Some bright little mansion of rest,
And mourned that the path to a region so fair
Should be shrouded with sadness and fears, —
That the night-winds of sorrow, misfortune, and care
Should sweep from the deep-rolling waves of despair,
To darken this cold world of tears?

And who that has gazed has not longed for the hour
When misfortune for ever shall cease;
And Hope, like the rainbow, unfold through the shower
Her bright-written promise of peace?
And oh! if that rainbow of promise may shine
On the last scene of life's wintry gloom,
May its light in the moment of parting be mine;
I ask but one ray from a source so divine,
To brighten the vale of the tomb.

FRANCIS BROWN.

(1802.)

Francis Brown was born in Lexington, Mass., Aug. 29, 1802, and was the son of James and Pamela (Munroe) Brown. His paternal grandfather was one of the wounded "Minute Men" in the Battle of Lexington, and his grandfather on the maternal side was an officer in the Army of the Revolution, and was killed in the battle at Monmouth. Having received his early education at the schools of his native town, he removed, in 1822, to Boston, where at length he became General State Inspector, afterward engaged in business, and, still later, devoted himself more exclusively to the management and care of the property and interests of the widow and orphan. Like his friend Lewis G. Pray, Esq., he served his fellow-citizens at various times, and in some cases for many successive terms, as a member of the Common Council, of the Board of Education, and of the State Legislature. But especially was he associated with Mr. Pray in Sunday school work. Like him, he was an agent of the Sunday School Society. For thirty years they were together teachers or superintendents of the Sunday school of the Twelfth Congregational Society in Boston, and for the greater part of that time were prominent officers of the church. In connection with his much-loved labors for the young, Mr. Brown prepared and published, under the title of "Pathway of the Saviour," a series of lessons on the history and journeyings of Christ. At the request of his associates, he wrote, and afterward printed, an "Anniversary Poem," and also, from time to time, hymns for special occasions, some of which have been adopted for wider use. He contributed several to Mr. Pray's Sunday School Hymn-Book, of 1844, one of which, "Rural Celebration," we give below. Other hymn and service books may have since been published better suited to the demands of a later period; but a large measure of gratitude and honor is due to those who gave the first impulse to this kind of service long years ago, and who, amid the daily toils of business life, breathed forth not a few of the first acceptable songs that were written amongst us for the children in our churches.

Mr. Brown married, in 1833, C. Matilda Kuhn, daughter of the late John Kuhn, Esq., of Boston. One of their two children survives, Francis Henry Brown, M.D., a practising physician in that city. Of the father, a friend writes to us: "Mr. B. is now a resident at the south part of the city, where, in the bosom of a devoted family, he enjoys the serenity and satisfactions of a well-spent life."

RURAL CELEBRATION.

OUR Father, Nature's God!
At whose commanding nod
These hills uprose:
Each breeze of fragrant air,
These buds and flowers so rare,
Thy love disclose.

We come to taste that love,
Which flows from thee above,
On all around;
Our spirits full of glee,
Panting for liberty,
Seeking, in scenes so free,
The joy we've found.

Aid us, Great God, to be
True to ourselves and thee,
Where'er we go;
And on whatever page
We read from youth to age,
Let us with zeal engage,
Thy will to know.

And when the fields of heaven
Are to the faithful given,
In joy to roam, —
Oh, then, the blissful throng
May we be found among,
Raising the grateful song
Of praise — at home!

HYMN.

For the ordination of Rev. Fiske Barrett as pastor of the First Church at Lexington, Sept. 5, 1849.

PARENT of souls! all tribes depend
On thee, their Father and their Friend:
Thy love has here for ages run,
With ample flow, from sire to son.

When trials came, the scene around
Was made to Freedom sacred ground ;
Let Freedom still her sway maintain,
And o'er the mind and heart here reign.

Thy servant comes, Parent of Good !
To stand where holy men have stood ;
Grant him, with theirs, thy Spirit pure, —
Then shall his words and works endure.

Here may he teach as Christ once taught,
And utter none but Christ-like thought ;
Long may his life continual prove
A fount of peace, and truth, and love.

To old and young, to sad and gay,
Oh, let him be the joy and stay ;
Until through virtue's path are given
The view, the hope, the bliss of heaven.

LOUISA JANE HALL.

(1802.)

Mrs. Louisa Jane Hall, daughter of John Park, a physician, was born in Newburyport, Mass., Feb. 2, 1802. When she was about two years of age, her father abandoned his profession, and removed to Boston, where he edited the "Repertory," a leading Federal journal. When she was in her tenth year, he opened a school for young ladies, partly that he might himself have a better opportunity of directing her education. This school continued for a long time, and the daughter remained in it until she was seventeen, diligently improving the advantages she enjoyed. At the age of twenty, she began to publish poems anonymously in the "Literary Gazette," and other periodicals. The first half of "Miriam," a dramatic poem, was written in 1825. Encouraged by some friends who heard her read it at a small literary party, she finished it during the following year, and published it in 1827, when it was received by the public with much favor. Griswold says of this production, in his "Female Poets of America:" "The subject is one of the finest in the annals of the human race, but one which has never been

treated with a more just appreciation of its nature and capacities. It is the first great conflict of the Master's Kingdom, after its full establishment, with the kingdoms of this world. It is Christianity struggling with the first persecution of power, philosophy, and the interests of society."

In 1831 Dr. Park moved to Worcester, where for four or five years the daughter's eyesight was much impaired, and the father was accustomed to read to her, and thus prepare her to write an historical tale, in prose, "Joanna of Naples," published in 1838, and also a biographical sketch of Elizabeth Carter, the English authoress. She was married, Oct. 1, 1840, to Rev. Edward B. Hall, of Providence, R.I., long the esteemed and beloved minister of the First Unitarian Church of that city. Her husband died in 1866, and the wife, having continued her residence among his people until 1872, decided, on the day when she was seventy years of age, to remove to Boston to live among the friends of her earlier years, hard as it was to leave the warm hearts and sacred associations that bound her to the beautiful city of her adoption.

During a large part of her life, she has contributed numerous writings in prose and poetry, chiefly of a religious character, to the papers and magazines. Among these are many very excellent hymns, some of which may be seen in various church collections, or other compilations. Only a very few of these, however, are included in a volume, which, under the title of "Verse and Prose," she gave to the press in 1850.

The two pieces which immediately follow have been published before: —

WAKING DREAMS.

OF idle hopes and fancies wild,
O Father, dispossess thy child;
Teach me that wasted thought is sin,
Teach me to rule this world within.

While waking dreams the mind control,
There is no growth in this poor soul;
And visions hold me back from deeds,
And earth is dear, and heaven recedes.

Oh, with one flash of heavenly light
Rouse me, although with pain and fright;
Show me the sin of wasted powers,
Scourge me from useless, dreaming hours.

GROW NOT OLD.

NEVER, my heart, wilt thou grow old!
My hair is white, my blood runs cold,
And one by one my powers depart,
But youth sits smiling in my heart.

Downhill the path of age! oh, no;
Up, up with patient steps I go;
I watch the skies fast brightening there,
I breathe a sweeter, purer air.

Beside my road small tasks spring up,
Though but to hand the cooling cup,
Speak the true word of hearty cheer,
Tell the lone soul that God is near.

Beat on, my heart; and grow not old!
And when thy pulses all are told,
Let me, though working, loving still,
Kneel as I meet my Father's will.

The following pieces have not before been published: —

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

WHEN Jesus trod by thy blue sea,
How blest wert thou, O Galilee!
While there he walked his gracious way,
And taught us how to live, and pray.

In sweet and solemn tones his prayer
Still lingers on the waving air;
Where suns may rise, or suns may set,
All wants in that one prayer are met.

From lips of childish innocence,
From weary age with failing sense,
Still mounts to Heaven that wondrous prayer,
To find a loving "Father" there.

The listening stars more brightly shine,
The morning glows with love divine,
When human hearts, in pain or ease,
Use those dear words on bended knees.

TRUE PRAYER.

NO words of labored prayer I know,
I cannot seek my Father so;
It gushes up in sudden hours,
As sing the birds, as bloom the flowers,
Unconscious all of what they do,
To happy natures only true.

And is it prayer? or is it praise?
I only know, in loving ways
When joy and sorrow touch the springs,
To thee my spirit inly sings,
And thanks thee for each granted grace,
And humbly asks to see thy face.

Away from forms I needs must turn;
No prayer have I, that I must learn;
No duty prayer achieved at length,
No prayer except for needed strength;
I ask but help to love thee more,
And thy dear Will in peace adore.

SERVICE IN THE HEREAFTER.

I WOULD my work were better done;
I would it were but just begun;
For, listening where I waiting stand,
Comes music from the Better Land.

Oh, busy hand, and heart, and brain,
Why have ye toiled so long in vain?
I feel that unknown world so near!
And yet my spirit knows no fear.

For longer life I will not pray,
I will not ask another day;
For Thou, dear Father, even yet,
New chance may give, new tasks may set.

Beyond the grave, to thee more true,
Oh, give me still thy work to do;
The power to serve Thou'lt surely spare;
Shall not thy service wait me there?

WILLIAM HENRY FURNESS.

(1802.)

Rev. William H. Furness, D.D., was born in Boston, April 20, 1802. Having received his early education at the Boston Latin School, he entered Harvard College, graduating in 1820. He graduated at the Theological School, at Cambridge, in 1823, and was ordained pastor of the First Congregational Unitarian Church of Philadelphia, in January, 1825. He is still the minister of that society, having held the position uninterruptedly for half a century. During his long career of usefulness, he has been a prominent and earnest advocate of Freedom and Peace; has been distinguished in the higher walks of literature, and has devoted himself to a most faithful study of the Gospels, writing numerous magazine articles, publishing many pamphlet discourses, and giving to the press many volumes, upon the varied subjects and interests which have thus engaged his mind. His productions all witness to his commanding ability, thorough scholarship, classic eloquence, and abounding spirit of piety and humanity.

His theological works are: "Remarks on the Four Gospels," 1836 (London editions, 1836 and 1851); "Jesus and his Biographers," 1838; "History of Jesus," 1850; "Thoughts on the Life and Character of Jesus of Nazareth," 1859; "The Veil Partly Lifted," 1864; a Translation, with Introduction and Notes, in two volumes, of Schenkel's "Character of Jesus Portrayed," 1866; "The Unconscious Truth of the Four Gospels," 1868; "Jesus," 1871. Some, at least, of these books, have passed through successive editions, and no small proportion of them are out of print.

Among the large number of his pamphlet treatises or discourses of a doctrinal or critical character, or of occasional or philanthropic interest, may be mentioned one on the "Right of Property in Man," 1859; "Put up thy Sword," a sermon advocating the Gospel of Peace, delivered before Theodore Parker's Society in Boston, 1860; "Ecclesiastical Organizations," 1865; "Remarks on Renan's Life of Jesus," 1865; "The Authority of Jesus," 1867; "Jesus and the Gospels," 1872; "Faith in Christ," 1873; and "Recollections upon the Forty-eighth Anniversary," 1873.

He published a volume of Prayers, entitled "Domestic Worship," (second edition) in 1850, and a volume of Sermons, in 1855. In the last part of the former are six very fine hymns of his own composition. He has not only written beautiful hymns of his own, but has translated many fine ones from the German. Many years ago he published a volume of Translations by himself and others, entitled "Gems of German Verse," a new edition of which appeared in 1859; and, in 1856, another of prose Translations, "Julius, and other Tales from the German." For three years he edited a Philadelphia annual, which bore the name of "The Diadem." The pages of the "Christian Examiner," the "Monthly Magazine," and other periodicals, have long been enriched by his theological, religious, and literary articles. He received the degree of D.D. from Harvard College in 1847.

Dr. Furness has been habitually averse to participation in organized ecclesiastical or sectarian movements or action; but he has silently, by his writings, exerted a wide and deep influence on the thought and life of the Liberal Church. His profound reverence for the character of Christ, and his constant teaching that therein is revealed the very spirit and essence of Christianity, present the most marked feature of his ministry of the Word; while no American preacher has more intelligently and lovingly studied and unfolded the internal evidence of the genuineness and substantial credibility of the gospel records, more unflinchingly and faithfully applied their lessons and truths to the sins and evils of our time, or more consistently and beautifully exemplified, in his own spirit and work, the virtues and graces which they enjoin and inspire, than has he.

The following six hymns are the ones to which reference has been made, as being appended to the Prayers in his volume of "Domestic Worship": —

THE SOUL PANTING AFTER GOD.

"As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

HERE in a world of doubt,
A sorrowful abode,
O, how my heart and flesh cry out
For thee, the living God!

As for the water-brooks
  The hart expiring pants,
So for my God my spirit looks,
  Yea, for his presence faints.

I know thy joys, O Earth,
  The sweetness of thy cup;
Oft have I mingled in thy mirth,
  And trusted in thy hope.

But ah! how woes and fears
  These hollow joys succeed!
That cup of mirth is mixed with tears,
  That hope is but a reed.

What have I then below,
  Or what but thee on high?
Thee, thee, O Father, would I know,
  And in thee live and die!

MORNING.

IN the morning I will raise
  To my God the voice of praise;
With his kind protection blest,
Sweet and deep has been my rest.

In the morning I will pray
For his blessing on the day;
What this day shall be my lot,
Light or darkness, know I not.

Should it be with clouds o'ercast,
Clouds of sorrow, gathering fast,
Thou, who givest light divine,
Shine within me, Lord, oh, shine!

Show me, if I tempted be,
How to find all strength in thee,
And a perfect triumph win
Over every bosom sin.

Keep my feet from secret snares,
Keep my eyes, O God, from tears,
Every step thy grace attend,
And my soul from death defend!

Then, when fall the shades of night,
All within shall still be light;
Thou wilt peace around diffuse,
Gently as the evening dews.

EVENING.

SLOWLY by thy hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world
Falls the darkness. Oh, how still
Is the working of thy will!

Mighty Maker! Here am I,
Work in me as silently;
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me heaven's eternal lights.

From the darkened sky come forth
Countless stars. A wondrous birth!
So may gleams of glory dart
From this dim abyss, my heart.

Living worlds to view be brought
In the boundless realms of thought;
High and infinite desires,
Flaming like those upper fires.

Holy Truth, Eternal Right,
Let them break upon my sight;
Let them shine, serene and still,
And with light my being fill.

Thou, who dwellest there, I know,
Dwellest here within me, too;
May the perfect love of God,
Here, as there, be shed abroad.

Let my soul attunèd be
To the heavenly harmony,
Which, beyond the power of sound,
Fills the Universe around.

PENITENTIAL.

RICHLY, O richly, have I been
Blest, gracious Lord, by thee;
And morning, noon, and night, thou hast
Preserved me tenderly.

Why shouldst thou thus take care of me,
A weak and sinful man,
Who have refused to render thee
The little that I can?

The love, which thou alone canst claim,
To idols I have given;
And I have bound to earth the hopes
That know no home but heaven.

Unworthy to be called thy son,
I come with shame to thee;
Father, O more than Father thou
Hast always been to me!

For ever blessèd be thy name
For all that thou hast done!
That thou wilt pardon me, I know
Through Jesus Christ thy Son.

Help me to break the heavy chains
  The world has round me thrown,
And know the glorious liberty
  Of an obedient son.

That I may henceforth heed whate'er
  Thy voice within me saith,
Fix deeply in my heart of hearts
  A principle of faith.

Faith, that, like armor on my soul,
  Shall keep all evil out,
More mighty than an angel host,
  Encamped round about.

THE SOUL.

WHAT is this that stirs within,
  Loving goodness, hating sin,
Always craving to be blest,
Finding here below no rest?

Nought that charms the ear or eye
Can its hunger satisfy;
Active, restless, it would pierce
Through the outward universe.

What is it? and whither? whence?
This unsleeping, secret sense,
Longing for its rest and food
In some hidden, untried good?

'Tis the soul! Mysterious name!
Him it seeks from whom it came;
It would, Mighty God, like thee,
Holy, holy, holy be!

"SHE IS NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPETH."

THAT one so rich in promise,
So lovely and so pure,
Should thus be taken from us,
O, how shall we endure!

She is not dead, but sleepeth:
Why in your hearts this strife?
He, who hath kept, still keepeth
The never-dying life.

And though that form must moulder
And mix again with earth,
In faith ye may behold her
In glory going forth.

For what to us seems dying
Is but a second birth,
A spirit upward flying
From the broken shell of earth.

We are the dead, the buried,
We, who do yet survive,
In sin and sense interrèd —
The dead! They are alive.

Freed from this earthly prison,
They seek another sphere:
They are not dead, but risen!
And God is with them there.

The six hymns already given are presented in the form in which they appeared in "Domestic Worship," without the alterations that mark one or more of them in subsequent Collections. The one entitled "Penitential" seems to be a recast of a hymn of eight verses, which may be found in the "Christian Disciple," Vol. IV. (1822), and which begins, "Father in heaven, to thee my heart." Four stanzas, the first two and the last two, have been taken from the latter, introduced into many of our hymn-books, and ascribed to Henry Ware, Jr. Mr. Martineau, in his new hymn-book, 1874, correctly refers them to Dr. Furness. They are as follows: —

A PRAYER FOR DIVINE AID.

FATHER in heaven, to thee my heart
Would lift itself in prayer;
Drive from my soul each earthly thought,
And be thy presence there.

Each moment of my life renews
The mercies of the Lord,
Each moment is itself a gift
To bear one on to God.

O, help me break the galling chains
This world has round me thrown;
Each passion of my heart subdue,
Each darling sin disown!

And do thou kindle in my breast
A never-dying flame
Of holy love, of grateful trust,
In thine almighty name!

THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

This hymn originally appeared in the "Christian Disciple," September and October No., 1822. In 1839 it took its place, with the author's name, in Mr. Pierpont's American edition of Emily Taylor's "Sabbath Recreations."

O, MINGLE with the widow's tears
The drops for misery shed;
She bends beneath the weight of years,
Her earthly hope has fled.

Her son, her only son, is gone!
O, who shall wipe that eye?
For she must journey lonely on,
And solitary die!

The pall upon his corse is spread,
  The bier they slowly raise ;
It cannot rouse the slumbering dead, —
  That widowed mother's gaze.

She follows on, without a tear,
  Her dear, her darling child ;
But who is he that stops the bier
  With look and accent mild?

The Saviour is that pitying one,
  His glance her woe disarms:
" Young man, arise ! " — a *living* son
  Is in his mother's arms.

We introduce here four hymns by Dr. Furness, which also are in many of our Collections, and are familiar to the churches. They are taken from the Cheshire " Christian Hymns."

THE WANT WITHIN.

I FEEL within a want
  For ever burning there ;
What I so thirst for, grant,
  O Thou who hearest prayer !

This is the thing I crave,
  A likeness to thy Son ;
This would I rather have
  Than call the world my own.

Like him, now in my youth,
  I long, O God, to be,
In tenderness and truth,
  In sweet humility.

'Tis my most fervent prayer,
  Be it more fervent still,
Be it my highest care,
  Be it my settled will.

JESUS OUR LEADER.

FEEBLE, helpless, how shall I
Learn to live and learn to die?
Who, O God, my guide shall be?
Who shall lead thy child to thee?

Blessèd Father, gracious One,
Thou hast sent thy holy Son;
He will give the light I need,
He my trembling steps will lead.

Through this world, uncertain, dim,
Let me ever lean on him;
From his precepts wisdom draw,
Make his life my solemn law.

Thus, in deed, and thought, and word,
Led by Jesus Christ the Lord,
In my weakness, thus shall I
Learn to live and learn to die.

Learn to live in peace and love,
Like the perfect ones above, —
Learn to die without a fear,
Feeling thee, my Father, near.

COMMUNION HYMNS.

O FOR a prophet's fire,
O for an angel's tongue,
To speak the mighty love of Him
Who on the cross was hung!

In vain our hearts attempt,
In language meet, to tell
How through a thousand sorrows burned
That flame unquenchable.

Yet would we praise that love,
  Beyond expression dear:
Come, gather round this table, then,
  And celebrate it here.

These symbols of his death,
  O, with what power they speak!
Prophetic lips and angels' lyres,
  Compared with these, are weak.

And shall they plead in vain
  With our forgetful souls?
Forbid it, God, while through our veins
  The vital current rolls.

HERE, in the broken bread,
  Here, in the cup we take,
His body and his blood behold,
  Who suffered for our sake.

Yes, that our souls might live,
  Those sacred limbs were torn,
That blood was spilt, and pangs untold
  Were by the Saviour borne.

O Thou who didst allow
  Thy Son to suffer thus, —
Father, what more couldst thou have done
  Than thou hast done for us?

We are persuaded now
  That nothing can divide
Thy children from thy boundless love,
  Displayed in Him who died; —

Who died to make us sure
  Of mercy, truth, and peace,
And from the power and pains of sin
  To bring a full release.

We present two pieces more, furnished for this volume by Dr. Furness, and never before printed. The first was written for the contralto solo in Römberg's music to Schiller's "Song of the Bell."

THE FATHER'S PRESENCE.

AH! this life is full of danger,
Ah! how narrow is the pathway;
Lord, our prayer to thee ascending
Seeks thy grace, our souls defending,
All our way to guard and guide.
May we evermore abide
'Neath the shadow of thy wings,
And, in all our wanderings,
Father, may thy love attend us,
Be with us for evermore.
In temptation's hour befriend us,
On our hearts thy Spirit pour;
For without thy mercy o'er us
We no strength, O God, can boast;
All our joy must turn to sorrow,
All our hope — our heaven be lost.

"HE THAT DWELLETH IN LOVE DWELLETH IN GOD."

O, HOW far are we below Him!
Him no human thought can reach;
Never, never can we know him,
Far beyond all sight, all speech.

Yet the secret of his presence
Is with those who dwell in Love;
They, embosomed in his essence,
In him ever live and move.

So in him to have our being,
Choosing Love for our abode,
More than knowing him, or seeing,
Is it thus to dwell in God.

THOMAS GRAY, JR.

(1803–1849.)

THOMAS GRAY, JR., M.D., was born at Jamaica Plain, Roxbury, Mass., Feb. 4, 1803, and was the youngest of the three children of Rev. Thomas Gray, D.D., who was for more than fifty years pastor of the First Congregational (Unitarian) Church at that place. The wife of the latter, and mother of the three children referred to, was Deborah, daughter of a distinguished Baptist clergyman in Boston, Rev. Samuel Stillman, D.D. The subject of this notice graduated at Harvard College in 1823, and soon afterwards went abroad, and travelled in England and on the continent. On his return he published an historical romance which he wrote, and entitled "The Vestal : a Tale of Pompeii." This interesting work was favorably received by the public, and was the first to acquaint American readers, to any considerable extent, with the buried cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum. In 1827 Mr. Gray received the degree of M.D. from his Alma Mater, and commenced the practice of medicine in Boston. He was married at Brunswick, Me., Sept. 9, 1834, to Miss Mary Turell Fales, daughter of the late William Augustus Fales, Esq. His wife's mother was his own cousin, and was the sister of the late Rev. Frederick T. Gray. Dr. Gray subsequently exchanged the practice of medicine for that of dentistry, which he followed to the end of his life. He died in Boston, March 6, 1849.

He early made an open profession of his Christian faith, and was a pure, devoted, consistent member of the Church. He was greatly interested in Sunday schools, was for some time a teacher, and was one of the earliest to write hymns for children, while he composed others for ordination and installation services, and for various occasions beside. Some of them appeared in Mr. Pray's Sunday School Collections, and several of them have passed into later and larger compilations for the church. All of them witness to his fine natural talent for this kind of service. He was quite as well at home, however, in other forms of poetic composition, and wrote a fine ode for the Second Centennial Anniversary of the settlement of Roxbury, Oct. 8, 1830. He had much literary taste, and wrote frequently for the magazines and periodicals, while he was also fond of music, and at one time was the organist in his father's church.

The following hymn was the opening one in Mr. Pray's Sunday-School Hymn-Book of 1833, which we have had previous occasion to remark was our first popular Collection of the kind adapted to music. It is also the opening one in the later edition.

MORNING HYMN.

OUR Father, here again we raise
To thee our morning hymn of praise,
For all the joys thy smiles afford,
This sacred day, thy holy word.

We thank thee, Father, that to thee
Again we bend the lowly knee;
That here in peace and prayer we stand,
Upheld by an Almighty hand.

Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
Keep us from sin and error free;
Thy Sabbaths may we so improve,
As best to win our Father's love.

So shall we then, when life shall end,
A nobler, holier Sabbath spend,
Where thy good children all shall be
Joined in one family with thee.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

From the Sunday-School Hymn-Book, 1833. It was written for the Jubilee of the Boston Sunday-School Society, at the Federal Street Church, Sept. 14, 1831.

WHILE round thy throne, O God, we bend,
Let our united praises rise;
And from a thousand tongues ascend
The heart's accepted sacrifice.

Let living light from thy blest word
Guide those who seek and teach thy way;
And may each opening flower, O Lord,
Drink life from that eternal ray.

Bless those who first this vineyard dressed:
  They reaped in joy, but sowed in doubt;
They smote the rock, and from its breast
  Leaped life's eternal waters out.

They sowed in doubt, for dimly woke
  The light toward which their footsteps trod;
They reaped in joy, for glory broke,
  Unclouded, from the throne of God.

On us and ours, oh, let its ray
  Shine brightly as with power divine,
That thus, while ages roll away,
  Our children's children may be thine.

PRAYER FOR A BLESSING.

This hymn, like the first, is in both editions of the Sunday-School Hymn-Book. The first three verses are in many Church Collections. Mr. Martineau has given them a place in both of his compilations.

SUPPLIANT, lo! thy childen bend,
  Father, for thy blessing now;
Thou canst teach us, guide, defend;
  We are weak, almighty thou.

With the peace thy word imparts
  Be the taught and teachers blest;
In our lives, and in our hearts,
  Father, be thy laws impressed.

Shed abroad in every mind
  Light and pardon from above,
Charity for all our kind,
  Trusting faith, and holy love.

Here, in joy's triumphant day,
  Still may grateful hearts arise,
Bright with rapture's kindling ray,
  Purely, fondly to the skies.

Here in sorrow's chastening hour
  May thy word its light diffuse ;
Freshening as the vernal shower,
  Peaceful as the silent dews.

Grant us spirits lowly, pure,
  Errors pardoned, sins forgiven ;
Humble trust, obedience sure,
  Love to man and faith in heaven.

AN OPENING HYMN FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

From the Sunday-School Hymn-Book, 1844.

WE come in childhood's innocence,
  We come as children free ;
We offer up, O God, our hearts
  In trusting love to thee.

Well may we bend in solemn joy,
  At thy bright courts above ;
Well may the grateful child rejoice
  In such a Father's love.

In joy we wake, in peace we sleep,
  Safe from all midnight harms ;
Not folded in an angel's wings,
  But in a Father's arms.

We come not as the mighty come ;
  Not as the proud we bow ;
But as the pure in heart should bend,
  Seek we thine altar now.

"Forbid them not," the Saviour said :
  In speechless rapture dumb,
We hear the call, we seek thy face ;
  Father, we come, we come !

ORDINATION HYMN.

Written for the ordination of Mr. George Whitney as pastor of the Second Church and society in Roxbury, June 15, 1831.

JEHOVAH! at thine awful throne,
  Earth and earth's suppliants lowly bow;
Where breaks the light, thy power is known, —
  Where evening lingers, there art thou.

We bow to thee, in humble prayer,
  That now thy servant thou would'st bless;
And long may this, thy people, share
  His love, his care, his faithfulness.

Long may this vine, Almighty One!
  The Gospel's healing balm diffuse;
Be nurtured by the morning sun,
  And watered with the evening dews.

Here may thy church find rich increase;
  Firm as thy throne her faith endure;
Be peaceful, as thy word is peace,
  And pure as thou, O God, art pure.

Here may the wandering child of sense
  Return to thee and heaven again,
And erring, weeping Penitence
  Seek not a Father's face in vain.

Here may earth's restless tumults cease;
  Be Sorrow patient to thy will;
Say to the angry spirit, "Peace," —
  To Passion's stormy wave, "Be still."

Jehovah! at thine awful throne,
  Earth and earth's mighty suppliants bow;
Where morning kindles, thou art known, —
  Where evening slumbers, there art thou.

A well-deserved tribute to the character and memory of Dr. Gray appeared soon after his decease in the "Christian Register," and was written by Rev. Frederick T. Gray, who, in reference to his hymns, said that a "few of them, breathing the true spirit of lyric poetry, have passed into some of our best Collections," and added: "One of them, 'Good-Night,' so felicitously is it expressed, will long be remembered by the children of many Sunday schools, over whom a shade of sadness will come when they shall hear of the death of him who wrote, 'Pure as the dew ascends.'"

GOOD-NIGHT.

A closing hymn, written for a Juvenile Concert.

GOOD-NIGHT! good-night! our song is said:
Good-night! the lyre is sleeping:
May spirits bright around your bed
A radiant watch be keeping.
And may you wake, with bosoms light,
Unclouded by a sorrow,
From dreams of all you love, to-night,
To pleasant hours to-morrow:
May every dream,
In the moon-beam,
From hope her rainbow borrow.
Good-night! to all, a kind good-night.

Good-night! good-night! we humbly pray,
To Heaven our heart addressing,
Our every thought and act to-day
May meet his holy blessing.
Pure as the dew unseen ascends
In morning's sunny hour,
Pure as the spotless lily bends
To heaven her vestal flower,
So purely there,
Oh, let our prayer
Rise to the same Good Power!
Good-night! good-night! to all, a kind good-night.

WILLIAM NEWELL.

(1804.)

Rev. William Newell, D.D., was born in Littleton, Mass., Feb. 25, 1804. When he was at a very early age, his parents removed to Boston, where the son received his first school instruction. Having entered the Latin School of that city, he was the first to carry off the prize for a Latin poem awarded by that institution. He graduated with high honor, reading on the occasion a poem on "Youth," which evinced his unmistakable genius for this kind of literary composition. He graduated at Harvard College in 1824, and at the Cambridge Divinity School in 1829, maintaining here, as in earlier relations, his superior rank as a student. He was ordained pastor of the First Church in Cambridge, May 19, 1830, and was its devoted and faithful minister for nearly thirty-eight years, resigning his charge and ceasing from active parochial labors March 31, 1868. At the close of this long term of service, his people, among whom he still lives and with whom he continues to worship, presented him with a munificent gift in token of their grateful appreciation of his worth and usefulness.

Dr. Newell has had a high reputation for scholarly attainments, and for the purity and finish of his style as a writer. His published productions consist chiefly of religious discourses, biographical and historical addresses, and literary articles, printed in pamphlet form or in magazines. Of his occasional or anniversary discourses, two were delivered on leaving the old church in Cambridge, Dec. 1, 1833, and on entering the new, Dec. 12, 1833; others on "Our National Legislature," preached on Fast Day, April 7, 1842; on the Cambridge Church Gathering in 1636, February, 1846; on "The Year's Remembrances," Dec. 31, 1848; and on the completion of the twenty-fifth year of the author's settlement, May 27, 1855. Of his funeral or commemorative sermons are those which he gave on Judge Story, 1845; on Andrews Norton, entitled "The Christian Scholar," 1853; on "The Changes of Life," delivered after the death of Mrs. Professor Webster, 1853; on Jared Sparks, 1866; and on Professor Charles Beck, 1866. Two others, one on Rev. William Ware and one on William Wells, were published in the "Christian Register" of Feb. 29, 1852, and April 29, 1860. "Corrupt Gifts" was the title of a sermon which he preached on Jan. 22, 1854, the anniversary of Lord Bacon's birthday. He gave to the "Christian Examiner," May, 1848, an article on the Early Fathers of New England, with a memoir of Thomas Shepard; and to the same periodical, November, 1853, a memoir of Andrews Norton. A memoir of Rev. Convers Francis, D.D., was published in the "Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society" for 1865. Dr. Newell is a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and received the degree of D.D. from Harvard College in 1853.

He has from time to time written for his friends, or contributed to the papers and magazines, or composed for public occasions, hymns and poems of rare merit, distinguished alike for their beauty and power of thought, their refined Christian spirit and sentiment, and their chaste and graceful expression. As in the case of similar productions of other gifted bards whose names appear in this volume, we take peculiar pleasure in giving here to some of Dr. Newell's verses their first collected form.

CONSECRATION OF CAMBRIDGE CEMETERY.

Sung at the consecration, Nov. 1, 1854.

CHANGING, fading, falling, flying
From the homes that gave them birth,
Autumn leaves in beauty dying
Seek the mother-breast of earth.

Soon shall all the songless wood
Shiver in the deepening snow,
Mourning in its solitude,
Like some Rachel in her woe.

Slowly sinks yon evening sun,
Softly wanes the cheerful light,
And, the twelve hours' labor done,
Onward sweeps the solemn night.

So on many a home of gladness
Falls, O Death, thy winter gloom;
Stands there still in doubt and sadness
Many a Mary at the tomb.

But the genial spring returning
Will the sylvan pomp renew,
And the new-born flame of morning
Kindle rainbows in the dew.

So shall God, his promise keeping
To the world by Jesus given,
Wake our loved ones, sweetly sleeping,
At the breaking dawn of heaven.

Light from darkness! Life from death!
  Dies the body, not the soul;
From the chrysalis beneath
  Soars the spirit to its goal.

Father, when the mourners come
  With the slowly moving bier,
Weeping at the open tomb
  For the lovely and the dear, —

Breathe into the bleeding heart
  Hopes that die not with the dead;
And the peace of Christ impart
  When the joys of earth have fled.

VOICES FROM THE PAST.

These are the last lines of a beautiful poem with which Dr. Newell closed his sermon on the completion of the twenty-fifth year of his ministry, and which may be found in the pamphlet containing the printed discourse, and entitled "The Pastor's Remembrances."

SO the two voices, to the dreamer's thought,
  Alternate sang, of Hope and Terrors wild,
Of Grief and Gladness, Trust and gloomy Doubt.
  Which was his own? Father, forgive thy child!

Forgive the fears that struggle with his faith,
Dispel the doubts that overcloud his sky,
As the sun scatters the red mist beneath;
  And onward let the blessed trinity,
  The sister-band of graces, one and three,
Strong Faith, with eagle eye and angel wings,
Sweet Hope, that heavenward soars, and soaring sings,
And Love, that crowns the Father King of kings,
  Lead through the labyrinth of life to thee.

THE CHRISTIAN PREACHER AND TEACHER.

Written for the induction of Rev. Dr. Huntington as Preacher and Plummer Professor at Harvard College, Sept. 4, 1855. We give nine of the twelve stanzas. The whole hymn may be found in the pamphlet containing the published proceedings of the occasion.

WELCOME, servant of the Lord!
Bear aloft the torch of Truth;
And with light from God's own word
Guide the wavering steps of youth.

Nature, Providence, and Grace,
Heaven-writ volumes, three and one,
Showing each the Father's face,
Brightest in the Saviour-Son, —

Open all in order due;
Speak from all for God and Right;
Nobler aims than Plato knew
With the scholar's aim unite.

"Christo et Ecclesiæ!"
Stands our Mother's chosen seal; *
Faith must crown Philosophy;
Learning unto Christ must kneel.

Not unsuccored wilt thou come;
Heaven and earth thy way prepare;
Up from many a loved one's home
Flows for thee the might of prayer.

By the mighty woe or weal,
Wrapped within life's budding years;
By the sanctified appeal
Of the parent's hopes and fears;

By each tender tie and name;
By the memory of the dead;
By thy Master's solemn claim;
By the cross on which he bled;

* Bearing upon it three open books, with the above motto encircling them.

By the all-loving Father's right
  To be known, received, obeyed;
By the Holy Spirit's light,
  Beaming on the souls he made; —

Go in faith and work in love
  For each brother-student's soul,
Till the shining ones above
  Meet thee at thy glorious goal.

LIGHT ON THE CLOUD.*

"All things work together for good to them that love God." — ROM. viii. 25.

HE who in mercy makes the sun to shine
  In mercy bids the storm-cloud do his will;
And ripens into fruit the life divine,
  By turns of wisely mingled good and ill.

Yes, he it is, our righteous Father-God,
  Who, in the training of his children, sends
The dark-robed angel of the chastening rod
  To be co-worker in his gracious ends.

Smiles the Lord's messenger beneath his mask,
  Rich treasure hiding under pain and loss.
The meaning of his mission dost thou ask?
  God's answer read on the transfigured Cross.

Wreathed with heaven's half-hid roses in the bud,
  Behold the crown of thorns, the accursed tree!
Full many a blessing, dimly understood,
  O stern Adversity, is born of thee!

Come in what shape thou wilt, thou canst not come,
  To the true soul, unsanctified, unblest;
Upward still pointing to the Father's home,
  The Father's face, his service and his rest.

* Written for a parishioner who was recovering from a severe fit of sickness.

Thou mak'st us know, what else we but half know,
  Friends' love and care, their sympathy and truth;
And so new tendrils, soft and strong, do grow
  To the fond ties that bound us in our youth.

Nearer to Jesus thou dost draw the soul,
  And thou revealest to its opened eye
Life's great realities and heavenly goal,
  Shining through all its checkered mystery.

So out of every Marah, healing springs,
  All pure and sweet, come gushing up at length;
And he, who made and loves us wisely, brings
  From bitter woe and weakness joy and strength.

Pours he his bounties from a flowing urn?
  Stints he their current? Praise him, trust him still,
And each new trial to a triumph turn,
  In patient doing of his holy will.

Learn of the Crucified *thy* cross to bear;
  Unto the end, as he endured, endure;
And with the sword of Faith and shield of Prayer,
  In the hard strife with evil, stand secure.

Dec. 18, 1858.

JARED SPARKS.

A Sonnet, sent to Mrs. Sparks on receiving a photograph of her husband, 1866.

I LOOK upon thy features, honored friend,
  With many thronging memories, sad yet sweet,
And then I ask myself, "Is this the end?
  Shall we no more that noble presence meet?"
  Will God, the *Father*, sporting with us, cheat
The heart's deep promise of another home, —
Another land where parted spirits come
  Into another union more complete?
Nay, in the silence of that speaking look,
  In the grave aspect lighted with a smile,

I read the answer to the yearning soul
Echoing the message of the Holy Book,
  And on "that blessed hope" * I anchor, while
I wait God's time to see the perfect whole.

FESTIVAL HYMN.

Written for the Annual Unitarian Festival, held in Music Hall, Boston, May 30, 1872.

FROM Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire,
  From California's shore,
Saint Louis and Chicago,
  New York and Baltimore;
From the old English household,
  From many a Yankee home,
Our brothers and our sisters
  In love and joy have come.

Once more, in genial union,
  A widely gathered host,
Jesus, our Leader, smiling,
  We hold our Pentecost.
Hearts, filled with praise and gladness,
  Respond to tongues of fire,
While words of wit and wisdom
  Our feast of love inspire.

What, though we miss the presence
  Of noble souls once given,
We bless the Lord who gave them
  To light the way to heaven.
We pray for strength to follow
  The path they firmly trod,
That we, with them, may labor
  For truth, and right, and God.

And still, 'mid differing phrases,
  May all in heart be one;
One with the One Great Father,
  One with the loving Son.

* Titus ii. 13; Hebrews vi. 19.

May peace among the nations
  Her olive sceptre hold,
And bind in cordial friendship
  The New World and the Old.

O God, give all thy churches
  Thine unction from above ;
Faith, hand in hand with freedom,
  With holiness and love ;
Till all, united, working
  For the world's life, and health,
Build here on earth thy kingdom,
  One Christian commonwealth.

COMMUNION HYMN.*

"He sent away the multitudes." — MATT. xv. 39.

THEY had fed on his word, and they drank in his smile,
  And fain in his presence uplifted would stay ;
And the heart of the Saviour yearned towards them the while,
  Yet in love and in wisdom he sent them away.

Not alone in communion with him and his word,
  Not alone in the meeting to praise and to pray,
Would he teach them to serve and to honor the Lord,
  So in love and in wisdom he sent them away.

To the world's daily toil, to the field and the mart,
  To their friends and their homes, to their children at play,
That the life might bear fruit of the faith in the heart,
  In love and in wisdom he sent them away.

Let thy presence, dear Saviour, abide with us still,
  As the law of thy Spirit we gladly obey,
And mould heart and life to thy word and thy will,
  When we go, sent by thee, from thy table away.

* Written for the close of the communion service.

ALTIORA PETAMUS, CHRISTO DUCE.

"If ye be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above." — COL. iii. 1-3.

I SAW the mountain oak with towering form
  Fall in his pride, the whirlwind's chosen prey,
The lily of the vale outrode the storm,
  Shining the lovelier, as it passed away.
Friend, seek not happiness in high estate,
To Mary's heart she flies from Herod's palace-gate.

I marked a spendthrift moth, squalid and lone,
  With shivering wings; his summer flowers were dead:
While the blithe bee, making their sweets her own,
  Sang in her home of honey, richly fed.
Friend, seek not happiness in fleeting pleasure,
In each good work of life the good God hides her treasure.

Jewelled with morning dew, the new-blown rose
  Brings to the enamoured eye her transient dower;
The live sap still runs fresh, the sound root grows,
  When all forgotten fades the red-lipped flower.
Friend, seek not happiness in the bloom of beauty,
But in the soul of truth and steadfast life of duty.

Lo! the red meteor startles with his blaze
  The gazing, awe-struck earth, and disappears;
While yon true star, with soft, undazzling rays,
  Shines in our sky through circling months and years.
Friend, seek not happiness in worldly splendor,
But in the light serene of home-joys, pure and tender.

Power has its thorns; wealth may be joyless glitter;
  Belshazzar's feast grows dark with fear and sadness;
Friends die, — and beauty wanes, — and cares embitter
  The gilded cup; grief lurks behind our gladness.
Then seek not happiness in shows of earth,
But learn of Christ betimes the secret of her birth.

Child of the soul, twin-born with Faith and Love,
  In the clear conscience, and the generous heart,
Twin-lived with them, with them she soars above
  The earthly names which man from man do part.
Seek thou God's kingdom ; there unsought she's found,
High in a heavenly life, not creeping on the ground.

Hearts set on things above, not things beneath,
  Find what they crave around them day by day ;
Souls risen with Christ, quick with his Spirit, breathe
  The air of heaven, e'en while on earth they stay.
Bearing the cross, the hidden crown they bring,
And at the tomb they hear the Easter angels sing.

A NEW-YEAR'S HYMN.

Written by Dr. Newell for a young friend staying in his family, on her birthday, and contributed by him to this volume on the day when he himself was just seventy years of age.

"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life." — Ps. xxiii. 6.

ALL the days of my life, be they many or few,
  The Father of Spirits will lead me unseen ;
His goodness and mercy my steps will pursue,
  By his rod I am led, on his arm I would lean.

All the days of my life, be they shadowed or bright,
  His love, meeting mine, will fall full on my soul ;
His voice, if I hear it, will guide me aright,
  And his uplifting hand bear me on to the goal.

All the days of my life, days of light or of gloom,
  I will trust the wise love of that merciful Friend,
As I climb through the dark to my heavenly home,
  Still with me to comfort, to cheer and defend.

Let the days of my life, be they many or few,
  Be hallowed by duty, made lovely by love ;
And every New Year with good works flower anew,
  While Christ at the root feeds the fruitage above.

Then, if many or few, if clouded or clear,
  My days on the earth will have glimpses of heaven,
And the last day's last hour of the last happy year
  Will of all be the best by the good Father given.

SERVE GOD AND BE CHEERFUL.*

"SERVE God and be cheerful." The motto
  Shall be mine, as the bishop's of old;
On my soul's coat-of-arms I will write it
  In letters of azure and gold.

"Serve God and be cheerful," self-balanced,
  Whether fortune smile sweetly or frown.
Christ stood king before Pilate. Within me
  I carry the sceptre and crown.

"Serve God and be cheerful." Make brighter
  The brightness that falls to your lot;
The rare or the daily sent blessing
  Profane not with gloom and with doubt.

"Serve God and be cheerful." Each sorrow
  Is — with your will in God's — for the best.
O'er the cloud hangs the rainbow. To-morrow
  Will see the blue sky in the west.

"Serve God and be cheerful." The darkness
  Only masks the surprises of dawn;
And the deeper and grimmer the midnight,
  The brighter and sweeter the morn.

* The motto of an English Bishop of the 17th century. SOBRIE, JUSTE, PIE, — LAETE, was the kindred and comprehensive motto over the mantel-piece of one of his Puritan contemporaries, the witty minister of Ipswich, "our St. Hilary," as Mather calls him, or, as he calls himself in his own book, "The Simple Cobler of Agawam."

"Serve God and be cheerful." The winter
Rolls round to the beautiful spring,
And o'er the green grave of the snowdrift
The nest-building robins will sing.

"Serve God and be cheerful." Look upward!
God's countenance scatters the gloom;
And the soft summer light of his heaven
Shines over the cross and the tomb.

"Serve God and be cheerful." The wrinkles
Of age we may take with a smile;
But the wrinkles of faithless foreboding
Are the crow's-feet of Beelzebub's guile.

"Serve God and be cheerful." Religion
Looks all the more lovely in *white;*
And God is best served by his servant
When, smiling, he serves in the light,

And lives out the glad tidings of Jesus
In the sunshine he came to impart,
For the fruit of his word and his Spirit
"Is love, joy, and peace" in the heart.

"Serve God and be cheerful." Live nobly,
Do right and do good. Make the best
Of the gifts and the work put before you,
And to God without fear leave the rest.

CAMBRIDGE, Jan. 1, 1872.

ORDINATION HYMN.

Sung at the ordination of Mr. Francis Greenwood Peabody as the successor of Dr. Newell in the pastorate of the First Congregational (Unitarian) Church, in Cambridge, March, 31, 1874.

O FATHER of the living Christ,
Fount of the living Word!
Pour on the shepherd and the flock
The Spirit of the Lord.

Amid this mingled mystery
  Of good and ill at strife,
Help them, O God, in him to find
  The Way, the Truth, the Life.

That way together may they tread,
  That truth with joy receive,
That life of heaven, on earth begun,
  Through cloud and sunshine live.

Not chained to creeds, or cramped by forms,
  With eyes that hail the light,
In holy freedom keep their souls,
  Loyal to truth and right.

One may they be in faith and hope,
  As one in works of love,
Till all be one in Christ and thee
  In the Great Church above.

A. R. ST. JOHN.

(1805.)

Mrs. A. R. St. John was born in Boston, Mass., Feb. 24, 1805. Left an orphan at a very early age, she passed under the care and into the family of her brother, the late Colonel Isaac Monroe, of Baltimore, Md. He was at that time living in Boston, where he had established and was editing the "Boston Patriot." In a few years thereafter, he removed to Baltimore, and there, carrying with him his professional predilections, established and edited the "Baltimore Patriot." This paper early became one of the leading political and literary journals of the day, marked by great ability in its editorial conduct, and by the soundness of its views upon the great topics which agitated the country previous to, during, and immediately following the War of 1812; while it continued, through the long period of its founder's personal care, and by the talent and culture he was able to command, to sustain its high reputation throughout the Union.

Colonel Monroe, faithful to the guardianship he had from the first assumed, did not forget to provide the best education for his sister which

the city of his adoption afforded; whilst his prominent editorial and social position brought her into frequent and close association with many of the best and most cultivated intellects and distinguished statesmen of the country, to whom his house was a familiar resort. Thus she early imbibed a decided and earnest love, not only of modern, but of ancient and classic literature. Her pen, meanwhile, was not suffered to lie idle, though in general confined to local subjects of interest, or some special object or occasion. Hence, to the public, and beyond her own private or social circle, is she so little known as an author. The scant notice of her in Griswold's "Female Poets of America" is due to her aversion to any claim of literary rank.

In 1825 she was married to Mr. I. R. St. John, — then partner in an eminent banking-house in New York and Augusta, Ga., to which latter city she immediately accompanied him. There they remained till 1836, when her husband was called to the New York office of his firm; and, after its dissolution, they removed to Brooklyn, in 1842, where they are still living. The tastes and the convictions of Mrs. St. John go together in her devotion to the Unitarian faith, — from her childhood at once consistent and zealous. In the earlier and later ministry of the lamented Rev. William Ware in New York, and from the very start of the Church of the Saviour in Brooklyn, she has laid upon its altars the offering of her fine and cultured mind, her ardent and sincere affection, her long life of active benevolence and unostentatious piety.

Of her poetical effusions we select a few that are specially adapted to our present purpose.

DEDICATION HYMN.

Written for the consecration of the Church of the Saviour, Brooklyn, N.Y., April 24, 1844.

MAN in his might and worldly skill
A temple rears to thee;
Joy's echoing hymns its arches fill
With thankful ecstasy.

The "grain of mustard-seed" has sprung
A wide and sheltering tree,
And o'er thy gathering flock has flung
Its arms of majesty.

The last stone laid, the work well done,
Away, all earth-born care;
Whilst the full soul yields at thy throne
Its homage, praise, and prayer.

These walls, great God, all-powerful, wise,
  We consecrate to thee,
Grand Architect of earth and skies,
  And world's sublimity.

Beneath the cross, in Jesus' name,
  Thy blessing we implore ;
Light with thy grace our altar's flame,
  To guide us evermore.

INSTALLATION HYMN.

Written for the installation of Rev. F. A. Farley, D.D., as pastor of the Church of the Saviour, Brooklyn, N.Y., April 25, 1844.

ALMIGHTY Power, whose word and will sustain
  Unnumbered worlds by some mysterious chain,
Whose links of air, unseen, we know to be
Firm as all love and truth that comes from thee !

GOD of the millions who, with one accord,
Yield their heart's incense for thy precious word,
Warm from the breath of inspiration given,
Our star of faith, pointing the path to heaven !

GOD of our Saviour ! Source of light and life !
Each throbbing pulse with thankfulness is rife,
As gathering round thine altar, Holy ONE,
We pray to thee, through thy redeeming Son !

We would, O Father ! that thy grace may shine
Upon thy servant's works, whose soul is thine, —
Our pastor, brother, friend, and chosen guide
O'er life's full stream, to cheer its ebbing tide.

May its pure beams illumine every word,
Enrich each tone that from his lips is heard ;
That deep within our bosoms' sacred cell,
The new-born fervor may continuous dwell.

Let his pure life a mirror ever be,
Where we, reflected, may our errors see;
A beacon-light to guide us through the storm,
A cheering flame, our fainting hopes to warm.

And when the sands of Time their grains have spent,
And thou shalt ask "the talent" Heaven has lent,
May he a golden increase bring to thee,
That "welcome" to thine household he may be!

The following hymn was written for the consecration of a Unitarian chapel at Bridgeport, Conn., in 1849. The allusion in the last stanza is to the death of Mr. Van Polanen, whose stanch faith had founded the church, and to Madame Van Polanen, who, after her husband's decease, erected the edifice as a memorial of his worth and services.

THE CHAPEL AT BRIDGEPORT.

WE come, a pilgrim band, to kneel,
Almighty Power, to thee;
Though dearer to our souls we feel
A FATHER'S name to be.

As children of thy grace and love,
Gathering around thy knee,
With filial confidence to move
Thy boundless sympathy;

We crave thy blessing on this shrine,
Now consecrate to thee;
And may its light with truth divine
Illume eternity.

Oh, wilt thou bless the heart that gave,
The hand that planted here
This seed of faith, sown on the grave,
Immortal fruit to bear.

THE MOTHER.

AS wandering o'er Life's weary way,
Through tangled brake and shadowy fen,
The sunlight plains of Fortune's day,
And Pleasure's fairy, moonlit glen, —
On the gulf's brink of Hope's despair
A mother cheered her soul with prayer.

Kneeling beside a shivered tree,
Scathed by the storm-cloud's blighting power,
Whose one branch green still seemed to be
Faith's triumph-badge in life's dark hour, —
She to her God her heart laid bare,
And sought her dearest solace there.

Thinking some piteous prayer to hear
From lips where truth alone could speak,
Where sorrow's chill and memory's tear
Had chased their furrows down her cheek, —
I paused: a bright, seraphic smile
Haloed around her brow the while.

Brief was the plaint of earthly ill, —
None 'gainst her woes of Heaven's decree:
"Father, submissive to thy will,
I know that it is meet for me;
My lowly lot in world's estate
Exchange I would not with the great.

"Of titles, fortune, power bereft, —
A dead note in the trump of Fame, —
Still are my dearest treasures left,
My husband's smile beams still the same!
My children, — can on earth there be
A richer diadem for me?

"Father, my soul in reverence breathes
Its holiest love and thanks to thee;
Full as the gathered harvest-sheaves,
Bound for thy call — from earth as free;

My spirit's strength, its hopes and fears,
Contented tread life's vale of tears."

Then as deep silence closed around, —
  Life's beating pulse, earth's only sound, —
As if the myriad spirits there
  To break Faith's stillness did not dare, —
She slowly rose and sped her way,
Nor felt the thorns that in it lay,

Leaving behind a jewel bright,
  That trembled in the misty light.
I grasped this record of her prayer,
  And held a heart-mined, crystal tear!
Angels of light, of heavenly love!
Are these the gems ye wear above?

Oh, through my startled, humbled soul,
  Such floods of penitential thought,
Such heavenly music o'er it stole,
  Like notes from cherub-anthems caught!
Her joyful prayer, her low estate: —
Read'st thou a lesson, oh, earth's great?

WILLIAM PARSONS LUNT.

(1805–1857.)

Rev. William Parsons Lunt, D.D., was the son of Henry and Mary Green Lunt, and was born in Newburyport, Mass., April 21, 1805. He received his early education in Boston, whither his parents removed while yet he was an infant. At the age of ten, he was placed at the Academy in the neighboring town of Milton, where his preparatory studies were pursued with marked diligence and success, and where his conscientious and blameless conduct gave beautiful promise of his stainless and consecrated manhood. Having entered Harvard College in 1819, he graduated in 1823. He then taught school for a year in Plymouth, where he was married in 1829 to Ellen Hobart, daughter of Barnabas Hobart, of that town. Leaving Plymouth, he returned to Boston to study law, but soon found that another profession had greater attractions

for him, and accordingly began his preparation for the Christian ministry at the Cambridge Divinity School, in 1825. He was ordained June 19, 1828, as the pastor of the Second Congregational Unitarian Society of New York City.

His arduous labors in the great metropolis continued until November, 1833, when he retired from his post, and sought comparative rest for a time through only occasional supplies of vacant pulpits. He was installed as associate pastor of the Unitarian Church in Quincy, Mass., June 7, 1835; Rev. Peter Whitney, who had long been settled over the society, still retaining his official connection with it. Mr. Whitney, after a ministry to this church of forty-three years, died in 1843; and Mr. Lunt was thenceforth its sole pastor until his death in 1857. The latter, having for a long time cherished a desire to visit the Holy Land, preached Dec. 28, 1856, what proved to be his last sermon to his beloved people, and embarked for his pilgrimage to Palestine on board a vessel that bore him directly on, past European shores, to the distant East. Having arrived in Egypt, he pursued his way to Sinai; but on the day after he left the Convent, and while still prosecuting his journey to Jerusalem, he was taken sick, and his disease became more and more alarming as the party moved on. All effort that could be made for his recovery proved unavailing; and during the second night after his arrival at Akabah, the ancient Ezion-Geber, at the head of the Eastern arm of the Red Sea, he sank to his rest, almost in sight of the blessed "acres" which he had travelled so far to behold and tread. He was buried, March 21, 1857, in a grave excavated in the upper part of a mound out on the desert, a short distance from the castled village. Six years afterward, a party of Americans and foreigners were pursuing this same route to the Holy City, when one of them, on their approach to Akabah, recalling some beautiful lines which Rev. S. G. Bulfinch, D.D., had written on the death of Dr. Lunt for the "Christian Register," and to which he had given the name of this place as a title, was thus reminded that they were drawing near the spot where the eminent and venerated Christian preacher, scholar, poet, and saint

> "Turned dying eyes
> Upon Asian skies,
> And dropped on Moslem ground."

After reaching the village and making various inquiries, they were led to the grave. but found no stone to tell the stranger where the body lay. They procured a slab from the castle, chiselled it with suitable inscriptions, set it firmly into the earth over the sacred dust, and requested the chiefs of the town, and Hassaneen the dragoman, to have a watchful care of the rude and simple monument, and to direct to it, as they should have opportunity, such of our countrymen as might in subsequent years visit this remote settlement on their way from Sinai to Jerusalem. Dr. Bulfinch's lines, as well as Dr. Frothingham's touching "Lament," written on the same occasion, may be found elsewhere in this volume.

Dr. Lunt was honored with the degree of D.D. by Harvard College in 1850. Numerous pamphlet sermons and biographical and historical discourses, as well as many articles which he contributed to the "Christian Examiner" and other periodicals, illustrated his extensive range of knowledge, his depth and power of thought, his finished style and his chastened eloquence, and above all the strength and beauty of his Christian faith. Among the most remarkable of his published discourses are two which he delivered, Sept. 29, 1839, on the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Gathering of the First Congregational Church of Quincy; one at the interment of John Quincy Adams, sixth President of the United States, March 11, 1848; one commemorative of Daniel Webster, Nov. 25, 1852; one before the Theological School, at Cambridge, in 1852; and the Dudleian Lecture, in 1855. In reference to the last two, Rev. Chandler Robbins, D.D., in preaching a sermon on the character and life of Dr. Lunt, said that they were among the "most profound, brilliant, and masterly productions that have illustrated the highest of the sciences in recent times," and that they "at once lifted their author to a high rank in the esteem of his professional brethren for metaphysical acuteness, erudition, and eloquence."

This able preacher and "thoughtful scholar" also compiled, in 1841, an excellent hymn-book, "The Christian Psalter," and was himself a poet of no ordinary gifts or rank. His productions in this department of literature reveal the grave, meditative spirit of the author, while they show that he was possessed of a high degree of imaginative power and lyric fervor. Many of them were hymns and odes written for the Quincy Church Sunday School, for Installation Services, Anniversary Celebrations, and other like occasions. His longest poem was one which he read before the Phi Beta Kappa Society in Cambridge, in 1837. A small but finely printed and elegantly bound volume, edited by his daughter, Mary E. Lunt, and published by his son, William P. Lunt, has very recently been issued under the title of "Gleanings," giving brief selections or extracts from his prose writings, and also some of his hymns and poems. From this little book we copy a few pieces to enrich our own pages, and to hint to the reader what choice things beside may be found in Miss Lunt's beautiful memorial of her father. The following lines are in many Church Collections: —

OUR FOREFATHERS.

Written for the public schools of Quincy, and sung by them at their Fourth of July Celebration, 1837.

WHEN, driven by oppression's rod,
Our fathers fled beyond the sea,
Their care was first to honor God,
And next to leave their children free.

Above the forest's gloomy shade
  The altar and the school appeared;
On that the gifts of faith were laid,
  In this their precious hopes were reared.

Armed with intelligence and zeal,
  Their sons shook off the tyrant's chain,
The rights of freemen quick to feel,
  And nobly daring to maintain.

The altar and the school still stand,
  The sacred pillars of our trust,
And Freedom's sons shall fill the land
  When we are sleeping in the dust.

Before thine altar, Lord, we bend,
  With grateful song and fervent prayer,
For thou who wast our fathers' friend
  Wilt make our offspring still thy care.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

Written for the Christmas Celebration of the Sunday School of Dr. Lunt's Church at Quincy, Dec. 25, 1849.

CHILDREN.

THE Christmas Tree! The Christmas Tree!
  'Twas planted long ago;
The angels sung their hymn above,
  As we sing ours below:
    Of auld lang syne we sing,
      Of Christmas long ago;
    The angels sung their hymn above,
      As we sing ours below.

The Tree by holy hands was set
  In days of auld lang syne;
Its boughs with heavenly dews were wet,
  And hung with fruit divine.
    Of auld lang syne we sing, &c.

Thousands have met around the Tree
In days of auld lang syne;
Have plucked the fruit, and thankfully
Enjoyed the food divine.
Of auld land syne we sing, &c.

The Tree with gifts has loaded been
From days of auld lang syne;
And still through leaves of living green
The Saviour's presents shine.
Of auld lang syne we sing, &c.

TEACHERS.

Come, children, take the gifts you see,
And to your minds recall
The fruit upon the heavenly Tree
That grows and blooms for all.
Of auld lang syne we sing,
Of Christmas long ago;
The angels sung their hymn above,
As we sing ours below.

THE HIGHER BIRTH.

FAREWELL, farewell, thou fostering Earth!
The gift of life I now resign:
The spirit waits a higher birth;
My useless dust I now resign.

From thee rich stores of thought I've gained;
Thy various forms excite the mind,
Amidst thy scenes of wonder trained:
I leave them all behind.

The beauty that is on thy brow
Waked infant passion in my heart;
But higher glories ravish now,
And bid me hence depart.

Thy tender ties, relations dear,
  First gently taught me how to love:
The germ which Nature planted here
  Must grow and bloom above.

The stormy blasts have firmer made
  The spreading roots of virtue's tree;
The soul, by cares and sorrows swayed,
  Rests in eternity.

But chiefly in thy radiant face,
  Where lower beauties meet and shine,
My musing spirit learned to trace
  The lineaments divine.

My race is run, my toils are o'er,
  And safely reached the destined goal:
And thou, fair Earth, canst do no more
  To consecrate the soul.

I drop my chrysalis of clay:
  On new-fledged wings I take my flight;
Up to the brilliant Source of day
  I rise from Death's dark night.

LATIN HYMN.—"LUX ECCE SURGIT AUREA."

SEE! the golden morning rises,
  Pallid shadows haste away;
Headlong night no more surprises,
  Leads no more the steps astray.

Light like this break in and scatter
  Every cloud that shades the soul!
Nought deceptive may we utter,
  No dark thoughts within us roll.

All day long may truth, presiding
  Over hand and eye and tongue,
Word and look and action guiding,
  Keep us pure, and make us strong.

When bright Morn with rosy touches
  Lifts the windows of the sky,
Lo, a witness stands and watches
  All we do with piercing eye.

And when Eve, with dewy fingers,
  Spreads her veil and clouds the light,
Still that awful presence lingers,
  And that eye looks through the night.

1842.

The following hymns, not contained in the volume of "Gleanings," have been kindly furnished us by members of Dr. Lunt's family, and are copied from his unpublished manuscripts or from printed orders of services.

As an indication of this preacher's remarkable natural gifts as a poet, we give here a hymn which he wrote when he was only twelve years old, and which shows a matureness of thought, a facility for poetic composition, and a degree of Christian experience, which might well become a singer of twice the age.

THE SENT OF THE FATHER.

O SHALL our hearts that Friend forsake
  Who gave himself that we might live?
No, let our drooping faith awake,
  Our grateful love may it revive.

Low at thy feet we meekly sit,
  Blest Teacher of the Father's will!
To thee let every thought submit:
  Say to our passions, — Peace, be still.

Thou who hast kindled in our way
With Heaven's own torch a cheering light,
To guide us to the realms of day,
Through error's maze, and sorrow's night, —

In joy, in woe, in life, in death,
O may thy truth within us reign;
Be ours the spirit thou didst breathe,
Be ours the victory thou didst gain.

INSTALLATION HYMN.

Hymn sung at the installation of Rev. George W. Briggs, in Plymouth, as colleague pastor with Rev. James Kendall, D.D., Jan. 3, 1838.

INTO the wilderness was Hagar driven,
And sat and wept to think her child must die;
But now that child, to vigorous manhood risen,
Beholds a garden blooming in his eye.

Young watchman of the church, thy station take,
Where the gray Fathers of our Empire stood,
And saw the morning of our glory break
From error's night, and through misfortune's cloud.

The Pilgrim heart beats true and faithful here,
Still fondly cherishing the pastor's name;
And here have honored hands for many a year
Fed and renewed the altar's sacred flame.

A blessing on this hour, O God, we crave,
From thee whose spirit blessed thy Church of old;
May fervent lips, gifted with power to save,
God's truth, man's freedom, to this flock unfold.

HYMN FOR A SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Dr. Lunt was fond of writing hymns for his Sunday school. Many of his sweetest verses were for its various celebrations and anniversaries. We have already given one or two. This is another, sung at the closing of the school, Nov. 15, 1846.

HARK! the gentle Shepherd's voice:
"Little children, come to me."
"In that word our souls rejoice,
And we give our hearts to thee."

"Take my yoke, and of me learn.
I will show you what is good."
"Saviour! yes, to thee we turn,
Feed our minds with heavenly food."

"None can to the Father come
But by me the Living Way."
"Saviour! guide us to our home,
And the Father's love display."

"I was once, like you, a child,
And a child's subjection knew."
"Teach us, Saviour, to be mild,
Kind, obedient, and true."

"Cup and cross, and thorny crown
Tell what sorrows I have known."
"Saviour! send thy spirit down,
Make thy patience all our own."

"Though in death's repose I lay,
I've ascended to the skies."
"Saviour! thou hast led the way,
Teach our spirits how to rise."

THE CHANTING CHERUBS.

Written for the anniversary celebration of the Sunday-school Society connected with the Federal Street Church, Boston. Sung May 30, 1849.

MUSIC'S the language of cherubs in glory,
Chanting the praise of the wonderful Child;
Telling in melody Bethlehem's story,
Hymning the triumphs of earth's Undefiled.

Hark! on our ears breaks the many-tongued chorus;
Minstrels celestial in vision we see:
Winged voices scatter the Saviour's words o'er us, —
"Suffer little children to come unto me."

Music binds children to cherubs in glory,
Chanting the Blessed One's praises on high;
Catch we their glad strains, repeat we their story;
Back from young lips let the wingèd sounds fly.

Sweetest and best of the words that resounded
From Olivet's mount or by Galilee's sea;
List! he repeats them, by cherubs surrounded, —
"Suffer little children to come unto me."

CREATION'S PRAYER.

"And it shall come to pass in that day, I will hear, saith the Lord, I will hear the heavens, and they shall hear the earth; and the earth shall hear the corn, and the wine, and the oil; and they shall hear Jezreel." — HOSEA ii. 21, 22.

ONE prayer, with never-ceasing sound,
Circles Creation's ample round;
While all below, and all above,
Turn, genial Parent, to thy love.

The corn, and vine, and olive fair,
Hearken to needy mortal's prayer;
And hope, from earth's all-fostering breast,
To draw their fatness, life, and zest.

The nightly mother for her brood,
Anxious to yield their wonted food,
Looks up and asks the heavenly powers
For quickening heat and softening showers.

The flying clouds and fiery ball
Listen to earth's entreating call;
But these implore a Will divine
For leave to drop, and power to shine.

Thus through Creation's ample round
One prayer is heard with pauseless sound;
While all below, and all above
Turn, genial Parent, to thy love.

Dr. Lunt began a versification of the Psalms. He completed only the first three, leaving the fourth in an unfinished state. We cannot close our notice of him and of his productions without reference to the beautiful poem which he wrote for the laying of the corner-stone of the Sailor's Snug Harbor, at Quincy, July 14, 1856. This was his last poem; and the author's recital of it at the time and place just mentioned produced a deep effect upon all who heard him. Father Taylor, who was present, was most powerfully moved, as those can understand who know what was his deep sympathy and love for seamen, and what was his great tender heart. The lines are given in full in Miss Lunt's "Gleanings." We give here only the closing ones.

And when the Ancient Mariner shall see
The gloomy waters of Eternity,
And in his need, despairing help below,
Call for a Pilot's skill to steer him through,
Then may that form benign, whose power to save
Held trembling Peter steady on the wave,
Conduct the trusting soul, in safety o'er,
To a Snug Harbor on the heavenly shore.

FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE.

(1805.)

Rev. Frederic H. Hedge, D.D., was born in Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 12, 1805, and was the son of Levi Hedge, LL.D., who from 1800 was a teacher at Harvard College for thirty-two years, having served successively as Tutor, a Professor of Logic, Ethics, and Metaphysics, and Alford Professor of Moral Philosophy and Civil Polity, and whose "Elements of Logic" passed through many editions, and was used in nearly all the colleges and more advanced schools in the country. The father of Levi Hedge was Rev. Lemuel Hedge, who was the minister at Warwick, Mass., and a classmate and friend of the patriot, Joseph Warren, in whose pocket, when the latter had fallen at Bunker Hill, was found a letter which the former had written, expressive of sympathy with the American cause. The mother of Dr. Hedge was a grand-daughter of Edward Holyoke, President of Harvard College from 1737 to 1769.

In 1818 he accompanied George Bancroft to Germany, and there studied at Ilfeld and Schulpforte; returned to America, and graduated at Harvard College in 1825, having been elected class-poet; and, three years later, graduated at the Theological School at Cambridge. He became the pastor of the Congregational Church at West Cambridge, now Arlington, May 20, 1829. He married, Sept. 7, 1830, Lucy T. Pierce, daughter of Rev. John Pierce, D.D., of Brookline, Mass. In 1835 he became the minister of the Unitarian Church at Bangor, Me., and during his settlement there visited Europe again (1847–1848), and spent a winter in Italy. In 1850 he accepted a call to the Westminster Church in Providence, R.I., and, six years later, took charge of the parish in Brookline of which his father-in-law had formerly been so long the well-known and venerated minister, and added to his parochial labors for some years, from 1857, the duties of Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Cambridge Theological School. In 1852 he was honored with the degree of D.D. by Harvard College, of which he was appointed Professor of German Literature in 1872, when he surrendered his charge at Brookline, and removed to Cambridge, where he still continues in his academic office and work, and occupies, from Sunday to Sunday, the pulpits of many of the liberal churches. Among the various other important positions which he has held may be mentioned that of editor of the "Christian Examiner," and also that of President of the American Unitarian Association.

Dr. Hedge has been, in his lifetime, a most learned and industrious writer and author as well. In 1848 he published a large volume, "The Prose Writers of Germany," in which he gave original sketches of numerous authors in German literature, and extracts from their writings, largely translated by himself; in 1853, a "Liturgy for the Use of the

Church," and also, in connection with Rev. Dr., now Bishop, Huntington, "Hymns for the Church;" in 1865, "Reason in Religion," and, in 1870, "The Primeval World," two volumes in the interest of the Liberal Faith, which have attracted much attention, the latter having been even translated into German, and published at Berlin. From time to time he has published versions of minor poems of Schiller, Goethe, and many other German writers; while the sermons, orations, essays, reviews, &c. which he has given to the press, in pamphlet or magazine form, and which extend through a period of more than forty years, are too numerous to be mentioned here in detail. Among his most noteworthy articles, published in the "Christian Examiner," "Putnam's Monthly," the "Atlantic," the "Religious Magazine," and other periodicals, are those which he has written on Transcendentalism, Augustine, Leibnitz, Genius, Irony, the Method of History, and Schopenhauer. Of his orations and addresses, we may mention the one given, in 1840, before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge, on "Conservatism and Reform;" another, at the request of the Germans of Boston, at the great Schiller Festival in that city, in 1859; and another still, which was delivered, in 1866, before the Alumni of Harvard College, and which has led to a great extension of the elective principle in the studies of that University. All these numerous productions are marked by the great ability, the vast erudition, the profound thought, the chastened and felicitous diction, and the rare combination of the philosophic and poetic qualities of mind, which distinguish this author, preacher, and lecturer.

Dr. Hedge is, moreover, one of the best of hymn-writers, though he has not written so much in this line as we could wish he had done. We have gathered from various sources all that we could find, and present them here. Most of them may be found in the "Hymns for the Church," compiled by himself and Dr. Huntington.

AN INVOCATION.

A part of a hymn of ten stanzas, which was written for the ordination of Mr. D. H. Barlow as pastor of the Second Congregational Society in Lynn, Mass., Dec. 9, 1829. The verses given here are in a greatly altered and revised form.

SOVEREIGN and transforming Grace,
We invoke thy quickening power;
Reign the spirit of this place,
Bless the purpose of this hour.

Holy and creative Light!
We invoke thy kindling ray;
Dawn upon our spirits' night,
Turn our darkness into day.

To the anxious soul impart
  Hope all other hopes above;
Stir the dull and hardened heart
  With a longing and a love.

Give the struggling peace for strife;
  Give the doubting light for gloom;
Speed the living into life;
  Warn the dying of their doom;

Work in all, in all renew,
  Day by day, the life divine;
All our wills to thee subdue,
  All our hearts to thee incline.

BENEATH THINE HAMMER.

Written at a time of severe trial and deep depression.

BENEATH thine hammer, Lord, I lie
  With contrite spirit prone;
Oh, mould me till to self I die,
  And live to thee alone!

With frequent disappointments sore,
  And many a bitter pain,
Thou laborest at my being's core
  Till I be formed again.

Smite, Lord! thine hammer's needful wound
  My baffled hopes confess;
Thine anvil is the sense profound
  Of mine own nothingness.

Smite, till from all its idols free,
  And filled with love divine,
My heart shall know no good but thee,
  And have no will but thine.

This hymn seems to us worthy of a place among the best ever written. It was composed by Dr. Hedge for a confirmation service in his church at Bangor, on Good Friday, 1843. We regret to see that in some of the Unitarian Collections it has appeared only in part, and that certain compilers in other communions have marked it "Anonymous."

THE CRUCIFIXION.

'TWAS the day when God's Anointed
Died for us the death appointed,
Bleeding on the guilty cross;
Day of darkness, day of terror,
Deadly fruit of ancient error,
Nature's fall, and Eden's loss.

Haste, prepare the bitter chalice!
Gentile hate and Jewish malice
Lift the royal victim high —
Like the serpent, wonder-gifted,
Which the Prophet once uplifted —
For a sinful world to die!

Conscious of the deed unholy,
Nature's pulses beat more slowly
And the sun his light denied;
Darkness wrapped the sacred city,
And the earth with fear and pity
Trembled when the Just One died.

It is finished, Man of sorrows!
From thy cross our nature borrows
Strength to bear and conquer thus.
While exalted there we view thee,
Mighty Sufferer, draw us to thee,
Sufferer victorious!

Not in vain for us uplifted,
Man of sorrows, wonder-gifted!
May that sacred symbol be.
Eminent amid the ages,
Guide of heroes and of sages,
May it guide us still to thee!

Still to thee, whose love unbounded
Sorrow's deep for us hath sounded,
  Perfected by conflicts sore.
Glory to thy cross for ever!
Star that points our high endeavor
  Whither thou hast gone before.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Written for "Hymns of the Church of Christ."

'TWAS in the East, the mystic East,
  Where Time his race began,
Where new-born Nature spread the feast,
  For new created man, —

The tree of life was planted first,
  So holy Scriptures tell,
Before the earth with sin was cursed,
  And man from Eden fell.

That tree untasted passed away,
  And sin and sorrow grew,
And tarried long the wished-for day
  To waiting Israel due: —

Till from the land where Jordan old
  Still washes Judah's shore,
When God's own hand the page unrolled,
  Of Judah's sacred lore,

Sprung, to requite that early loss,
  From David's royal root,
Another Tree, whose stem the cross,
  And Christendom its fruit.

Blest be the Tree of life divine!
  The hand that gave it blest!
Lord, through the earth extend its line,
  And give the nations rest!

In us implant its sacred seed,
  And with thy grace bedew,
And let it, ripening into deed,
  For aye itself renew.

HYMN.

Sung at the ordination of Mr. F. A. Whitney, Brighton, Feb. 21, 1844, but written by Dr. Hedge for his own ordination, at West Cambridge, in 1829. One stanza in the original is lost.

LO! another offering
  To thy courts this day we bring;
And another laborer here,
To thy vineyard's service cheer.
Welcome fellow laborer, thou!
Lord, accept thy servant's vow!

In thy service he would live —
Life and strength to thee doth give;
Nourished with immortal truth,
May the vigor of his youth,
Poured upon thy altar, be
Grateful incense, Lord, to thee.

Bless him who this day doth give;
Bless them who this day receive.
Guardian, who dost never sleep!
Guard the shepherd and the sheep;
Days of earthly pasture past,
Take them to thy fold at last.

THE MORNING STAR.

From the "New England Magazine."

A SINGLE star how bright,
From earth-mists free,
In heaven's deep shrine its image burns!
Star of the morn, my spirit yearns
To be with thee.

Lord of the desert sky!
Night's last, lone heir,
Benign thou smilest from on high,
Pure, calm, as if an angel's eye
Were watching there.

Nor wholly vain I deem
The Magian plan,
That, sphered in thee, a spirit reigns
Who knows this earth, and kindly deigns
To succor man.

Gone are thy glittering peers!
Quenched each bright spark;
Save where some pale sun's lingering ghost,
Dull remnant of a scattered host,
Still spots the dark.

But thou, propitious star,
Night's youngest born,
Wilt not withdraw thy steady light
Till bursts on yonder snow-clad height
The rosy morn.

Fair orb! I love to watch
Thy tranquil ray;
Emblem art thou of Hope that springs
When joys are fled, and dreaming brings
The better day.

So, when from my life's course
Its stars are riven,
Dawn on my soul, prophetic light,
That gilds old age's winter night
With hope of heaven!

SONG OF THE ANGELS.

From Goethe's "Faust."

RAPHAEL.

THE sun is still for ever sounding
With brother spheres his rival song,
As on his destined journey bounding,
With thunder step he speeds along.
The sight gives angels strength, though greater
Than angels' utmost thought sublime;
And all thy wondrous works, Creator,
Are glorious as in Eden's prime.

GABRIEL.

And fleetly, thought-surpassing fleetly,
The earth's green pomp is spinning round;
There Paradise alternates sweetly
With Night terrific and profound;
There foams the sea, its broad waves beating
Against the tall cliff's rocky base;
And rock and sea away are fleeting
In everlasting spheral chase.

MICHAEL.

And storms with rival fury heaving
From land to sea, from sea to land,
Still, as they rave, a chain are weaving
Of deepest efficacy grand.
There burning Desolation blazes,
Precursor of the Thunder's way;
But, Lord, thy servants own with praises
The milder movement of thy day.

THE THREE.

The sight gives angels strength, though greater
  Than angels' utmost thought sublime;
And all thy wondrous works, Creator,
  Are glorious as in Eden's prime.

With reference to the following song from Goethe's "Faust," Bayard Taylor in his "Notes" says that the "final chorus of the angels is a stumbling-block to the translator, on account of the fivefold dactylic rhyme;" and adds, "Dr. Hedge, I believe, is the only one who has hitherto endeavored to reproduce the difficult structure of this chorus."

EASTER HYMN.

From Goethe's "Faust."

ANGELS.

CHRIST hath arisen!
  Joy to our buried Head!
Whom the unmerited,
Trailing inherited
  Woes, did imprison!

WOMEN.

Costly devices
  We had prepared,
Shrouds and sweet spices,
  Linen and nard.
Woe the disaster!
  Whom we here laid;
Gone is the Master,
  Empty his bed.

ANGELS.

Christ hath arisen
Loving and glorious;
Out of laborious
Conflict victorious,
  Christ hath arisen.

DISCIPLES.

Hath the inhumated
  Upward aspiring,
Hath he consummated
  All his desiring?
Is he in being's bliss,
  Near to creative Joy?
Wearily we in this
  Earthly house sigh:
Empty and hollow, us
  Left he unblest;
Master! thy followers
  Envy thy rest.

ANGELS.

Christ hath arisen
  Out of corruption's womb.
Burst every prison!
  Vanish death's gloom!
Active in charity,
Praise him in verity!
His feast, prepare it ye!
His message, bear it ye!
His joy, declare it ye!
  Then is the Master near,
  Then is he here.

LUTHER'S HYMN.

This well-known translation of Luther's famous Battle Hymn of the Reformation, by Dr. Hedge, first appeared in Dr. Furness's Gems of German Verse. It has been sung on many public occasions, as at the recent laying of the corner-stone of "Memorial Hall," at Cambridge. It is erroneously attributed to Rev. Samuel Longfellow, in Mr. Martineau's new Collection.

A MIGHTY fortress is our God,
  A bulwark never failing;
Our helper he amid the flood
  Of mortal ills prevailing.

For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great,
And, armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing, —
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is he,
Lord Sabaoth his name,
From age to age the same,
And he must win the battle.

And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us,
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.
The Prince of Darkness grim,
We tremble not for him,
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure,
One little word shall fell him.

That word above all earthly powers,
No thanks to them, abideth,
The spirit and the gifts are ours
Through Him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also:
The body they may kill,
God's truth abideth still,
His Kingdom is for ever.

VENI, SANCTE SPIRITUS.

A translation of the "Veni, Sancte Spiritus," of King Robert II. of France, taken from Professor Child's collection of "Poems of Sorrow and Comfort."

HOLY Spirit, Fire divine,
Send from heaven a ray of thine;
Lighten our obscurity!
Come, thou Father of the poor,
Come, thou Giver and Renewer, —
Fountain of all purity!

Visit us, Consoler best, —
Thou the bosom's sweetest guest,
Sweetest comfort proffering:
Thou dost give the weary rest,
Shade to all with heat oppressed,
Solace in all suffering.

O, blest Light ineffable!
With thy faithful amply dwell;
Lord of our humanity,
Nothing lives without thy ray;
Reft of thy enlivening day,
All is void and vanity.

What is foul, oh! purify;
Water what in us is dry;
All our hurts alleviate:
Bend our temper's rigidness;
Warm our nature's frigidness;
Bring back all who deviate.

Give them who in thee abide, —
All that do in thee confide, —
Give them grace increasingly;
Give to virtue its reward,
Saving end to all accord,
Joy in heaven unceasingly.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

(1807.)

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, a name which, like that of William Cullen Bryant, is endeared to countless homes and hearts in our own land and in the Old World, was born in Portland, Me., Feb. 27, 1807. His father was Hon. Stephen Longfellow of that city; and his earliest ancestor in this country was William Longfellow, who was born in Hampshire, England, in 1651, and emigrated to Newbury, Mass., where he married Anne Sewall, in 1676. The poet, on his mother's side, is a descendant of John Alden, who came over in the Mayflower, and who was the first man who landed in Plymouth.

He graduated at Bowdoin College, in the same class with Hawthorne, in 1825, and the next year was appointed Professor of Modern Languages; but, before entering upon the duties of his position, made a tour of Europe, visiting France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Holland, and England. In 1835 he was called to succeed George Ticknor as the Professor of Modern Languages in Harvard College, and again went abroad still more fully to prepare himself for his work. Returning once more to America, he assumed the office to which he had been elected, and held it until 1854. Since that year he has continued to reside at Cambridge, still occupying the stately old mansion known as the "Craigie House," where Washington had his head-quarters after the battle of Bunker Hill.

Mr. Longfellow has repeated his visits to Europe several times during the last thirty or forty years, and has there received marked honors from literary circles and renowned universities, as well as abundant demonstrations of gratitude and love from the untitled many who also had been touched and blest by the gracious offerings of his genius. As no one has more sweetly and delicately voiced in prose and song the gentler feelings, the purer instincts, the nobler aspirations, and all the common joys and sorrows of human souls than he has done, so no one has gained a surer entrance into the inmost sanctuary of his readers, near and afar, or endeared himself to them by stronger ties of personal affection, sympathy, and interest. Not to speak of the rich treasures which, in his numerous Translations, and in his volume of "Poets and Poetry of Europe," he has opened to us through his studies of foreign languages and literatures, what a priceless legacy has he bequeathed to the millions in the long list of his own beautiful romances and immortal poems, which he has given to the public, from the time when in his youth he wrote verses for the "United States Gazette" and the "Knickerbocker," and afterward published his "Outre Mer" and "Hyperion;" and what memories of sacred hours of inspiration and comfort throng upon us, as we recall our first acquaintance with the Voices of the Night, Evangeline, Kavanagh, The Golden Legend, The Song of Hiawatha, Tales of a Wayside Inn, The Divine Tragedy, Excelsior, The Arsenal at Springfield, Resig-

nation, The Ladder of St. Augustine, The Two Angels, The Children's Hour, and others we need not name! There is an elevation and refinement of thought, a melting pathos of sentiment, and a magic charm of expression, in them all, that leaves indeed but little to be desired, and that makes the world evermore a debtor to him who wrote them.

Not many of his pieces have so taken, in the strict sense of the word, the hymn form, as to be adapted to ordinary use in church worship. Yet several of them are in various Collections, and a much larger number are particularly suitable for a compilation like this. The first four which we appropriate are from the "Voices of the Night," originally published in 1839.

HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

Ἀσπασίη, τρίλλιστος.

I HEARD the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls!
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
Stoop o'er me from above;
The calm majestic presence of the Night,
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold, soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drank repose;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,—
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!
Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed-for, the most fair,
The best belovèd Night!

A PSALM OF LIFE.

What the heart of the young man said to the Psalmist.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
  Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
  And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
  And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
  Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
  Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
  Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting;
  And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
  Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
  In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
  Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
  Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act — act in the living Present!
  Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
  We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
  Footprints on the sands of time, —

Footprints, that perhaps another,
  Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
  Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

THERE is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he;
"Have naught but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves.
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord hath need of these flowerets gay,"
The Reaper said, and smiled;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears, and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an Angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

WHEN the hours of Day are numbered,
And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful firelight
Dance upon the parlor-wall:

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door, —
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more.

He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them the Being Beauteous
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended
  Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebuke, in blessing ended,
  Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
  All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
  Such as these have lived and died.

THE RAINY DAY.

THE day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
  It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
  And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
  And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
  Some days must be dark and dreary.

GOD'S-ACRE.

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase which calls
  The burial-ground God's-Acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
  And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts;
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the Archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
In the fair gardens of that second birth;
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
With that of flowers which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;
This is the field and Acre of our God,
This is the place where human harvests grow!

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

The last four stanzas.

WERE half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts.

The warrior's name would be a name abhorrèd!
And every nation, that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

RESIGNATION.

THERE is no flock, howevér watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps,
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! what seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead, — the child of our affection, —
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollutions,
She lives whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her:
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child:

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion,
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest, —

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

SUSPIRIA.

TAKE them, O Death! and bear away
Whatever thou canst call thine own!
Thine image, stamped upon this clay,
Doth give thee that, but that alone!

Take them, O Grave! and let them lie
Folded upon thy narrow shelves,
As garments by the soul laid by,
And precious only to ourselves!

Take them, O great Eternity!
Our little life is but a gust
That bends the branches of thy tree,
And trails its blossoms in the dust!

HYMN

For my Brother's Ordination.

CHRIST to the young man said: "Yet one thing more:
If thou wouldst perfect be,
Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor,
And come and follow me!"

Within this temple Christ again, unseen,
Those sacred words hath said,
And his invisible hands to-day have been
Laid on a young man's head.

And evermore beside him on his way
The unseen Christ shall move,
That he may lean upon his arm and say,
"Dost thou, dear Lord, approve?"

Beside him at the marriage feast shall be,
To make the scene more fair;
Beside him in the dark Gethsemane
Of pain and midnight prayer.

O holy trust! O endless sense of rest!
Like the beloved John
To lay his head upon the Saviour's breast,
And thus to journey on!

THE LADDER OF SAINT AUGUSTINE.

SAINT AUGUSTINE! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

All common things, each day's events,
  That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
  Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire, the base design,
  That makes another's virtues less;
The revel of the ruddy wine,
  And all occasions of excess;

The longing for ignoble things;
  The strife for triumph more than truth;
The hardening of the heart, that brings
  Irreverence for the dreams of youth;

All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds,
  That have their root in thoughts of ill;
Whatever hinders or impedes
  The action of the nobler will: —

All these must first be trampled down
  Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright fields of fair renown
  The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar;
  But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
  The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
  That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen, and better known,
  Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that uprear
  Their solid bastions to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways, that appear
  As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept
  Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
  Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore
  With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern — unseen before —
  A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past
  As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
  To something nobler we attain.

THE TWO ANGELS.

The last two stanzas.

ALL is of God! If he but wave his hand,
  The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
  Lo! he looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are his;
  Without his leave they pass no threshold o'er;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
  Against his messengers to shut the door?

CHILDREN.

COME to me, O ye children!
  For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
  Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the Eastern windows,
  That look towards the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows
  And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
  In your thoughts the brooklet's flow,
But in mine is the wind of Autumn
  And the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would the world be to us
  If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
  Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
  With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
  Have been hardened into wood, —

That to the world are children;
  Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
  Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!
  And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
  In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
  And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
  And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
  That ever were sung or said;
For ye are the living poems,
  And all the rest are dead.

A DAY OF SUNSHINE.

O GIFT of God! O perfect day!
  Whereon shall no man work, but play;
Whereon it is enough for me,
Not to be doing, but to be.

Through every fibre of my brain,
Through every nerve, through every vein,
I feel the electric thrill, the touch
Of life, that seems almost too much.

I hear the wind among the trees
Playing celestial symphonies;
I see the branches downward bent,
Like keys of some great instrument.

And over me unrolls on high
The splendid scenery of the sky;
Where, through a sapphire sea, the sun
Sails like a golden galleon,

Towards yonder cloud-land in the West,
Towards yonder Islands of the Blest,
Whose steep sierra far uplifts
Its craggy summits, white with drifts.

Blow, winds! and waft through all the rooms
The snow-flakes of the cherry-blooms!
Blow, winds! and bend within my reach
The fiery blossoms of the peach!

O Life and Love! O happy throng
Of thoughts, whose only speech is song!
O heart of man! canst thou not be
Blithe as the air is, and as free?

WEARINESS.

O LITTLE feet! that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and fears,
Must ache and bleed beneath your load:
I, nearer to the wayside inn
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary, thinking of your road!

O little hands! that, weak or strong,
Have still to serve or rule so long,
Have still so long to give or ask:
I, who so much with book and pen
Have toiled among my fellow-men,
Am weary, thinking of your task.

O little hearts! that throb and beat
With such impatient, feverish heat,
Such limitless and strong desires:
Mine, that so long has glowed and burned,
With passions into ashes turned
Now covers and conceals its fires.

O little souls! as pure and white
And crystalline as rays of light
Direct from heaven, their source divine:
Refracted through the mist of years,
How red my setting sun appears,
How lurid looks this soul of mine!

PALINGENESIS.

The last three stanzas.

INTO what land of harvests, what plantations
Bright with autumnal foliage and the glow
Of sunsets burning low;
Beneath what midnight skies, whose constellations
Light up the spacious avenues between
This world and the unseen;

Amid what friendly greetings and caresses,
What households, though not alien, yet not mine,
What bowers of rest divine;
To what temptations in lone wildernesses,
What famine of the heart, what pain and loss,
The bearing of what cross;

I do not know; nor will I vainly question
Those pages of the mystic book which hold
The story still untold,
But without rash conjecture or suggestion
Turn its last leaves in reverence and good heed,
Until "The End" I read.

SARAH ELIZABETH MILES.

(1807.)

MRS. SARAH E. MILES was born in Boston, Mass., March 28, 1807. Her parents were Nathaniel W. Appleton and Sarah (Tilden) Appleton, of that city. In 1833 she was married to Solomon P. Miles, who was at that time Principal of the Boston High School, but afterwards of a ladies' private school. He died in 1842. Mrs. Miles, until within a few years, continued to reside in or near Boston, but has latterly lived in Brattleboro', Vt., where she still has her home. The few of her hymns or poems which have been published were sent to the printer by her father, who did not fail to discover their rare merit; and they were mostly composed by the writer while she was yet at a very early age. The first three which we give are in some of the hymn-books: the last three are contributions to this volume, and have not appeared before. We present them all in their entire and authorized form, as they have been received from Mrs. Miles herself. Whether produced at an earlier or later period of life, they reveal a gift of song, a degree of culture, a depth of experience, and a spirit of Christian faith and love, which seem to us to assign her a place among our best hymn-writers.

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

This favorite hymn originally appeared in the "Christian Examiner" in 1827, and has since been adopted by many compilers, Orthodox and Liberal, in America and England.

THOU, who didst stoop below
To drain the cup of woe,
Wearing the form of frail mortality;
Thy blessed labors done,
Thy crown of victory won,
Hast passed from earth, passed to thy home on high.

Our eyes behold thee not,
Yet hast thou not forgot
Those who have placed their hope, their trust, in thee;
Before thy Father's face
Thou hast prepared a place,
That where thou art, there they may also be.

It was no path of flowers,
Which, through this world of ours,
Beloved of the Father, thou didst tread;
And shall we in dismay
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread?

O thou, who art our life,
Be with us through the strife;
Thy holy head by earth's fierce storms was bowed;
Raise thou our eyes above,
To see a Father's love
Beam like the bow of promise through the cloud.

And, O, if thoughts of gloom
Should hover o'er the tomb,
That light of love our guiding star shall be;
Our spirits shall not dread
The shadowy way to tread,
Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to thee.

HEAVEN.

From the "Christian Examiner," 1828. The compilers of the "Hymns of the Spirit" have divided this hymn into two. See Nos. 190 and 631.

THE earth, all light and loveliness
In summer's golden hours,
Smiles in her bridal vesture clad,
And crowned with festal flowers.
So radiantly beautiful,
So like to heaven above,
We scarce can deem more fair that world
Of perfect bliss and love.

Is this a shadow faint and dim
  Of that which is to come?
What shall the unveiled splendor be
  Of our celestial home,
Where waves the glorious tree of life,
  Where streams of bliss gush free,
And all is glowing in the light
  Of immortality!

When on devotion's seraph-wing,
  The spirit soars above,
And feels thy presence, Father, Friend,
  God of eternal love!
The joys of earth fade swift away
  Before that living ray,
Which gives to the rapt soul a glimpse
  Of pure and perfect day!

A gleam of heaven's own light, though now
  Its brightness scarce appears
Through the pale shadows that are spread
  Around our earthly years;
But thine unclouded smile, O God!
  Fills that all-glorious place,
Where we shall know as we are known,
  And see thee face to face.

IN AFFLICTION.

The 2d, 4th, and 5th stanzas form the 597th hymn in the "Hymns of the Spirit."

FATHER, direct my ways!
  Wisdom and strength art thou!
And in these evil days,
  As at thy throne I bow,
I feel that thou alone canst be
A refuge and defence for me.

Thou, infinite in love,
  Guide this bewildered mind,
Which, like the trembling dove,
  No resting-place can find
On the wild waters, — God of light,
Through the thick darkness lead me right.

Bid the fierce conflict cease,
  Terror and anguish fly;
Let there again be peace,
  As in the days gone by:
In Jesus' name I cry to thee,
Remembering Gethsemane.

Fain would earth's true and dear
  Save me in this dark hour;
And art not thou more near?
  Art thou not love and power?
Vain is the help of man, — but thou
Canst send deliverance even now.

Though through the future's shade
  Pale phantoms I descry,
Let me not shrink dismayed,
  But ever feel thee nigh;
There may be grief, and pain, and care,
But, O my Father! thou art there.

The following pieces, as before stated, are published here for the first time: —

THE HOUR OF DARKNESS.

HOW long, O Lord! how long
  Shall on my spirit rest
This weight of darkness and distress?
  How long unto my burning lips be pressed
This overflowing cup of bitterness?
O God! my God! only thine arm hath power
To bear me through the anguish of this hour.

How long, O Lord! how long!
  Many to rest have gone;
The lovely and beloved are with thee
  In peace and glory — while I faint alone
Beneath this burden of mortality.
Yet not alone, — art thou not near? I bend,
Praying for strength enduring to the end.

How long, O Lord! how long!
  I bow me to thy will,
Believing in tender love thou dost chastise —
  Say to my heart's wild throbbings, Peace! be still!
Father, to thee, to thee I lift mine eyes!
Is not thy smile to patient sufferance given,
Gilding earth's darkness with a gleam of heaven?

How long, O Lord! how long!
  A soft still voice I hear,
Speaking to my worn spirit words of life, —
  "O thou of little faith! how canst thou fear?
I, even I, am with thee through the strife.
Weeping and grief endure but for a night;
The morning breaketh in celestial light."

"THOU GOD SEEST ME."

FATHER, to thee alone
  Is thy child's spirit known,
To thee it lieth open as the light.
  Thine eye of mercy sees
  The heart's deep mysteries,
Which are so closely veiled from human sight.

  And I rejoice to feel,
  As I before thee kneel,
From thee there is no covering, no disguise.
  Though heavy clouds of sin
  Obscure the light within,
My God, I would not hide me from thine eyes.

Save in the evil hour!
Save from the tempter's power!
Thou to whom darkness shineth as the day,
Glorious in purity!
The heart, which rests on thee
In contrite trust, thou wilt not cast away.

Bless, purify, control
The fountains of the soul;
Bid thy good Spirit o'er the waters move.
Then shall this breast of mine
Be as a holy shrine,
Filled with thy Spirit, glowing with thy love.

O LORD, DELIVER!

O LORD, deliver! when the unclouded ray
Of earthly joy upon our path is glowing,
When gentle waters flow beside the way,
And flowers of Eden are around us blowing;
When siren-voices fill the air; when mirth
And gladness founts of pleasure are unsealing;
When silken cords are binding us to earth,
And soft delusion o'er our souls is stealing, —
Then, Father, save!

O Lord, deliver! when the tempest's wing
Sweeps wildly o'er the way our feet are treading,
When deep and deeper shades are gathering,
A horror of great darkness round us spreading;
When hope deferred is preying on the heart;
When friends, true friends, in death's embrace are sleeping;
When, cold and faithless, trusted ones depart,
And we alone our mournful watch are keeping, —
Then, Father, save!

O Lord, deliver! in that solemn hour
When mysteries of life and death are blending;
When the stern angel, with a hand of power,
The veil from the eternal world is rending;
And light is on the spirit, —piercing rays, —
Forgotten sins, secret offences, bringing
Before the soul, which, shrinking from the blaze,
For aid, for mercy, to thine arm is clinging, —
Then, Father, save!

STEPHEN GREENLEAF BULFINCH.

(1809–1870.)

Rev. Stephen G. Bulfinch, D.D., was born in Boston, June 18, 1809, and was the son of Charles Bulfinch, a prominent citizen and a well-known architect, who was the designer of the National Capitol at Washington, and removed thither with his family in 1818. The son graduated at Columbia College, in that city, in 1827, and at the Theological School at Cambridge in 1830. He soon entered upon the work of an evangelist at Augusta, Ga., and received ordination to the ministry from Rev. Samuel Gilman, of Charleston, S.C., Jan. 9, 1831. At subsequent periods of his life, he was settled over various Unitarian societies in other parts of the country, — at Pittsburgh, Pa., during the winter of 1837–1838; at Washington, D.C., in 1838; at Nashua, N.H., in 1845; at Dorchester (Harrison Square) in 1852; and at East Cambridge, Mass., in 1865. He died at the last-named place, suddenly, of disease of the heart, Oct. 12, 1870. Said the "Boston Transcript," in a fitting tribute to his worth, just after his decease: "Of a beautiful spirit, earnest convictions, sympathetic and devout nature, he won the respect and love of the people wherever he served, and was known by them all for his pure and blameless life, and his conscientious and Christian fidelity in all professional and personal relations."

He married, Oct. 4, 1836, Miss Maria Howard, of Savannah, Ga., who died during his ministry at Pittsburgh. His second marriage was in December, 1842, to Miss Caroline Phelps, of Hadley, Mass., now resident at Cambridge.

Dr. Bulfinch was a laborious student and a most diligent writer, and enriched the Christian literature of the religious body to which he belonged with a large number of excellent published discourses and maga-

zine articles, and with many volumes of his prose and poetry. The latter are, "Contemplations of the Saviour," a series of extracts from the Gospels, with reflections and original and selected hymns, 1832 (reprinted in England); "Poems," dedicated to Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Gilman, of Charleston, 1834; "The Holy Land and its Inhabitants," a number of the "Sunday School Library," 1834; "Lays of the Gospel," founded on his "Contemplations of the Saviour," and embracing most of the author's sacred hymns and poems, 1845; "Communion Thoughts," consisting of extracts from sermons and of some verses not before published, 1850; "Palestine and the Hebrew People," a Sunday school text-book, 1853; "The Harp and the Cross," a collection of religious poetry from different sources, prepared for the American Unitarian Association, 1857; "Honor, or the Slave-Dealer's Daughter," a novel, 1864; choice selections from Shakespeare, entitled "Shakespeare, adapted for Reading Classes and for the Family Circle," which he edited, in connection with his brother, Thomas Bulfinch, 1865; "Manual of the Evidences of Christianity," 1866; and "Studies in the Evidences of Christianity," 1869. He prepared also some Grecian stories, which were about to appear in the "Student and Schoolmate" at the time of his death. Dr. Bulfinch was a good Greek and Hebrew scholar, and, during the first term of the college year at Cambridge, in 1864–1865, he taught Hebrew in the Divinity School for Dr. Noyes, who was sick; and in the last hours of his own life he received a notice of his appointment as the teacher of Greek in the same institution. He received his degree of D.D. from Columbia College in 1864.

As a writer of hymns, Dr. Bulfinch has had few superiors in the communion to which he belonged. Most of his poetry is of a deeply religious character, and is marked by a natural simplicity and flow of thought, an unusual purity and beauty of diction, a high degree of spiritual fervor, and that element of devout feeling and tender love which dwelt so richly in the soul itself of this gentle and saintly bard, from earliest youth even to the last. Many of his hymns, originally published in his own volumes, are now to be found in numerous Compilations. Some of the best and most cherished of them, such as "Hail to the Sabbath day," "Lord, in whose might the Saviour trod," "O suffering Friend of human kind," "Hath not thy heart within thee burned," and others of like merit, appeared in his "Contemplations of the Saviour," as long ago as 1832, when their author was only twenty-three years of age. When his little volume of "Poems" was published in Charleston, in 1834, only five copies of it were sold in that city, and of these Dr. and Mrs. Gilman bought three. Since then, not a few of the hymns which it contained have been sung in numberless churches, of different sects, in our own country and across the seas. We take such as we present here mostly from the larger edition of his poetical writings, "Lays of the Gospel," in which some of his earlier verses appear variously altered or extended.

BIRTH OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.

"The dayspring from on high" — LUKE i. 78.

TOILING through the livelong night,
Faint, uncertain of his way,
How the traveller hails the light,
Herald of the coming day!

Thus, when fraud and rapine threw
O'er the world their cloud afar,
On the good man's raptured view
Broke the dawn of Judah's star.

Tears of joy and gratitude
Hailed the Baptist's natal morn,
For the heavenly light renewed,
For another prophet born.

Born to go before the face
Of Judea's Saviour-king;
Tidings of celestial grace
To the mourning land to bring.

Thus began the song of praise
For the dayspring's earliest ray;
How should we the anthem raise
For the gospel's perfect day!

BIRTH OF JESUS.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men." — LUKE ii. 14.

GLORY to God!
The Lord, the Righteous, hath looked
down from heaven,
And great salvation to his people given.
Glory to God!

Peace on the earth!
Now let the sons of men in harmony
Accept the blessing sent by God on high.
Peace on the earth!

Good-will to men!
For God, the merciful, his Son hath sent,
To bid the sinner's stubborn heart relent.
Good-will to men!

Messiah comes!
Now is the appointed time of prophecy.
Israel, rejoice! deliverance draweth nigh.
Messiah comes!

Hail, Prince of Peace!
Hail, Virgin Mother! on thy blameless breast
The Hope of nations takes his smiling rest.
Hail, Prince of Peace!

CONVERSATION WITH NICODEMUS.

"Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God" — JOHN iii. 3.

OUR life is but a span,
And full of fears and woes;
In tears our earthly course began,
In tears that course must close.

But, Lord! through thee we own
A new and heavenly birth,
Kindred to spirits round thy throne,
Though sojourners of earth.

How glorious is the hour
When first our souls awake
Through thy mysterious Spirit's power,
And of new life partake!

With richer beauty glows
  The world, before so fair;
Her holy light Religion throws,
  Reflected everywhere.

Amid repentant tears
  We feel sweet peace within;
We know the God of mercy hears,
  And pardons every sin.

The life that thou hast given,
  O Lord! shall never end;
The grave is but the path to heaven,
  And Death is now our friend.

Born of thy Spirit, Lord,
  Thy Spirit may we share;
Deep in our hearts inscribe thy word,
  And place thine image there.

Teach us to walk aright
  On earth, as serving thee;
Then take us to thy realms of light,
  Thine to eternity.

The following hymn appears, nearly as it is presented here, in two of Dr. Bulfinch's earlier volumes. In his "Lays of the Gospel," there are inserted three more stanzas which we omit, giving these five, of course, in their authorized form.

THE SABBATH DAY.

"I will have mercy, and not sacrifice" — MATTHEW xii. 7.

HAIL to the Sabbath day!
  The day divinely given,
When men to God their homage pay,
  And earth draws near to heaven.

Lord, in thy sacred hour
  Within thy courts we bend,
And bless thy love, and own thy power,
  Our Father and our Friend!

But thou art not alone
  In courts by mortals trod;
Nor only is the day thine own,
  When crowds adore their God.

Thy Temple is the arch
  Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
  Of grand eternity.

Lord, may a holier day
  Dawn on thy servants' sight;
And grant us in thy courts to pray,
  Of pure, unclouded light.

JESUS WALKS ON THE SEA.

"And in the fourth watch of the night, Jesus went unto them, walking on the sea."
MATTHEW xiv. 25.

LORD, in whose might the Saviour trod
  The dark and stormy wave;
And trusted in his Father's arm,
  Omnipotent to save!

When darkly round our footsteps rise
  The floods and storms of life,
Send thou thy Spirit down to still
  The elemental strife.

Strong in our trust, on thee reposed,
  The ocean path we'll dare,
Though waves around us rage and foam,
  Since thou art with us there.

THE TESTIMONY OF MIRACLES.

"The works which the Father hath given me to finish, the same works that I do, bear witness of me, that the Father hath sent me." — JOHN v. 36.

HOLY Son of God most high,
Clothed in heavenly majesty!
Many a miracle and sign,
In thy Father's name divine,
Manifested forth thy might
In the chosen people's sight.

But, O Saviour! not alone
Thus thy glory was made known.
Kindly human wants relieving,
Gently with the mourner grieving,
Far thy matchless power above,
Stands the witness of thy love.

Thou, who by the open grave,
Ere thy voice was raised to save,
Didst with those fond sisters shed
Tears above the faithful dead;
Even thy word of might appears
Less resistless than thy tears.

When upon the fatal tree
Thou didst writhe in agony,
Had that pain in triumph ended,
Hadst thou royally ascended,
Less sublime had been thy power,
Than thy patience shone that hour.

Lord! it is not ours to gaze
On thy works of ancient days;
But thy love, unchanged and bright,
More than all those works of might,
More than miracle and sign,
Makes us ever, ever thine.

THE BARREN FIG-TREE.

"Behold, these three years I come seeking fruit on this fig-tree, and find none; cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?" — LUKE xiii. 7.

YEAR passeth after year, O Lord our God!
Thy mercy spares us, and thy might sustains.
Sometimes we feel the chastening of thy rod,
Sometimes thy love with gentle voice complains.
By turns thy sun hath smiled, thy storms have frowned,
No worthy fruit is ours, vain cumberers of the ground.

Shouldst thou in anger speak, Lord! who could stand
Before thy justice in its dreadful hour?
Who could endure the thunders of thy hand,
What human might arrest thy sovereign power?
Spare us, O God, thy mercy we implore!
Grant to the barren tree space for one trial more.

One trial more! If then we bear no fruit,
O God of justice! who shall longer stay
Thine arm? Behold the axe is at the root.
O let Repentance prune our faults away.
Thy grace, O Lord! in plenteous showers descend,
And bid the rescued boughs with clustering honors bend.

THOUGHTS ON THE SAVIOUR.

We give this hymn as it originally appeared in "Contemplations of the Saviour." 1832. The last stanza is slightly altered in the "Poems," 1834. In the "Lays of the Gospel," the stanza referred to is omitted, five stanzas are added to the first three, and the hymn is entitled "Christ's Reproof to Peter."

O SUFFERING Friend of human kind!
How, as the fatal hour drew near,
Came thronging on thy holy mind
The images of grief and fear!

Gethsemane's sad midnight scene,
The faithless friends, the exulting foes,
The thorny crown, the insult keen,
The scourge, the cross, before thee rose.

Did not thy spirit shrink dismayed,
As the dark vision o'er it came ;
And, though in sinless strength arrayed,
Turn, shuddering, from the death of shame?

But onward still, through scorn and dread,
Didst thou thy Father's call obey,
Steadfast thy path of duty tread,
And rise, through death, to endless day.

"CHILDREN BROUGHT TO CHRIST."

"Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God." — MARK x. 14.

YES! there were some among thy hearers, Lord!
Who knew thine own blest spirit, and to thee
Brought their young children in their purity,
Deeming aright such visits would afford
Joy to a heart like thine. With gracious word
Didst thou receive them ; and that hallowed scene
Hath ever to the Christian parent been
A fount of deep delight. Thou dost accord
Thy blessing to our children. We would lead
To thee these young immortals. Oh, receive
To thy divine instructions, Saviour blest!
And in thy freedom make them free indeed ;
And if in childhood they are called to leave
Our arms of love, may they with thee find rest.

The larger part of the hymn from which the following lines are taken is here omitted : —

THE USE OF PRESENT OPPORTUNITIES.

"And the Lord commended the unjust steward, because he had done wisely; for the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light." — LUKE xvi. 8.

CHILDREN of light, awake!
At Jesus' call arise,
Forth with your leader to partake
His toils, his victories.

Ye must not idly stand,
His sacred voice who hear;
Arm for the strife the feeble hand,
The holy standard rear.

Naught doth the world afford,
But toil must be its price;
Wilt thou not, servant of the Lord,
Then toil for paradise?

Awake, ye sons of light!
Strive till the prize be won;
Far spent already is the night;
The day comes brightening on.

INSTITUTION OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

"This do in remembrance of me." — LUKE xxii. 19.

"TAKE, and eat," the Saviour said,
As he gave the hallowed bread.
"This be your perpetual token
Of my body, torn and broken.

"As I pour this ruby wine,
Must be poured this blood of mine.
By that purple, gushing tide
Shall the world be purified.

"Ye whom I so long have loved,
In my trials faithful proved;
Thus when I have left your sight,
Keep my memory ever bright."

Time passed on. The Saviour's death
Sealed the triumph of his faith;
And the chosen of the Lord
Treasured well his parting word.

To their souls that feast was dear;
His mild voice they seemed to hear;
As they shared the bread and wine,
Still they saw his form divine.

Many a century hath fled
Since they slumbered with the dead;
But as we thy word fulfil,
Jesus! we behold thee still.

Still in sacramental sign
As we pour the hallowed wine,
Our enraptured spirits gaze
On that scene of ancient days.

Lo! once more the board is crowned;
The disciples gather round;
See! their hearts are sunk in woe;
Hark! what words from Jesus flow!

Often may our hearts unite
In this blest communion-rite,
Pledge of Christian love and faith,
Emblem of the Saviour's death.

In the "Lays of the Gospel," the following hymn appears, with two additional stanzas after the fourth, and with the fifth slightly changed. We give it as it was originally published in the writer's earlier volumes, and as it has generally been printed in the Church Collections.

MEDITATION.

"And they said one to another, Did not our heart burn within us while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?" — LUKE xxiv. 32.

HATH not thy heart within thee burned
At evening's calm and holy hour,
As if its inmost depths discerned
The presence of a loftier power?

Hast thou not heard, 'mid forest-glades,
While ancient rivers murmured by,
A voice from forth the eternal shades,
That spake a present Deity?

And as, upon the sacred page,
  Thine eye in rapt attention turned
O'er records of a holier age,
  Hath not thy heart within thee burned?

It was the voice of God, that spake
  In silence to thy silent heart;
And bade each worthier thought awake,
  And every dream of earth depart.

Voice of our God, O, yet be near!
  In low, sweet accents whisper peace;
Direct us on our pathway here,
  Then bid in heaven our wanderings cease.

The following hymn is from the volume entitled "Communion Thoughts," second edition, 1852: —

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

WE gather to the sacred board,
  Perchance a scanty band;
But with us in sublime accord
  What mighty armies stand!

In creed and rite howe'er apart,
  One Saviour still we own,
And pour the worship of the heart
  Before our Father's throne.

A thousand spires o'er hill and vale
  Point to the same blue heaven;
A thousand voices tell the tale
  Of grace through Jesus given.

High choirs, in Europe's ancient fanes,
  Praise Him for man who died;
And o'er our boundless Western plains
  His name is glorified.

Around his tomb, on Salem's height,
  Greek and Armenian bend ;
And through all Lapland's months of night,
  The peasant's hymns ascend.

Are we not brethren ? Saviour dear !
  Then may we walk in love,
Joint subjects of thy kingdom here,
  Joint heirs of bliss above !

AKABAH.*

To the Memory of Rev. William P. Lunt, D.D.

WHERE the dark sea of Egypt throws
  Its last spray o'er Arabia's sands,
Where in tall groups the date-palm grows,
  A tower of other ages stands.

The warriors of the crescent there
  Watch, from the mountain to the plain,
The caravan's long line appear
  In stately march to Mecca's fane, —

Or, on that long untravelled sea,
  With fear and powerless envy mark
The cross, Britannia's blazonry,
  Float o'er the intruding western bark.

Wild scene of death was thine, O friend !
  The dark-browed sons of Ishmael nigh ;
No dear familiar face to bend
  In sorrow o'er thy closing eye.

* Akabah, where Dr. Lunt died, is at the extremity of the eastern gulf of the Red Sea, a military post on the route of the caravans from Egypt to Mecca. It is described by Burckhardt, and others, as consisting principally of a castle, built in the sixteenth century, and surrounded by date-palms. It is near the site of the ancient cities of Elath and Ezion-Geber, at the latter of which the ships of Jehoshaphat were destroyed. — 1 Kings xxii. 48.

Thy mind, in many a dreamy hour,
  Had roved in Israel's far-off land;
Thy Christian heart had craved the power,
  Where thy Redeemer stood, to stand.

It might not be. Where broken lay
  The ships, a Hebrew monarch's pride,
A nobler vessel far than they
  Was broken when our pilgrim died.

Thy deep, clear voice is heard no more;
  We see no more thy calm, dark eye.
Yon stately fane, where crowds adore,
  Echoes a mourning people's sigh.

And love that might have checked the flow
  Of grief, to view thy parting smile,
In widowed and in orphaned woe
  Shall weep, — yet heavenward look the while.

With theirs the tears of age shall blend,
  Submission to Heaven's high decree;
And many a sympathizing friend
  Shall mourn departed worth in thee.

Rest thou in peace! The hallowed hill
  Of Zion 'twas not thine to climb,
Nor feel thy poet-pulses thrill
  On Tabor's mountain height sublime.

But, for those types denied to thee,
  The heavenly Canaan is thine own;
And from the desert and the sea
  Thou risest to thy Saviour's throne!

DORCHESTER, June 1, 1857.

The following lines, written by Dr. Bulfinch a few brief months before his death, were addressed to Rev. Dr. William Newell, of Cambridge, and were occasioned by the death (July 8, 1870) of a beloved daughter of the latter, Mrs. Richard Stone, in whose funeral services the father participated.

LINES TO REV. DR. NEWELL.

"Religion of the cross! alone 'tis thine
In one bright wreath to twine
The double palms of meekness and of might."
SCHILLER.

WHY should such sorrow come, I asked, to thee,
O gentle friend? Need'st thou the chastening rod,
Who from bright youth, through pure maturity,
To lovely age, hast ever walked with God?
But not by thee is this affliction borne
For thine own sake; thou teachest us to bear:
For when I saw thee stand so calmly there,
With words of comfort unto all that mourn,
I saw what strength with meekness may combine,
And my own heart, by late bereavement * tried,
Drank in the sweet submissiveness of thine,
And felt new strength to bear, from thine supplied.
To our old friendship a new tie is given;
We, friends on earth, — our daughters, friends in heaven.

CAMBRIDGE, July 11, 1870.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

(1809.)

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, M.D., was born at Cambridge, Mass., August 29, 1809. His father was Rev. Abiel Holmes, D.D., a distinguished clergyman of that town, and the author of "Annals of America" and various other works. His mother was Sarah, daughter of Hon. Oliver Wendell, of Boston. The son received his early education at Phillips Academy, Exeter, N.H., and graduated at Harvard College in 1829, in the same class with Benjamin R. Curtis, Benjamin Peirce, George T. Bigelow, James Freeman Clarke, William Henry Channing, Chandler

* Dr. Bulfinch's youngest daughter, Annie, died Sept. 19, 1863, aged 23.

Robbins, and other now noted men. He began to study law, but abandoned that profession for the study of medicine. For the more successful prosecution of the latter, he went abroad in 1832, spending several years in attendance on the hospitals of Paris and other cities. He received the degree of M.D. in 1836, after his return; and in 1838 was elected Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in Dartmouth College. In 1847 he was made Professor in the same department in Harvard College, succeeding Dr. Warren. This place he still occupies, having long ago abandoned the general practice of his profession.

He began to attract attention as a poet even during his college life, when he contributed to the "Collegian," a periodical conducted by the undergraduates. Other pieces were published in "Illustrations of the Athenæum Gallery of Paintings," in 1831, and in the "Harbinger," a May gift, in 1833. His "Poetry, a Metrical Essay," was read before the Phi Beta Kappa Society in 1836; "Terpsichore," at a dinner of the same society in 1843; and "Urania, a Rhymed Lesson," was pronounced before the Mercantile Library Association, in Boston, in 1846. In 1850 he delivered his poem, "Astræa," before the Yale Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa. The first collected edition of his poems appeared from the press in 1836. Enlarged editions have since appeared from time to time, and have been republished in England.

In connection with his profession, he has published various works: in 1838, "Boylston Prize Dissertations;" in 1839, in conjunction with Dr. James Bigelow, an edition of Hall's "Theory and Practice of Medicine;" in 1842, "Lectures on Homœopathy, and its Kindred Delusions;" in 1848, a "Report of Medical Literature," in the "Transactions of the National Medical Society;" and also a pamphlet on "Puerperal Fever."

In 1857 he commenced a series of articles for the "Atlantic Monthly," entitled "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," which were afterward published in a volume. These were followed by others, also in the Atlantic, "The Professor at the Breakfast-Table," and these, also, by "The Poet at the Breakfast-Table," both of which have been republished like the first, and are too well known and much admired to need comment here. The last of these works appeared in a volume in 1872. His "Elsie Venner" appeared in 1861, and his "Guardian Angel" in 1867.

Dr. Holmes delivered, before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, Cambridge, June 29, 1870, an essay on "Mechanism in Thought and Morals," which was given to the press in 1871. He has frequently contributed to various medical and literary periodicals, and has also distinguished himself as a popular lecturer. "As a writer of songs and lyrics," says the sketch in Appleton's Cyclopædia, to which, as well as to the notice in Griswold's "Poets of America," we are indebted for much of this biographical account, "Dr. Holmes stands in the front rank." And Griswold says: "Dr. Holmes is a poet of art and humor and genial sentiment, with a style remarkable for its purity, terseness, and point, and for an exquisite finish and grace." His well-known hymns, it is enough to say, are worthy of the author of "The Chambered Nautilus."

A BIRTHDAY TRIBUTE

To James Freeman Clarke.

WHO is the shepherd sent to lead,
Through pastures green, the Master's sheep?
What guileless "Israelite indeed"
The folded flock may watch and keep?

He who with manliest spirit joins
The heart of gentlest human mould,
With burning light and girded loins,
To guide the flock, or watch the fold;

True to all truth the world denies,
Not tongue-tied for its gilded sin;
Not always right in all men's eyes,
But faithful to the light within;

Who asks no meed of earthly fame,
Who knows no earthly master's call,
Who hopes for man through guilt and shame,
Still answering, "God is over all;"

Who makes another's grief his own,
Whose smile lends joy a double cheer:
Where lives the saint, if such be known?
Speak softly, — such an one is here!

O faithful shepherd! thou hast borne
The heat and burden of the day;
Yet, o'er thee, bright with beams unshorn,
The sun still shows thine onward way.

To thee our fragrant love we bring,
In buds that April half displays, —
Sweet first-born angels of the spring,
Caught in their opening hymn of praise

What though our faltering accents fail,
Our captives know their message well,
Our words unbreathed their lips exhale,
And sigh more love than ours can tell.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main, —
The adventurous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim, dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed, —
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings: —

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast;
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

THE PROMISE.

NOT charity we ask,
Nor yet thy gift refuse;
Please thy light fancy with the easy task,
Only to look and choose.

The little-heeded toy
That wins thy treasured gold
May be the dearest memory, holiest joy,
Of coming years untold.

Heaven rains on every heart,
But there its showers divide,
The drops of mercy choosing as they part
The dark or glowing side.

One kindly deed may turn
The fountain of thy soul
To love's sweet day-star, that shall o'er thee burn
Long as its currents roll!

The pleasures thou hast planned, —
Where shall their memory be
When the white angel with the freezing hand
Shall sit and watch by thee?

Living, thou dost not live,
If mercy's spring run dry;
What Heaven has lent thee wilt thou freely give,
Dying, thou shalt not die!

He promised even so!
To thee His lips repeat, —
Behold, the tears that soothed thy sister's woe
Have washed thy Master's feet!

HYMN OF TRUST.

O LOVE Divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain while Thou art near!

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near!

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near!

On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, forever dear,
Content to suffer while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near!

A SUN-DAY HYMN.

LORD of all being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine!

Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame!

THE LAST LOOK.

BEHOLD — not him we knew!
This was the prison which his soul looked through,
Tender, and brave, and true.

His voice no more is heard;
And his dead name — that dear familiar word —
Lies on our lips unstirred.

He spake with poet's tongue;
Living, for him the minstrel's lyre was strung:
He shall not die unsung!

Grief tried his love, and pain;
And the long bondage of his martyr-chain
Vexed his sweet soul, — in vain!

It felt life's surges break;
As, girt with stormy seas, his island lake,
Smiling while tempests wake.

How can we sorrow more?
Grieve not for him whose heart had gone before
To that untrodden shore!

Lo, through its leafy screen,
A gleam of sunlight on a ring of green,
Untrodden, half unseen!

Here let his body rest,
Where the calm shadows that his soul loved best
May slide above his breast.

Smooth his uncurtained bed;
And if some natural tears are softly shed,
It is not for the dead.

Fold the green turf aright
For the long hours before the morning's light,
And say the last Good-night!

And plant a clear white stone
Close by those mounds which held his loved, his own, —
Lonely, but not alone.

Here let him sleeping lie,
Till Heaven's bright watchers slumber in the sky,
And Death himself shall die!

INTERNATIONAL ODE.

Our Fathers' Land.

Sung in unison by twelve hundred children of the public schools, at the visit of the Prince of Wales to Boston, Oct. 18, 1860. Air, "God save the Queen."

GOD bless our Fathers' Land!
Keep her in heart and hand
One with our own!

From all her foes defend,
Be her brave People's Friend,
On all her realms descend,
Protect her Throne!

Father, with loving care
Guard Thou her kingdom's Heir,
Guide all his ways:
Thine arm his shelter be,
From him by land and sea
Bid storm and danger flee,
Prolong his days.

Lord, let War's tempest cease,
Fold the whole Earth in peace
Under Thy wings!
Make all Thy nations one,
All hearts beneath the sun,
Till Thou shalt reign alone,
Great King of kings.

ARMY HYMN.

O LORD of Hosts! Almighty King!
Behold the sacrifice we bring!
To every arm Thy strength impart,
Thy spirit shed through every heart.

Wake in our breasts the living fires,
The holy faith that warmed our sires;
Thy hand hath made our Nation free:
To die for her is serving Thee.

Be Thou a pillared flame to show
The midnight snare, the silent foe;
And when the battle thunders loud,
Still guide us in its moving cloud.

God of all Nations! Sovereign Lord!
In Thy dread name we draw the sword;
We lift the starry flag on high
That fills with light our stormy sky.

From treason's rent, from murder's stain,
Guard Thou its folds till Peace shall reign, —
Till fort and field, till shore and sea,
Join our loud anthem, PRAISE TO THEE!

MARY WHITWELL HALE.

(1810–1862.)

MARY W. HALE was born in Boston, Mass., Jan. 29, 1810. In our inquiries concerning the story of this gifted songstress, we learned that her history was well known to Rev. Andrew Bigelow, D.D., of that city; and our application to him for some particulars in regard to her life led to quite an extended sketch of her by his son Timothy Bigelow, Esq., which we sincerely hope, from considerations of justice to her memory and from the deeply interesting manner in which the writer has treated his subject, may be soon given to one of our magazines. Having carefully prepared his account, from what was known to himself and his venerable father, and from what he was able to gather from her surviving brother, he kindly placed his manuscript into our hands to make use of such parts of it as we might see fit. We take from it the following facts, trusting that the whole narrative may ere long see the light.

Miss Hale's father was Eliphalet Hale, of Boston, an intelligent and high-minded merchant of that city. Her mother was Abigail, daughter of Colonel Jonathan Waters, himself an old Bostonian. At the time of her birth the parents resided in Hollis Street, and were parishioners of Dr. Kirkland, who baptized her, and whom she afterwards commemorated in verse. She attended the public schools, and was apt, quick, and faithful in her studies. In 1822 the family removed to Jamaica Plain, and in 1824 returned to Boston, where, at the Franklin Grammar School, she graduated in 1825. For the next three years she was connected, as a pupil, with a Young Ladies' Academy in Phillips Place, maintaining a very high rank during the entire course, and winning at the close a first prize for English composition, and most flattering encomiums from her instructor, Ebenezer Bailey. She then went to visit her friends in Keene, N.H., where she consented to fill a vacancy as a teacher in one of the

town schools. Her services gave much satisfaction, but continued for only a year in consequence of the sickness and death of her mother. Soon after this painful affliction, she assisted Mr. Bailey for a year in his work at the Phillips Place Academy, and was then herself taken sick and brought very near the grave. At this time she wrote a very solemn vow of consecration to the will and service of God, and was faithful to it through all her subsequent life. On her recovery, she returned to her labors at Phillips Place, then taught at Wellfleet on the Cape, and after spending a short time at Newton went to Taunton, where she assumed in December, 1833, the duties of Preceptress in the Bristol Academy. Here she had great success in her profession, and gained a host of friends among all circles and sects. Owing to certain unjust treatment which she received from the Principal of the institution, she surrendered her position and opened a private school in the same town. Leaving Taunton in 1842, she once more went to Keene, where she established and for many years taught another school, which under her care enjoyed a high and enviable reputation. Here her father died, Sept. 26, 1852; and here she herself passed to her rest, Nov. 17, 1862, her remains being borne to Mount Auburn for burial.

Miss Hale, in addition to her many arduous professional labors, devoted herself zealously to works of practical benevolence, and was an earnest and exemplary member of the Christian Church. She first entered into this last-mentioned relation under the guidance of her excellent and beloved pastor at Taunton, Rev. Andrew Bigelow, D.D., who, in all her toils, successes, and trials, was her ardent and unwavering friend. She was a teacher in his Sunday school, a constant and efficient helper in all the varied interests of his society, a frequent and ever-welcome visitor in his family, and an angel of love and light to the poor and the desolate around her. This philanthropic and pious zeal she carried with her to Keene, making her influence felt in Rev. W. O. White's Church in that place, as she had done in Dr. Bigelow's at Taunton; and then, when the war broke out, exciting the admiration of all by her heroic and exhausting labors as secretary of the Cheshire County Soldier's Aid Society, and by the inspiring hymns and odes which, as some of the last offerings of her life, she laid upon the altars of country and humanity.

While yet a young lady, she contributed to the "Boston Evening Gazette" a variety of prose sketches, which were oftentimes widely copied and heartily commended. But she was destined to excel even more in writing verses. Her hymns, entitled "Home" and "Music," written for a juvenile concert at the Unitarian Church, in Taunton, April, 1834, first brought her into notice as a poetess; and her effusions were from that time much sought after for many public occasions, and were gladly welcomed to the columns of the papers. Not a few of her best pieces appeared in the "Christian Register," under the initials Y. L. E. In 1840 a volume of her "Poems" was published in Boston

by William D. Ticknor. These productions of her genius are nearly all of a religious character, being penetrated and sanctified by that deep spirit of faith, trust, and love which so greatly distinguished her. Some of them seem to us of remarkable merit, while scarcely any of them are of inferior worth. They all together evidence a mind of uncommon natural endowments and of fine and thorough culture, as well as a heart consecrated to the highest ends of life and enriched by the best fruits of the Christian experience. The few of her sacred songs which have passed into our hymn-books were first introduced into the Cheshire Collection, one or more of whose compilers knew her and her fitness for a place in such a volume. From a copy of her "Poems," now long out of print, we select for our readers the following specimens.

HOME.

These lines are one of Miss Hale's earliest pieces. They were written for a juvenile concert at Taunton, as we have stated in the sketch.

HOME! Home! As we kneel at thy time-hallowed shrine,
Our hearts' purest incense for aye shall be thine;
For our early-breathed vows, and our childhood's young prayer,
And our hearts' dearest wishes are all centred there.

A light from that altar around us is shed,
To guide us in safety, wherever we tread;
Like the moon's gentle lustre, it beams on the eye,
Shining purest and brightest when danger is nigh.

Oh! never, till life's golden sunlight shall set,
Can we the loved home of our childhood forget,
But faithful remembrance to rapture shall swell,
As it rests on the spot where our cherished ones dwell.

And thus may the magic which breathes round our home
Still guide, as 'mid life's varied pathway we roam,
Till we reach the bright shore where the freed soul may rest,
The land of the faithful, the home of the blest.

UNIVERSAL ADORATION.

AS up to heaven our eyes we raise,
And on its shining wonders gaze,
Each kindling page of starry light
Bears record of thy boundless might.

We look upon thy footstool, Earth,
Radiant as at Creation's birth.
Our Maker's impress there we see;
Its ceaseless homage swells to thee.

The ocean's solemn, mighty roar
Calls man its Author to adore;
And while its grandeur meets the eye,
To seek thy gracious throne on high.

The voice of Spring, the Autumn's glow,
The Summer's sun, the Winter's snow,
Have each a pure and thrilling tone,
To call our thoughts to thee alone.

And though to man it be not given
To scan the "mysteries of Heaven,"
Still we thy favor may implore,
Our hearts may bless, our souls adore.

GOD NIGH TO THE PENITENT.

"The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart, and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit."

NIGH, in that hour of secret grief,
When anguish bows the head,
To whisper pardon and relief,
And healing oil to shed.

Nigh in the covenant of his love,
Traced on the sacred page,
Which points us to our home above, —
Our heavenly heritage.

A broken heart, — its low-breathed sighs,
  Its scarcely uttered prayer,
Shall to a Father's ear arise,
  And meet with mercy there.

And though full oft our wandering feet
  Guilt's thorn-strowed path have trod,
Jesus the contrite heart shall meet,
  And turn it to its God.

New glory from this throne of light
  Shall beam its cheering ray;
For oft the deepest shade of night
  Heralds the brightest day.

"LIFE HAS NO CHARM FOR ME."

HAS life no charm for thee?
  Are there no visions of the joyous past,
Like holy spells around thy pathway cast?
  Canst thou no blessings see
To cheer thee in thy loneliness of heart,
And to thy soul their gracious aid impart?

  Oh! art thou all unblest?
Come there no glorious hopes thy heart to cheer?
Is there no hand to wipe the starting tear?
  No thought of that calm rest,
Which the meek child of God alone may share,
Where comes no withering grief, no anxious care?

  Where is the soul's deep love,
Resting on God in pure, unchanging trust?
Where is that faith which, from the earth and dust,
  Can point the eye above,
To purer, nobler mansions in the sky,
Where its freed energies can never die?

Oh! let thy soul rejoice;
Life has a charm, though dark to thee it seem.
What though may blighted be thy heart's bright dream,
There is a gentle voice,
Bidding thy heart, amid this deep despair,
On God repose the burden of its care.

And Death shall bring no gloom:
It is the pathway which thy soul must tread,
As to thy Father's mansions thou art led.
Beyond the silent tomb,
When to that heaven thy spirit wings its flight,
Thy God shall be thine everlasting Light.

COMMUNION HYMN.

THE hallowed morn returns again,
Faith's gazing eye to greet.
Oh, let not sin our spirits stain,
As round the board we meet;
But may our hearts, from earth set free,
Aspire, Eternal One, to thee!

God! let us bow in fervent prayer
Around thy sacred throne;
And, as we cast on thee our care,
Worship thy name alone:
And let remembered love impart
A glow of heaven to every heart.

Here may we gather strength and might,
Life's trial way to tread;
And may thy Spirit's guiding light,
Faith's beaming ray, be shed:
So may the holier path be pressed,
Which leads to thee, and heaven's sweet rest.

ASPIRATION.

AUTHOR of all my blessings here,
Whose word can stay the bitter tear!
Source of my life, my Strength, my All!
On thy dread name my voice would call.

Endued with virtue's high desires,
The deathless soul to heaven aspires;
Above the scenes of earth it soars,
And there its glorious King adores.

Oh, let not sin my spirit stain;
Let me not read thy word in vain;
Let me from Error's touch be free,
And fix my steadfast heart on thee.

Earth, with thy glittering dust, away!
Not for thy dazzling gifts I pray;
But may the gem alone be given,
Whose brightness lights my path to heaven.

SUNDAY SCHOOL FESTIVAL, 1837.

FATHER! when gathered round thy throne,
Thy name to bless, thy love to win,
Deign with our contrite souls to meet,
Thus suppliant at thy mercy-seat.

Thanks for the gospel of our Lord;
What strength divine its words afford!
Peace when the angry storm-clouds lower,
And sweeter joy in hope's bright hour.

Bless, Father! bless this faithful band,
Who here around thine altar stand;
Make each young heart thy favored shrine,
And touch it with thy fire divine.

And he, thy watchman on this tower,
Gird him with grace, and strength, and power;
His heart sustain, his spirit cheer,
And bless him with thy presence here.

Guide those who wait, with patient love,
To point each infant eye above;
To them a priceless meed be given, —
Thy peace on earth, thy smile in heaven.

Press on, ye heralds of his word!
Follow in faith your risen Lord!
Press on, untiring, till your eye
Discern the land of promise nigh!

So when our feet its shores shall tread,
By God our Father gently led,
There may we all the chorus raise
Of fervent prayer and grateful praise.

EVENING HYMN.

FATHER! before I close mine eyes,
To thee my grateful thoughts would rise;
For all the mercies of the day
My heart would now its tribute pay.

Be thou my theme of daily praise,
Thou great and good in all thy ways;
And daily let me seek in prayer
Thy watchful love, thy guardian care.

In weakness here I bend to thee;
Wilt thou my strength in weakness be?
In error here my footsteps roam;
Oh, lead me to my heavenly home!

Thy peace as holy incense shed
O'er my defenceless, sleeping head;
And through the dangers of the night
Protect me safe till morning light.

In safety guide my wandering feet,
Till I thyself in glory meet:
Then take me to thy heavenly rest,
To be with thee for ever blest.

There shall no night of error be;
No sin divide thy smile from me:
But perfect, pure, unchanging day
Beam on the soul its glowing ray.

HYMN.

For the consecration of Mt. Pleasant Cemetery, Taunton, Sept. 4, 1835.

AROUND thy forest shrine,
Eternal God! we bend,
While to yon dome of thine
Faith's breathing tones ascend, —
To spread abroad, From Nature's fane,
The choral strain, To Nature's God.

The whispering wind around,
The glorious sky above,
The trees' sweet, murmuring sound, —
All, all proclaim thy love.
A thrilling voice, Breathed on the ear,
Checks every fear, Bids man rejoice.

Where Nature's hues of bloom
In summer beauty reign,
Shall sadness, doubt, and gloom
Breathe here their mournful strain?
Let songs of praise To God be given,
And high to heaven Joy's chorus raise.

To Faith, to Hope, to Love
This spot we consecrate,
While, raised to thee above,
Our hearts thy blessing wait.
To thee we pray, Our Father, God;
Through him who trod Death's silent way.

Our souls shall never fear
The path he blest to tread;
Calmly we'll enter here
The chambers of the dead.
Here shall we sleep, And fear no ill,
While angels still Their vigils keep.

To thee, Great King of kings!
When life's short dream is o'er,
On Hope's aspiring wings
Oh, may our spirits soar,
And swell on high That strain to Thee
Whose melody Shall never die.

THE PEACE OF GOD.*

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee."

ETERNAL Father, throned above!
Fountain of life and light and love!
To thee our suppliant voice we raise;
To thee we turn our earnest gaze.

Our hearts shall know no dark dismay,
Though clouds are gathering o'er our way;
And though the angry tempest roar,
Our souls thy wisdom shall adore.

Silent, submissive still to thee,
Grant us, Eternal One, to be;
And still that perfect peace impart,
Thy blessing to the trusting heart.

And when life's checkered scene is past,
Joy's summer smile, grief's wintry blast,
And we the eternal shore shall tread,
By thee, our Father, gently led, —

Still in the mansions of the blest
Our hearts' deep trust on thee shall rest;
And there the perfect peace of heaven,
That holy heritage, be given.

* Christian Register, Nov. 7, 1835.

"UPON WHOM DOTH NOT HIS LIGHT ARISE?"

IS there a secret, hidden place,
  How lone soever it may be,
In which Faith's vision may not trace
  The light of God's divinity?

Thou poor afflicted one, whose eye,
  Dim with the frequent-falling tear,
Can see no friendly beacon nigh,
  Thy spirit's struggling grief to cheer, —

Lift up thine eye! A splendor streams
  All glorious from God's throne of light;
Full on the bursting eye it beams,
  And turns to day grief's darkest night.

Thou weary one! who fain wouldst lay
  The burdens of thy labor down,
To share the only cloudless day,
  And win the only fadeless crown, —

Not to the dreams of dark despair
  Be all thy weary moments given;
Breathe forth thy soul in grateful prayer,
  And patient wait the light from heaven.

Darkness and clouds are o'er the way,
  That leads us to our heavenly rest;
But faith can view the beaming ray,
  That gilds the regions of the blest.

Turn to that rest thy tearful eye,
  And God's own hand thy steps shall guide,
Till thou shalt see his mansions nigh,
  And stand his glorious throne beside.

INVOCATION.

FATHER, enthroned above!
Thou Source of life and love!
On thine Eternal Name my voice would call.
Hear me as thus I pray,
And let a heavenly ray,
Gently as night-dews, on my spirit fall.

While suppliant thus I kneel,
Let me thy presence feel,
In the bright noontide as the evening shade;
When, in the hour of prayer,
I bring to thee my care,
May my heart's confidence on thee be stayed.

Spare thou the loved and dear,
Life's trial way to cheer;
Long may their faithful, changeless love be given;
And, 'mid my lonely grief,
Grant me the sweet relief,
The trust to meet those cherished ones in heaven.

And to my fainting heart
Wilt thou thine aid impart?
In weakness, Mighty One! I bend to thee.
When the fierce storm is nigh,
And raised to thee my eye,
Wilt thou my strength in earthly weakness be?

When the dark hour has passed,
Of earthly woe the last,
And the soul quits its prison house of clay, —
Thou! to whom Death must bow,
Great King of kings! wilt thou
Receive my spirit to eternal day?

THE TRUE SOURCE OF STRENGTH.

> "Strength is born
> In the deep stillness of long-suffering hearts,
> Not amid joy." MRS. HEMANS.

NOT amid pleasure's giddy throng,
Where sweetly breathes the siren song,
Gathers the spirit strength to bear
Its deepest, heaviest weight of care.

Not when the flashing eye beams bright
With hope's sweet ray and memory's light;
Not where the wreath of rose-hued flowers
We weave to deck life's sunniest hours.

The siren strain, the gilded hall,
Where light as air gay footsteps fall, —
Not these that blessed gift bestow,
Strength to sustain life's deepest wce.

But they above whose grief-bowed head
No herald light of day is shed, —
Whose hearts no ark of rest discern,
Whither the fluttering dove may turn, —

They who from childhood's earliest day
Have seen each brilliant hope decay, —
These, these alone the fountains know,
Whence streams of blessed healing flow.

Yes! fortune's frown, the altered gaze
Of those who shared our brightest days,
The weary day, the anxious night
Scarce gloomier e'en than morning light, —

Like gentlest messengers they come
To guide us to our unseen home,
Strength from their mingling might is given
To tread life's pilgrim path to heaven.

Thanks for the sunlight of our lot;
Be not its Gracious Fount forgot:
Yet shall our holiest praise arise,
When He withdraws it from our eyes.

"ALL THY WORKS SHALL PRAISE THEE, AND THY SAINTS SHALL BLESS THEE."

ONE universal strain of praise
Creation to its God shall raise;
Its matin song, its vesper tone,
Swell ceaseless to its Maker's throne.

Morn wakes for him its radiant beam,
Him starry midnight makes its theme,
Their anthem strains his children bring,
While prayer lifts up its sacred wing.

Yet notes more holy shall ascend,
With angel harmony to blend:
Praise in his earthly courts is given;
Praise tunes the harps of saints in heaven.

Eternal Father! King divine!
Grant we may meet around thy shrine,
And wake to thee that strain on high,
Whose melody shall never die.

LINES WRITTEN AFTER AN ORDINATION.

IF ever angel's wing
Droop from its home of purity and bliss,
Pardon, salvation, blessedness to bring,
It is in hours like this.

The holy rite is done;
The solemn, consecrating prayer is said.
Servant of God, and herald of his Son!
Peace be upon thy head.

Fast to thy spirit gird
The shield of faith to guard in danger's hour.
Thy helmet be Salvation, and His word
Thy sword of conquering power.

Even as a daily dress,
Truth's radiant robe of grace and glory wear.
The shining breastplate of his righteousness
Like Christ's true soldier bear.

Watchman on Zion's hill!
Set the glad word of mercy to proclaim,
Make known to men thy Father's gracious will,
And magnify his name.

So when the Master's voice
Shall summon thee in glory to appear,
As peasant's heart at eventide, rejoice
The low-breathed call to hear.

And as his weary feet
Turn fondly to his home at close of day,
So may thy heart with holy rapture beat,
To tread death's heavenward way.

God keep thy soul in love,
Strong through the conquering energy of prayer,
Till gathered to his ministry above,
Thy Saviour greets thee there.

THE EARLY DEAD.

FLOWERS for the early dead!
The rose, the lily, and the violet bring,
Around their quiet resting-place to shed, —
A precious offering.

Joy for the early dead!
Joy for the meed of perfect rapture given!
Earth's phantom flash before that beam has fled,
Full-orbed and bright, of heaven.

Smiles for the early dead!
We grieve not when, his day of labor o'er,
The weary peasant bows his fainting head
At his low cottage door.

Tears for the early dead!
The bright and beautiful from earth set free:
Yes! drop upon their flower-encircled bed
Tears of sweet ecstasy.

Prayers for the early dead!
Of fervent thanksgiving and holy trust,
Through him, the Conqueror over death, be said,
Above their sleeping dust.

Songs for the early dead!
Wherewith to cheer the heart of sorrowing love,
They sweep their golden harps with those who tread
Celestial courts above.

Thus crown the early dead,
Whose grave is even as a hallowed shrine.
With all pure things and bright their names are wed,
In union most divine.

THE RETURNING WANDERER.

WELCOME! thou blessed spot!
Too long my feet the stranger's soil have pressed.
Long viewless, but, oh! never yet forgot,
I seek thy blissful rest.

Welcome! my childhood's home!
How doth my soul with voiceless rapture burn!
Once more thy well-remembered haunts to roam,
My wandering footsteps turn.

Before the shrine I bow,
Holy and hallowed by the air of heaven,
Where, by the covenant of baptismal vow,
My soul to God was given.

My spirit leaps to greet
Its altar-fires, its music rich and rare,
And listen to the breathings low and sweet,
Borne on the wings of prayer.

And thou, upon whose breast
Peaceful I slept in helpless infancy,
Whose voice in dreams I hear, mother most blest !
Weary I turn to thee.

When on the billowy deep,
Through cloud and storm my watery path I trod,
Thine eye around my way its watch did keep,
Thou ever-blessed God !

When Death's dread power was nigh,
Thy guardian love my life unharmed hath kept,
While fond affection, o'er the dying eye,
In speechless sorrow wept.

Therefore to thee I raise,
To thee, whence mercy and deliverance came,
With filial gratitude, a song of praise,
And bless thy hallowed name.

Guide me in safety through
Earth's wanderings, till death's narrow way be pressed ;
And the sweet founts and pastures green I view
Of my eternal rest.

THE SON OF GOD.

NOT within palace-halls
The holy Infant lay ;
And yet upon those lowlier walls
Beamed a celestial ray ;

For there God's well-beloved Child
Reposed, — the holy, undefiled !

Not on a downy bed
  Did the Redeemer lie ;
He had not where to lay his head
  Beneath that Eastern sky ;
And yet earth's desert wastes he trod,
One with his Father and his God ; —

One in that holy love
  Which his whole nature filled :
His was the meekness of the dove ;
  Yet from his lips distilled
Wisdom which earth can never reach,
Wisdom which Heaven alone can teach.

Sin had no power to dim
  The radiance of his brow ;
Earth with its glories tempted him,
  His soul they could not bow ;
But the unsounded depths of truth
Fed the glad fountains of his youth.

Within his soul he bore
  God's undisputed sign ;
His seal upon his brow he wore,
  Mysterious, yet divine.
Angels of spotless purity
Left their bright homes his guard to be.

The blind received their sight
  At his commanding word ;
Guided by truth's celestial light,
  The soul's far depths he stirred.
The earth gave back its icy dead ;
Disease his mandate heard, and fled.

Saviour! be thou my guide,
  My refuge and my rest!
Cast down the pillars of my pride,
  And in my humble breast
Erect the temple of thy grace;
And on its shrine thy signet trace.

THE VOICE OF THE FLOWERS.

A SWEET and blessed strain they swell,
  The glorious-tinted flowers,
On sunny slope, in shaded dell,
  To cheer our weary hours.

Their fragrant odors rise to heaven
  In homage and in prayer:
Silent the dewy incense given,
  Yet God is hallowed there.

Bring them to strew around your dead,
  To shine above their tomb:
Bright presage from their hues is shed
  Of heaven's immortal bloom.

They woo us with their balmy breath
  To summer bowers on high;
They point us from decay and death
  To flowers which never die.

Praise to thee, Brightener of our hours!
  For this sweet ministry,
Which, by the breath of thy fair flowers,
  Is leading us to thee.

We give also, from Miss Hale's volume of "Poems," two other hymns from which stanzas have been taken for the Collections.

SABBATH HYMN.

THIS day let grateful praise ascend
To thee, our Father and our Friend;
Thee, Author of this holy light,
Thee, throned in boundless power and might.

To thee its morning light be given,
The noontide blaze, the dew of even;
And may its silent night-watch be
Devoted, Mighty One, to thee!

Let no vain words of homage rise,
An empty, heartless sacrifice;
Or clouds of breathing incense swell,
The pomp of human pride to tell.

The silent prayer, the contrite sigh,
The chastened heart, the filial eye,
Shall rise, a holier gift to thee,
And at thy throne accepted be.

Oh, let the sacred hours be given
To truth, to duty, and to heaven;
While trusting faith and holy love
Rise fervent to thy throne above.

Grant that our earthly Sabbaths be
But dawnings of eternity,
To shadow forth that glorious rest,
The heavenly quiet of the blest.

A MOTHER'S COUNSEL.

"Whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off the relish of spiritual things; in short, whatever increases the strength and authority of your body over your mind, that thing is sin to you, however innocent it may be in itself." — THE MOTHER OF JOHN WESLEY.

WHATEVER dims thy sense of truth,
Or stains thy purity,
Though light as breath of summer air,
Count it as sin to thee.

Let not the world thy God dethrone,
Or from his smile divide;
And count, compared with heavenly wealth,
As dross all things beside.

Dim not the crystal of thy soul
By sin's destroying breath:
There lurks beneath its siren smile
Dark treachery and death.

Preserve the tablets of thy thoughts
From every blemish free,
While the Redeemer's lowly faith
Its temple makes with thee.

And pray of God that grace be given
To tread time's narrow way;
How dark soever it may be,
It leads to cloudless day.

CHRISTMAS.

The following two hymns are not in the "Poems," but are taken from the Cheshire Collection.

WHEN in silence, o'er the deep,
Darkness kept its deathlike sleep;
Soon as God his mandate spoke,
Light in wondrous beauty broke.

But a beam of holier light
Gilded Bethlehem's lonely night,
When the glory of the Lord,
Mercy's sunlight, shone abroad.

"Peace on earth, good-will to men,"
Burst the glorious anthem then;
Angels, bending from above,
Joined that strain of holy love.

Floating o'er the waves of time,
Comes to us that song sublime,
Bearing to the pilgrim's ear
Words to soothe, sustain, and cheer.

For Creation's blessed light,
Praise to thee, thou God of Might!
Seraph strains thy name should bless
For the Sun of Righteousness!

TEMPERANCE ANNIVERSARY.

PRAISE for the glorious light
Which crowns this joyous day;
Whose beams dispel the shades of night,
And wake our grateful lay!

Praise for the mighty band,
Redeemed from error's chain,
Whose echoing voices, through our land,
Join our triumphant strain!

Ours is no conquest gained
Upon the tented field;
Nor hath the flowing life-blood stained
The victor's helm and shield.

But the strong might of love,
  And truth's all-pleading voice,
As angels bending from above,
  Have made our hearts rejoice.

Lord! upward to thy throne
  The imploring voice we raise;
The might, the strength, are thine alone!
  Thine be our loftiest praise.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

(1810.)

Rev. James Freeman Clarke, D.D., was born in Hanover, N.H., April 4, 1810, and was named for Rev. James Freeman, D.D., who, as we have related in the first sketch in this volume, married Mrs. Samuel Clarke, a grand-parent of the subject of this notice. The grandson graduated at Harvard College in 1829, and at the Cambridge Divinity School in 1833. He was pastor of the Unitarian Society in Louisville, Ky., from 1833 to 1840, and was the minister of the Church of the Disciples in Boston, from 1841 to 1850. After an interval of three years, he resumed the charge of the latter, and has ever since continued in that relation. He was Secretary of the American Unitarian Association from 1859 to 1862, and meanwhile edited its organ, "The Monthly Journal." The degree of D.D. was conferred upon him by Harvard College in 1863, and from 1867 to 1871 he was a Professor of Natural Theology and Christian Doctrine in the Theological School, at Cambridge. He also served for three terms on the Board of Overseers of the University, and was for five or six years a member of the State Board of Education.

Dr. Clarke is the author of a large number of important works, not a few of which have passed through several editions, and have exerted a wide and powerful influence in moulding the theological views and opinions of the day. His literary career began as long ago as 1836, when he took charge of the "Western Messenger," at Louisville, and continued to edit it for three years. He translated De Wette's "Theodore," in two volumes, for Ripley's "Specimens of Foreign Literature," 1840. He published his "Campaign of 1812," in the "Life and Military Services of General William Hull," in 1848; "Eleven Weeks in Europe," in 1851; "Christian Doctrine of Forgiveness," 1852; in con-

nection with Ralph Waldo Emerson and William Henry Channing, the "Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli," 1852; "Christian Doctrine of Prayer," 1854 (enlarged edition, 1856); "The Hour which Cometh," a volume of sermons, 1864; "Orthodoxy: its Truths and Errors," 1866; "Steps of Belief," 1870; "Ten Great Religions," 1871; and "Common Sense in Religion," 1873.

He has also contributed largely for the last thirty or forty years to all the denominational, and to many of the literary and secular magazines or journals. Among his contributions to the "Christian Examiner," may be mentioned his articles on "Fourierism," "The Doctrine of the Atonement," "Joan of Arc," "Orestes A. Brownson," "Furness's Life of Jesus," "Polemics and Irenics," and reviews of Nehemiah Adams, President Lord, and Bishop Hopkins, on Slavery, and of Henry James, Buckle, Carlyle, Bushnell, Rousseau, &c. Of other publications are his address on the Ter-Centennial of Shakespeare, 1864, and a very large number of discourses or sermons, printed in the papers or in pamphlet form, upon subjects relating to Religion, Reform movements, Politics, and the War. Through all his active life Dr. Clarke has been a prominent advocate of freedom and friend of humanity, and has been distinguished for his broad and genial sympathies with sects and parties of the most varied or antagonistic views, while yet holding firmly to his own clear and well-defined opinions. This strength of conviction and catholicity of spirit, taken in connection with his large resources of thought and illustration, his keenness and cogency of argument, his ample range of knowledge and inquiry, and his simplicity and force of expression, have gained him a commanding influence among men.

Dr. Clarke's hymn-books have often been remarked upon for their superior excellence. His original compilation, entitled "Service Book," was published in 1844, and was the first introduction to Americans of "Nearer, my God, to thee," and other favorite hymns of Sarah Flower Adams. Mrs. Adams was a worshipper at the Unitarian Chapel of Rev. W. J. Fox, in London, and contributed these hymns to a Collection that was made for the use of her own minister's congregation. A copy of this Collection was given to Dr. Clarke by his friend Mr. Bakewell, in Pittsburgh, Pa., and from it "Nearer, my God, to thee," found its way at once into the "Service Book," as stated above. Thence it was taken for the "Plymouth Collection," and soon afterwards was adopted by other compilers, and at length was known throughout the country. Perhaps no hymn of modern date has had a more wonderful history. Equally acceptable to all sects and denominations, it has already been translated into numerous languages, and is sung to the tune of "Bethany," not alone in the churches of America and England, but in the countries of Europe, and even in the distant missionary establishments of the East. In the recent Temperance Crusade in our own land, it was especially this hymn that burst from the hearts and lips of the multitudes, and voiced their deepest sentiments and highest aspirations.

A revised and enlarged edition of Dr. Clarke's "Service Book" was published in 1852, under the title of "Disciples' Hymn-Book," a marked feature of which was the presence of not less than twenty-eight of the hymns of another gifted English writer of sacred songs, Thomas Hornblower Gill, eight of them having been previously introduced into Hedge and Huntington's Collection. In Dr. Clarke's books are some very fine, noble hymns of his own, which we here copy, together with several others by him from Griswold's "Poets of America." The first three are taken from Griswold, and those which follow from the edition of Dr. Clarke's Hymn-Book, published in 1852.

HYMN AND PRAYER.

INFINITE Spirit! who art round us ever,
  In whom we float, as motes in summer sky,
May neither life nor death the sweet bond sever,
  Which joins us to our unseen Friend on high.

Unseen, — yet not unfelt, — if any thought
  Has raised our mind from earth, or pure desire,
A generous act, or noble purpose brought,
  It is thy breath, O Lord, which fans the fire.

To me the meanest of thy creatures, kneeling,
  Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin, and shame,
Give such a force of holy thought and feeling,
  That I may live to glorify thy name;

That I may conquer base desire and passion,
  That I may rise o'er selfish thought and will,
O'ercome the world's allurement, threat, and fashion,
  Walk humbly, softly, leaning on thee still.

I am unworthy. Yet, for their dear sake
  I ask, whose roots planted in me are found;
For precious vines are propped by rudest stake,
  And heavenly roses fed in darkest ground.

Beneath my leaves, though early fallen and faded,
  Young plants are warmed, — they drink my branches' dew:
Let them not, Lord, by me be Upas-shaded;
  Make me, for their sake, firm, and pure, and true.

For their sake, too, the faithful, wise, and bold,
  Whose generous love has been my pride and stay,
Those who have found in me some trace of gold,
  For their sake purify my lead and clay.

And let not all the pains and toil be wasted,
  Spent on my youth by saints now gone to rest;
Nor that deep sorrow my Redeemer tasted,
  When on his soul the guilt of man was pressed.

Tender and sensitive, he braved the storm,
  That we might fly a well-deserved fate,
Poured out his soul in supplication warm,
  With eyes of love looked into eyes of hate.

Let all this goodness by my mind be seen,
  Let all this mercy on my heart be sealed!
Lord, if thou wilt, thy power can make me clean:
  O, speak the word, — thy servant shall be healed.

JACOB'S WELL.

Suggested by a sketch of Jacob's well, and Mt. Gerizim.

HERE, after Jacob parted from his brother,
  His daughters lingered round this well, new made;
Here, seventeen centuries after, came another,
  And talked with Jesus, wondering and afraid.
Here, other centuries past, the emperor's mother
  Sheltered its waters with a temple's shade.
Here, 'mid the fallen fragments, as of old,
The girl her pitcher dips within its waters cold.

And Jacob's race grew strong for many an hour,
  Then torn beneath the Roman eagle lay;
The Roman's vast and earth-controlling power
  Has crumbled, like these shafts and stones, away;
But still the waters, fed by dew and shower,
  Come up, as ever, to the light of day,
And still the maid bends downward with her urn,
Well pleased to see its glass her lovely face return.

And those few words of truth, first uttered here,
  Have sunk into the human soul and heart;
A spiritual faith dawns bright and clear,
  Dark creeds and ancient mysteries depart;
The hour for God's true worshippers draws near;
  Then mourn not o'er the wrecks of earthly art:
Kingdoms may fall, and human works decay,
Nature moves on unchanged, *Truths* never pass away.

THE VIOLET.

Written for a little girl to speak on May-Day, in the character of the Violet.

WHEN April's warmth unlocks the clod,
  Softened by gentle showers,
The violet pierces through the sod,
  And blossoms, first of flowers;
So may I give my heart to God
  In childhood's early hours.

Some plants, in gardens only found,
  Are raised with pains and care:
God scatters *violets* all around,
  They blossom everywhere;
Thus may my love to *all* abound,
  And all my fragrance share.

Some scentless flowers stand straight and high,
  With pride and haughtiness:
But violets perfume land and sky,
  Although they promise less.
Let me, with all humility,
  Do more than I profess.

Sweet flower, be thou a type to me
  Of blameless joy and mirth,
Of widely scattered sympathy,
  Embracing all God's earth, —
Of early-blooming piety,
  And unpretending worth.

THE PRODIGAL.

BROTHER, hast thou wandered far
From thy Father's happy home,
With thyself and God at war?
Turn thee, brother, homeward come!

Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave?
Squandered life's most golden hours?
Turn thee, brother, God can save!

Is a mighty famine now
In thy heart and in thy soul?
Discontent upon thy brow?
Turn thee, God will make thee whole!

Fall before him on the ground,
Pour thy sorrow in his ear;
Seek him, for he may be found;
Call upon him; He is near.

BAPTISM OF A CHILD.

TO thee, O God in heaven,
This little one we bring,
Giving to thee what thou hast given,
Our dearest offering.

Into a world of toil
These little feet will roam,
Where sin its purity may soil,
Where care and grief may come.

O, then, let thy pure love,
With influence serene,
Come down, like water, from above,
To comfort and make clean.

BAPTISM OF CHILDREN.

TO him who children blessed,
And suffered them to come,
To him who took them to his breast,
We bring these children home.

To thee, O God, whose face
Their spirits still behold,
We bring them, praying that thy grace
May keep, thine arms enfold.

And as this water falls
On each unconscious brow,
Thy holy Spirit grant, O Lord!
To keep them pure as now.

FEAST OF THE REFORMATION.

This hymn, as it was sung at the Collation given by the Unitarians of New York and Brooklyn to the members of the Convention assembled in the former city, Oct. 22, 1845, had two additional stanzas, not printed here.

FOR all thy gifts we praise thee, Lord,
With lifted song and bended knee;
But now our thanks are chiefly poured
For those who taught us to be free.

For when the soul lay bound below
A heavy yoke of forms and creeds,
And none thy word of truth could know,
O'ergrown with tares and choked with weeds,

Thy strength, O Lord, in that dark night,
By mouths of babes thou didst ordain;
And thy free truth went forth with might,
Not empty to return again.

The monarch's sword, the prelate's pride,
The Church's curse, the empire's ban,
By one poor monk were all defied,
Who never feared the face of man.

Half-battles were the words he said,
  Each born of prayer, baptized in tears ;
And, routed by them, backward fled
  The errors of a thousand years.

With lifted song and bended knee,
  For all thy gifts we praise thee, Lord ;
But chief for those who made us free,
  The champions of thy holy word.

ORDAINING A WESTERN MISSIONARY.

WHERE, for a thousand miles,
  The sweet Ohio smiles
  On bed of sand ;
Where prairies blossom broad,
Fair gardens sown by God,
And lakes their ocean-flood
  Pour from his hand ;

Where sleep, in rest profound,
Beneath each ancient mound,
  A buried race ;
There, brother, go and teach ;
From heart to heart shall reach
Thy free and earnest speech
  Of heavenly grace.

Where the tall forest waves
Above those mouldering graves,
  God's truth declare ;
While his "first temples" spread
Their arches o'er thy head,
Lift o'er the slumbering dead
  The voice of prayer.

While rolls the living tide
Down Alleghany's side
  Its ceaseless flood ;

Upon the mountains, there,
How beautiful appear
The feet of those who bear
  Tidings of good.

O Thou, whose suns and rains
Upon those mighty plains
  Fall evermore!
Send down the dews of peace,
The Sun of Righteousness,
And let thy light increase
  From shore to shore!

CANA.

DEAR Friend! whose presence in the house,
  Whose gracious word benign,
Could once, at Cana's wedding-feast,
  Change water into wine, —

Come visit us, and when dull work
  Grows weary, line on line,
Revive our souls, and make us see
  Life's water glow as wine.

Gay mirth shall deepen into joy,
  Earth's hopes shall grow divine,
When Jesus visits us, to turn
  Life's water into wine.

The social talk, the evening fire,
  The homely household shrine,
Shall glow with angel-visits when
  The Lord pours out the wine.

For when self-seeking turns to love,
  Which knows not mine and thine,
The miracle again is wrought,
  And water changed to wine.

IN SPIRIT AND TRUTH.

GIVE me, my God, to feel thee in my joy,
So shall my joy to love ennobled be;
Give me to feel thee in this slight annoy,
Which turns to hope through that fine alchemy.

Give me, within the work which calls to-day,
To see thy finger gently beckoning on;
So struggle grows to freedom, work to play,
And toils begun from thee to thee are done.

The timely flower from earth's low tree may fall, —
The human wish may in the heart expire;
But from the blossom God the fruit shall call,
And heavenly love infer from earth's desire.

I lay each humblest hope within my prayer;
To thee no high seraphic aims I bring;
My daily bread, rest, strength for common care, —
Yet all is truth within my offering.

But God demands both spirit, truth, and faith,
To fit earth's tones for his immortal clime,
And Christ, in his o'ercoming life and death,
Hath given the fulness of his faith sublime.

So what remains to sanctify my prayer,
If I bring truth, and Christ his faith impart?
Thou Spirit, born of whom all spirits are,
With thine essential nature feed my heart.

Then, God, whose fire forms rubies out of clay,
And bids dull charcoal into diamonds burn, —
Add thou the grace, while in the truth I pray,
And this poor earth-sob into music turn.

NEW HEAVENS AND NEW EARTH.

NEW heavens! new earth! where are ye? Evermore
Cold skies, hard land, oppress the weary heart;
O seer, who gazed from Patmos' island-shore
Into the future, when shall these depart?

Earth, in her circular path among the stars,
Bears the same burden still of sin and woe;
And through an orbit of recurring wars
The disunited church must falter slow.

O, for new heavens! new light our minds to lead,
New strength from God to nerve the palsied arm,
New life from Christ to animate our dead,
New love our souls to enlarge, our hearts to warm.

Must we for ever tread this barren way?
Repeat the fruitless round of old routine,
Where no new dawn proclaims the advancing day,
No tender spring clothes earth anew with green?

Believe we rather in the coming sweet
Of Christ on earth, the living Christ, to reign, —
When saints, by creeds divided now, shall meet,
And his one church, all churches shall contain.

The lofty portals of these heavens expand,
The everlasting doors are lifted high;
And troops of angels at the gateway stand,
To welcome in redeemed humanity.

How long, dear Mother! holy Church, how long!
From Austrian prison, Alabama's shore,
The oppressed, with fainting hearts, their cries prolong:
Come, city of our God, nor leave us more!

CLOSING ASPIRATION.

O THOU, by God ordained to lead the race
In mighty march and grand procession on;
King, Prophet, Saviour, — show thy human face,
And let us know thee as ourselves are known.

Come, Prophet, teach the world. Thy solid truth
  Alone this doubt can cure, can light this gloom,
Make real that unseen world's undying youth,
  Which turns to dreams the terrors of the tomb.

Come, King, and reign o'er those who yearn to prove
  Life's task full-matched with their strong souls' desire;
Who long for work deserving human love, —
  Not to live idly, not unwept expire.

Come, Saviour; in our sin and need and pain,
  Treading the path where thy dear feet have gone,
Help us through thy full life to live again, —
  And be, through thy deep peace, with God at one.

THEODORE PARKER.

(1810–1860.)

THEODORE PARKER was born in Lexington, Mass., Aug. 24, 1810, and was the youngest of eleven children of John Parker and Hannah (Stearns) Parker. The first of his ancestors in this country was Thomas Parker, who came from England in 1635, and settled in Lynn, Mass., but a few years later removed to Reading, where he died, in 1683. The grandfather of Theodore was Captain John Parker, who commanded a company of the militia in the battle of Lexington, April 19, 1775. The father was a farmer and mechanic, and the son early learned to work in the shop and to till the soil. His early education was in the district school, and, at seventeen years of age, began himself to teach during the winter seasons. He entered Harvard College in 1830, but remained at home, where he pursued the regular course of study, and extended his acquisitions far beyond the limits prescribed for his class, gaining some means of support by giving private instruction, and going down to Cambridge to pass examination as occasion required. In consequence of his stay at Lexington during his academic life, he could not take the degree of A.B., but he received from the college that of A.M. in 1840. He entered the Middle Class of the Divinity School in 1834, and during his connection with that institution was one of the editors of the "Scriptural Interpreter," a magazine conducted by the students. Graduating in 1836, he preached at various places in Massachusetts in the autumn and winter of that year, and was ordained as the pastor of the Unitarian Church in West Roxbury, June 21, 1837.

The important change which took place in his theological views while he was minister at West Roxbury, and which occasioned much controversy in Unitarian circles, was especially indicated in a famous discourse on "The Transient and the Permanent in Christianity," delivered at the ordination of Rev. C. C. Shackford at South Boston, May 19, 1841, and in two courses of lectures which he gave in Boston and elsewhere in 1841, 1842, 1843. In September, 1843, he went abroad, and travelled in England, France, Italy, and Germany, returning home in the summer of the following year. Urged to become the minister of a new society in Boston, he was installed as its pastor Jan. 4, 1846, and continued his labors in connection with it until disabled by his final sickness, his congregation worshipping at first at the Melodeon and afterward at the Music Hall. He preached to the largest Sunday audience in the city; lectured, often each winter, before lyceums to crowded houses in different parts of the country; took a very conspicuous part in the Anti-slavery Cause and in many other great reforms; and, by his utterances and writings, made his influence powerfully felt in all the great departments of Literature, Politics, Philanthropy, and Religion. An attack of bleeding at the lungs obliged him to desist from his herculean labors in January, 1859. The next month he sailed for Santa Cruz, and thence to Europe. He spent some time in Switzerland, and then went to Rome, where he passed his last winter. He repaired to Florence in April, reaching the city in a very enfeebled condition. He died there a few weeks afterward, May 10, 1860, and was buried in the cemetery, outside the walls, Rev. Mr. Cunningham, an old friend, conducting the funeral service. It is thought that this brief epitome of his history may not be without its use for reference, however well known his story may be to the public, — a story which has been made more familiar to it, in elaborate detail, by the extensive and interesting biographies of him written by Rev. Messrs. Weiss and Frothingham.

It remains, however, to make some mention of his more noteworthy or celebrated theological, literary, and political writings. In 1843 appeared his translation of De Wette's "Introduction to the Old Testament," and a volume of his "Miscellaneous Writings." In December, 1847, he began a three years' editorial charge of the "Massachusetts Quarterly," among his own contributions to which were papers on Emerson, Channing, and Prescott. He published a volume, entitled "A Discourse of Matters pertaining to Religion," in 1849; "Occasional Sermons and Speeches," in two volumes, 1852; "Ten Sermons on Religion," 1853; "Sermons on Theism, Atheism, and the Popular Theology," 1853; "Additional Speeches, Addresses, &c.," 1855; "Trial of Theodore Parker for the 'Misdemeanor of a Speech in Faneuil Hall against Kidnapping,'" 1855; "Two Christmas Celebrations," and "Experience as a Minister," 1859. Of his numerous pamphlet discourses, the most remarkable one was, perhaps, that which was occasioned by the death of Daniel Webster. Four lectures, which he wrote upon Washington,

Adams, Jefferson, and Franklin, were published in a volume, under the title of "Historic Americans," in 1870, and edited by Rev. O. B. Frothingham. Mr. Parker's works have been republished and widely read in England, and have been largely translated into other languages for circulation in other European countries. No one can doubt the immense influence which he has exerted by his vigorous thought, his vast learning, his pithy and telling style, and his intense and unabated zeal, upon the mind of the age; while, however men may dissent from many of his theological views, it will be remembered to his eternal honor, that, a Puritan of Puritans in his faith in God and in his strictness of moral character, he was the stalwart and ever-faithful friend of wronged and oppressed humanity; rained down blows, thick and fast, upon every giant sin or evil of his day; and, at a time when most Christian pulpits were deaf and dumb to the demands of the hour, "preached righteousness in the great congregation."

Mr. Parker was keenly alive to the charms of poetry, and not seldom indulged his muse, not without success, in original compositions, as well as in translations from bards of other languages. "His pen ran readily to rhyme," says Mr. Weiss. Strewn through the biographies of him are numerous pieces, sometimes playful and sometimes serious, which he wrote when the mood was upon him. Some of these we copy from the works just referred to. The Sonnets to Jesus are particularly beautiful, though it may be remarked that they were written before he changed his religious opinions. The first hymn we give is taken from an old printed Order of Service.

DEDICATION HYMN.

Written for the dedication of the new church erected by the Congregational Society in Watertown, Sept. 7, 1836.

THE humble pile our fathers raised
  Has bowed beneath Time's mighty hand;
They too have gone whose voices praised
  Jehovah in a savage land.

And now, O Lord, we build again,
  To seek thy favor and thy face,
Another and a nobler fane,
  And ask thy blessing on this place.

Here send thy Holy Spirit down,
  With favors from thy throne above,
Our hearts to fill, our lives to crown: —
  O give us Faith, and Hope, and Love.

And may there dwell within this place
  Each pure desire and holy trust,
To fill our souls with heavenly grace,
  When these walls crumble to the dust.

EVENING.

Written while the author was a member of the Divinity School. From Weiss's "Life and Correspondence."

HOW sweetly from the western sky,
  Day's lingering colors fade!
How changing features softly vie, —
  Shade deepening into shade!

How softly comes the grateful calm
  Which mellow evening brings!
The sweets of flowers, the breath of balm,
  Float on the zephyr's wings!

How soft that wandering cloud appears,
  As the last tinge of day
Crimsons the peak it proudly rears,
  Then slowly dies away!

Now stars come forth, and one by one,
  In the broad field of night,
Who veiled their face before the sun,
  Now pour emboldened light.

Oh! night and stars, your voice I hear
  Swell round the listening pole:
Your hymns are praises, loud and clear,
  Are music to my soul.

Sing on, sing on, celestial band,
  Till earth repeats your lays,
Till the wide sea, the sky, the land,
  Shall celebrate His praise!

JESUS.

Written in the winter of 1836. From Weiss's "Life and Correspondence."

JESUS, there is no dearer name than thine,
  Which Time has blazoned on his mighty scroll;
No wreaths nor garlands ever did entwine
  So fair a temple of so vast a soul.

There every virtue set his triumph-seal;
  Wisdom, conjoined with strength and radiant grace,
In a sweet copy Heaven to reveal,
  And stamp perfection on a mortal face.

Once on the earth wert thou, before men's eyes,
  That did not half thy beauteous brightness see;
E'en as the emmet does not read the skies,
  Nor our weak orbs look through immensity.

THE ALMIGHTY LOVE.

Introduced in a sermon which Mr. Parker preached, entitled "The Practical Effect of the Ecclesiastical Conception of God." From Weiss's "Life and Correspondence."

IN darker days and nights of storm,
  Men knew thee but to fear thy form;
And in the reddest lightning saw
Thine arm avenge insulted law.

In brighter days, we read thy love
In flowers beneath, in stars above;
And in the track of every storm
Behold thy beauty's rainbow form.

And in the reddest lightning's path
We see no vestiges of wrath,
But always wisdom, — perfect love,
From flowers beneath to stars above.

See, from on high sweet influence rains
On palace, cottage, mountains, plains;
No hour of wrath shall mortal fear,
For their Almighty Love is here.

A PRAYER.

O THOU Eternal One, may I commune
With thee, and for a moment bathe my soul
In thy infinity, Mother and Sire
Of all that are? In all that is art thou;
Being is but by thee, of thee, in thee;
Yet far thou reachest forth beyond the scope
Of space and time, or verge of human thought.
Transcendent God! Yet, ever immanent
In all that is, I flee to thee, and seek
Repose and soothing in my Mother's breast.
O God, I cannot fear, for thou art love,
And wheresoe'er I grope I feel thy breath!
Yea, in the storm which wrecks an argosy,
Or in the surges of the sea of men
When empires perish, I behold thy face,
I hear thy voice, which gives the law to all
The furies of the storm, and Law proclaims,
"Peace, troubled waves, serve ye the right, — be still!"
From all this dusty world thou wilt not lose
A molecule of earth nor spark of light.
I cannot fear a single flash of soul
Shall ever fail, outcast from thee, forgot.
Father and Mother of all things that are,
I flee to thee, and in thy arms find rest.
My God! how shall I thank thee for thy love!
Tears must defile my sacramental words,
And daily prayer be daily penitence
For actions, feelings, thoughts, which are amiss:
Yet will I not say, "God forgive!" for thou
Hast made the effect to follow cause, and bless
The erring, sinning man. Then let my sin
Continual find me out, and make me clean
From all transgression, purified and blest!

The following sonnets we copy from Mr. Frothingham's Life of Mr. Parker. For convenience, we prefix titles to indicate their subjects.

THE SPIRIT OF JESUS.

DEAR Jesus, were thy spirit now on earth,
Where thou hast toiled and wept a world to win,
What vast ideas would sudden come to birth!
What strong endeavors 'gainst o'er-mastering sin!
Thy blest beatitudes again thou'dst speak;
And, with deep-hearted words that smite like fire,
Wouldst thou rebuke the oppressor of the weak.
But, turning thence to prophets that aspire,
How wouldst thou cheer the souls that seek to save
Their brothers smarting 'neath a despot's rod;
To lift the poor, the fallen, and the slave,
And lead them all alive to worship God!
Bigots wouldst thou refuse that hindering stand,
But send thy gospel-fraught apostles conquering through the land.

THE WAY, THE TRUTH, THE LIFE.

This sonnet, in a slightly different form, is one of the most favorite hymns in our Collections, — the last two lines being omitted, and the words, "Thee would I sing," reading, "We look to thee."

O THOU great Friend to all the sons of men,
Who once appear'dst in humblest guise below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
To call thy brethren forth from want and woe! —
Thee would I sing. Thy truth is still the light
Which guides the nations groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.
Yes, thou art still the life; thou art the way
The holiest know, — light, life, and way of heaven;
And they who dearest hope and deepest pray
Toil by the truth, life, way that thou hast given;
And in thy name aspiring mortals trust
To uplift their bleeding brothers rescued from the dust.

THE SAVIOUR'S GOSPEL.

O BROTHER, who for us didst meekly wear
The crown of thorns about thy radiant brow!
What gospel from the Father didst thou bear,
Our hearts to cheer, making us happy now?
"'Tis this alone," the immortal Saviour cries:
"To fill thy heart with ever-active love, —
Love for the wicked as in sin he lies,
Love for thy brother here, thy God above.
Fear nothing ill; 'twill vanish in its day:
Live for the good, taking the ill thou must;
Toil with thy might; with manly labor pray;
Living and loving, learn thy God to trust,
And he will shed upon thy soul the blessings of the just."

THE HIGHER GOOD.

From Mr. Parker's Journal of 1849.

FATHER, I will not ask for wealth or fame,
Though once they would have joyed my carnal sense:
I shudder not to bear a hated name,
Wanting all wealth, myself my sole defence.
But give me, Lord, eyes to behold the truth;
A seeing sense that knows the eternal right;
A heart with pity filled, and gentlest ruth;
A manly faith that makes all darkness light:
Give me the power to labor for mankind;
Make me the mouth of such as cannot speak;
Eyes let me be to groping men, and blind;
A conscience to the base; and to the weak
Let me be hands and feet; and to the foolish, mind;
And lead still further on such as thy kingdom seek.

THE FATHER'S HAND.

THROUGH crooked paths thou hast conducted me,
And thorns oft forced my timid flesh to bleed:
Still I rejoiced my Leader's hand to see,
Trusting my Father in my hour of need.
When in the darkness of my early youth,
Stumbling and groping for a better way,
Through riven clouds streamed down the light of Truth,
And made it morning with refulgent ray,
Along the steep and weary path I trod,
With none to guide, and few to comfort me.
I felt the presence of the Eternal God,
That in his hand 'twas blessedness to be,
Finding relief from woes in consciousness of thee.

THANKFULNESS AND TRUST.

FOR all the trials of my earlier day,
I thank thee, Father, that they all have been;
That darkness lay about the rugged way
Which I must tread alone. For all I've seen
Of disappointment, sorrow, pain, and loss,
I thank thee for them all. And did I sin,
I grieve not I've been tried; for e'en the cross
Of penitence has taught me how to win.
Yet, of the ills as child or man I've borne, —
My hopes laid waste, or friends sent off by death, —
Remorse has most of all my bosom torn
For time misspent, ill deeds, or evil breath.
But yet, for every grief my heart has worn,
Father, I thank thee still, trusting with hearty faith.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

YES, Holy One, thou the good Shepherd art,
Enduring hardest service for thy sheep,
Hearing their bleatings with a human heart,
Not losing such as thou wert put to keep;

But feeble wanderers from the field astray
  Thou on thy shoulders takest, and dost bear
From hireling thieves and murdering wolves away,
  And watchest o'er them with a guardian care.
Thou art the human Shepherd of the sheep,
  Leading them forth to pasture all the day;
At night to folds which them in safety keep.
  Thou light and life from God, to heaven the way,
And giving, at the last, thy own, thy well-beloved, sleep.

CHANDLER ROBBINS.

(1810.)

Rev. Chandler Robbins, D.D., was born in Lynn, Mass., Feb. 14, 1810. He graduated at Harvard College in 1829, and at the Cambridge Divinity School in 1833. He was ordained pastor of the Second Church in Boston, Dec. 4, 1833, Rev. Henry Ware, Jr., D.D., its former minister, preaching the sermon. His immediate predecessor was Ralph Waldo Emerson. Dr. Robbins still has charge of this ancient society, having thus continued in this relation for more than forty years. He is a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and he received the degree of D.D. from Harvard College in 1855.

The more important of his published writings are, A History of the Second Church in Boston, with Lives of Increase and Cotton Mather; Two Sermons on the Death of Rev. Henry Ware, Jr., D.D.; Two Historical Discourses on taking down the "New Brick Church;" Artillery Election Sermon, 1836; Memoirs of Rev. Alexander Young and Hon. William Appleton, and various papers in the Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society; Lectures on the Regicide before the Lowell Institute; and articles in the "Knickerbocker," "Christian Examiner," and other literary and religious periodicals. He also edited the works of Henry Ware, Jr., in four volumes, and has published numerous ordination, dedication, and other occasional sermons.

In 1843 he compiled "The Social Hymn-Book," which was designed "for vestry meetings and for parishes that were unable to procure more expensive collections," and which was filled with the choicest and most devotional sacred lyrics.

In 1854 he compiled another, which was larger and more specially adapted to the use of churches generally, and which was entitled "Hymn-Book for Christian Worship." For his own use, this was bound up with a "Liturgy for a Christian Church."

We find only two hymns that are to be referred to Dr. Robbins as their author. These were contributed to an excellent Collection made by Rev. George E. Ellis, D.D., and published (new edition) in 1853, "Psalms and Hymns for the Sanctuary." They are as follows: —

"SPEAK, LORD, FOR THY SERVANT HEARETH."

WHILE thus thy throne of grace we seek,
O God, within our spirits speak!
For we will hear thy voice to-day,
Nor turn our hardened hearts away.

Speak in thy gentlest tones of love,
Till all our best affections move;
We long to hear no meaner call,
But feel that thou art all in all.

To conscience speak thy quickening word,
Till all its sense of sin is stirred;
For we would leave no stain of guile,
To cloud the radiance of thy smile.

Speak, Father, to the anxious heart,
Till every fear and doubt depart;
For we can find no home or rest,
Till with thy Spirit's whispers blest.

Speak to convince, forgive, console;
Child-like we yield to thy control:
These hearts, too often closed before,
Would grieve thy patient love no more.

A pleasant incident is related of the hymn that follows. A company of Bostonians, among whom was a daughter of Dr. Robbins, Mrs. Hill, were returning from England in a Cunard steamer. An aged Scotch Presbyterian minister and his wife were among the passengers. The party were singing hymns on deck at the close of a lovely Sabbath day, when the clergyman went to his state-room and brought a book of

hymns and tunes to show them what he said was the sweetest hymn he knew, set to the sweetest tune. What was the Boston lady's surprise to hear him repeat the lines which her own father had written, "Lo! the day of rest declineth," and begin to sing "Bedford Street," a tune composed for the words by Mr. L. B. Barnes, President of the Handel and Haydn Society, and named for the author's own church, which was in Bedford Street, Boston. The hymn is in many Collections, and well befits the sacred quiet of a Sabbath evening.

EVENING HYMN. CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

LO! the day of rest declineth,
Gather fast the shades of night;
May the Sun that ever shineth
Fill our souls with heavenly light.

Softly now the dew is falling;
Peace o'er all the scene is spread;
On his children, meekly calling,
Purer influence God will shed.

While thine ear of love addressing,
Thus our parting hymn we sing, —
Father, give thine evening blessing;
Fold us safe beneath thy wing

EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS.

(1810.)

REV. EDMUND H. SEARS, D.D., was born in Berkshire, Mass., in 1810. He graduated at Union College, Schenectady, N.Y., in 1834, and at the Theological School, at Cambridge, in 1837. He became the minister of the Unitarian Church in Wayland, Mass., in 1838; removed to Lancaster in 1840, and returned to his former charge in Wayland in 1847. Here he remained until 1865, when he assumed the pastoral care of the Unitarian Society in Weston, where he now resides, pursuing still the duties of his profession, and adding thereto his continued labors as an author.

He first came to be widely known by an able, suggestive, and beautiful treatise, entitled "Regeneration," which was written at the request of the Executive Committee of the American Unitarian Association, and published in 1854. This was followed by "Pictures of the Olden Time," in 1857; "Athanasia, or Foregleams of Immortality," in 1858 (enlarged edition in 1872); and "The Fourth Gospel the Heart of Christ," 1872. Most of these works have passed through various editions, and have been much read and admired in many Christian communions. They are marked by a high degree of intellectual vigor and abundant evidence of scholarly taste and of theological and literary attainments, while they are written in a singularly rich and poetic style, and teem with the most glowing spiritual thought and sentiment. For many years he has been a prolific writer for the "Monthly Religious Magazine," published in Boston; and for twelve years (1859–1871) he and Rev. Rufus Ellis were its editors. This periodical was formerly under the charge of Rev. Dr. Huntington; but, since 1871, it has been edited successively by Rev. J. H. Morison, D.D., Rev. Charles Lowe, and Rev. Henry W. Foote. To its pages Dr. Sears has contributed not only numerous theological articles and "Random Readings," but also, from time to time, hymns and poems which have been gems of the rarest lustre.

Dr. Sears received the degree of D.D. from his Alma Mater in 1871. In 1873 he visited England, where his writings, but especially his most important work, "The Heart of Christ," secured for him much attention in religious circles. He has another volume in press, of Sermons and Songs, which, we need not say, will be warmly welcomed by his multitude of readers.

In introducing a few of his best hymns, it may be said concerning the first, "Calm on the listening ear of night," that it has already been admitted — too often, we regret to say, only in part — into many Orthodox as well as Unitarian Collections in America and England, and promises to be one of the most universally accepted and cherished of all spiritual songs. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in a course of lectures which he delivered many years ago before the Lowell Institute in Boston, pronounced it one of the finest and most beautiful hymns ever written. It was first published, in its original form, in the "Boston Observer," in 1834; afterwards, in the "Christian Register," in 1835; subsequently it was emended by the author, and, as thus emended, was reprinted entire in the "Monthly Magazine," Vol. XXXV. As it has so frequently appeared in the hymn-books with unauthorized alterations and with various omissions, we present it here as it appeared in the periodical just referred to.

CHRISTMAS SONG.

CALM on the listening ear of night
Come Heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains;

Celestial choirs from courts above
  Shed sacred glories there;
And angels with their sparkling lyres
  Make music on the air.

The answering hills of Palestine
  Send back the glad reply,
And greet from all their holy heights
  The day-spring from on high.
O'er the blue depths of Galilee
  There comes a holier calm;
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
  Her silent groves of palm.

"Glory to God!" The lofty strain
  The realm of ether fills:
How sweeps the song of solemn joy
  O'er Judah's sacred hills!
"Glory to God!" The sounding skies
  Loud with their anthems ring:
"Peace on the earth; good-will to men,
  From Heaven's eternal King!"

Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
  The Saviour now is born:
More bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
  Breaks the first Christmas morn;
And brighter on Moriah's brow,
  Crowned with her temple-spires,
Which first proclaim the new-born light,
  Clothed with its orient fires.

This day shall Christian hearts be mute
  And Christian hearts be cold?
Oh, catch the anthem that from heaven
  O'er Judah's mountains rolled!
When nightly burst from seraph-harps
  The high and solemn lay, —
"Glory to God! on earth be peace;
  Salvation comes to-day!"

However much the foregoing hymn may be admired, another Christmas song, which Dr. Sears has written, and which is in not a few of the hymn-books, is thought by many to be even better. We copy it entire from Mr. Martineau's recent Collection, which omits the other. Rev. Dr. Morison, of Milton, writes to us: "Sears's second Christmas hymn was sent to me as editor of the 'Christian Register,' I think, in December, 1849. I was very much delighted with it, and, before it came out in the 'Register,' read it at a Christmas celebration of Dr. Lunt's Sunday school in Quincy. I always feel that, however poor my Christmas sermon may be, the reading and singing of this hymn are enough to make up for all deficiencies."

PEACE ON EARTH.

IT came upon the midnight clear, —
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King!"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world.
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend, on hovering wing;
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long:
Beneath the angels' strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
Oh, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
  Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
  With painful steps and slow, —
Look now! for glad and golden hours
  Come swiftly on the wing:
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
  And hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on,
  By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
  Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
  Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
  Which now the angels sing.

"FEED MY LAMBS."

Taken from the "Hymns of the Spirit."

HO! ye that rest beneath the rock,
  On pastures gently growing,
Or roam at will, a favored flock,
  By waters gently flowing;
Hear ye upon the desert air
  A voice of woe come crying,
Where, cold upon the barren moor,
  God's little lambs are dying!

See the great Shepherd bend and call
  From fields of light and glory,
"Go, feed my lambs, and bring them all
  From moor and mountain hoary!"
Ye favored flock, the call obey,
  And from the desert dreary
Lead those who faint along the way,
  Or wander, lost and weary.

ABOVE THE STORMS.

Published in the "Religious Magazine," February, 1873.

ABOVE the storms and thunder-jars
That shake the eddying air,
Away beneath the naked stars,
Rises the Mount of Prayer!

The cumbering bars of mortal life
Here break and fall away,
And the harsh noise of human strife
Comes never: Let us pray!

Here, Lord, may thy serener light
Reveal my nature true,
And all the pages dark and bright
Lie open to my view.

I've mingled in the battle-din
That shakes the plains below,
And passions born of earth and sin
Have left their stains, I know.

How silent move thy chariot-wheels
Along our camping ground,
Whose thickly folding smoke conceals
Thy camp of fire around!

We tremble in the battle's roar,
Are brave amid its calm;
And when the fearful fight is o'er
We snatch thy victor-palm.

On surface-knowledge we have fed,
And missed the golden grain;
And now I come to thee for bread
To sate this hunger-pain.

No gift I bring, nor knowledge fine,
  Nor trophies of my own ;
I come to lay my heart in thine,
  O Lamb amid the throne !

" All that the Father hath is mine,"
  Thus does thy word declare, —
So the full stream of Life Divine
  Flows from the Godhead there.

The Tree of Life in mystic rows
  Stands in eternal green ;
Out from the throne the river flows
  In crystal waves between.

Ambrosial fruits hang o'er the waves
  That pour their cleansing flood, —
Thy fount of love the heart that laves,
  And fills with royal good.

That good I seek, yet not alone
  The hungered heart to fill,
But as the angels nigh the throne,
  Made swift to do thy will :

Thy will, unmingled, Lord, with mine,
  That makes all service sweet,
And, charged with messages divine,
  Puts wings upon my feet.

No need to trim my taper's blaze,
  No need of sun or moon ;
The glories falling from thy face
  Make my unchanging noon.

ABIEL ABBOT LIVERMORE.

(1811.)

Rev. A. A. Livermore was born in Wilton, N.H., Oct. 30, 1811. His parents were Jonathan Livermore and Abigail (Abbot) Livermore; and Sarah White Livermore, of whom we have given a sketch in another part of this volume, was his aunt. He fitted for College at Exeter, graduated at Cambridge in the class of 1833, and at the Divinity School in 1836. He was ordained pastor of the Unitarian Church in Keene, N.H., Nov. 2, 1836; and was installed minister of the Unitarian Church in Cincinnati, Ohio, May 26, 1850. This connection was dissolved in the summer of 1856; and on the 1st of January, 1857, he assumed the editorial charge of the New York "Christian Inquirer," which now bears the name of "Liberal Christian," while at the same time he served as pastor of Hope Church at Yonkers. He was chosen President of the Theological School at Meadville, Pa., June 25, 1863; and, entering upon the duties of the position shortly after, has since continued as the head of that institution, and has seen many classes of young men pass out of his care to become the ministers of the Liberal Faith in different sections of the country.

Mr. Livermore, in connection with his professional labors, has found time to write and publish numerous very useful books: a Commentary on the Four Gospels, 1841–42 (republished in Belfast, Ireland, 1844); a Commentary on the Acts of the Apostles, 1844 (London edition, 1846); "Lectures to Young Men on their Moral Duties and Dangers," 1846; "The Marriage Offering," a compilation of prose and poetry, 1848; "The War with Mexico Reviewed," a Prize Essay, 1850; a volume of Discourses, 1854; a Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans, 1854. He has also been a contributor to various magazines, the "North American Review," the "Christian Examiner," the "Christian Repository," and others. His commentaries, especially, are deserving of notice, since no similar works of any other American Unitarian author have been so well adapted to popular use in the Sunday school and home as have his.

Mr. Livermore was associated with Rev. Levi W. Leonard, D.D., Rev. W. A. Whitwell, and Rev. Curtis Cutler, in compiling the book of "Christian Hymns," familiarly known as the "Cheshire Collection." It was first published in 1845, passed through as many as sixty editions, and came to be very widely used in Unitarian Churches. The principal labor of its preparation devolved upon Mr. Livermore, who wrote its Preface, and also contributed to it a hymn of his own, which has since passed into various Collections: "A Book of Hymns," by Messrs. Longfellow and Johnson; "Christian Worship," by Drs. Osgood and Farley; Mr. Martineau's new "Hymns of Praise and Prayer," &c. Its simple, fervent lines, as we copy them here, were written immediately after their

author had attended a very impressive communion service, administered by Rev. James Walker, D.D., who had feelingly spoken of the sacred occasion as a spirit, a presence, a fragrance.

THE LOVE OF THE BRETHREN.

A HOLY air is breathing round,
  A savor from above;
Be every soul from sense unbound,
  Be every spirit love.

O God, unite us heart to heart,
  In sympathy divine,
That we be never drawn apart,
  And love nor thee nor thine.

But, by the cross of Jesus taught,
  And all thy gracious word,
Be nearer to each other brought,
  And nearer to our Lord.

The first Unitarian Year-Book ever published in this country was printed in 1846. The idea and preparation of it were due to Mr. Livermore. Since that time the denomination has issued a similar book each year; and the Unitarians in England have thus been led to do the same. In the first number, just referred to, are several of Mr. Livermore's poems. Among them is the above hymn, and another is the following: —

TO A SNOW-FLAKE.

SO soft, so white, so cold,
  Thou seem'st a stranger here;
Cast in some skyey mould, —
  Methinks an angel's tear.

So soft, so white, so cold,
  Keen crystal of the sky;
Formed, as we've oft been told,
  In mountains blue on high.

So soft, so white, so cold,
  Poor wanderer of the air;
A scroll God's hand unrolled
  To give us lessons rare.

So soft, so white, so cold,
  Thou white-winged bird of heaven, —
Thy pinions broad unfurled,
  Thy feathers tempest-riven.

So soft, so white, so cold,
  Come thou, like charity,
And spread thy mantle's fold
  O'er earth's dark stains to lie.

So soft, so white, so cold,
  Sweet flower of heaven;
No costly gem, no virgin gold
  Is worth thy lesson given.

Here, also, are some early lines by Mr. Livermore, though we have not met them in any of the books: —

SPIRITS CALLING.

COME, let us away,
  Far, far to the Day, —
The spirits do pray, —
Nor 'mid scenes so darkling and sad longer stay.

Why linger on earth,
Where living is dearth,
Where dying is birth,
But of heaven, sister spirit, how vital the breath!

Then fear not to die, —
Farewell and a sigh, —
Thy home is on high,
To the bowers of bliss thou wilt joyfully fly.

The body doth fall,
The spirits do call,
From this earthly pall,
On the pinions of faith to Him, all in all.

O God of the blest,
Thy heavenly rest
Speaks peace to the breast,
When o'erwhelmed in grief and by fears oppressed.

Then welcome the day
Invites us away, —
Our Father the stay, —
To regions all bright with Eternity's ray.

WILLIAM HENRY BURLEIGH.

(1812–1871.)

WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH was born in Woodstock, Conn., Feb. 2, 1812, and was the fourth son of Rinaldo Burleigh, a graduate of Yale College and a successful classical teacher. On his mother's side he was a lineal descendant of Governor William Bradford, of the Mayflower. He grew up on his father's farm at Plainfield, whither the family removed, and here he inured himself to hard labor, went to the district school, and early cultivated his love of nature and his taste for poetry. He early espoused the Anti-slavery cause and the Temperance reform, and through all his subsequent life was actively and prominently identified with them both, while at the same time he pursued with marked success his literary labors. Removing to Pittsburgh, Pa., in 1837, he published the "Christian Witness," and afterward the "Temperance Banner." In 1843 he removed to Hartford, Conn., and edited an anti-slavery paper, "The Christian Freeman," which subsequently took the name of "Charter Oak." Going to Syracuse, N.Y., in 1849, he served for five years as the agent of the New York State Temperance Society, acting as editor, lecturer, and secretary. During a part of this time he resided at Albany, where he conducted "The Prohibitionist." While here, he received from his warm friend, Governor Clark, an appointment as Harbor Master of New York. He accepted the position, fixing his residence at Brooklyn, where he died, March 18, 1871.

Mr. Burleigh's features and presence were indicative of his superior

intellectual and moral power. He was an able and eloquent writer and speaker, and, like his well-known brother, Charles C. Burleigh, had the courage to champion even the most unpopular movement that commended itself to his reason and his sense of justice and right. Soon after his death, his wife, Mrs. Celia Burleigh, late pastor of the Unitarian Church at Brooklyn, Conn., prepared and published a volume containing a sketch of his life and embracing a large number of poems which he had written during his brave and busy career. They all breathe a lofty spirit of humanity, and of trust in the eternal goodness; reveal a soul that is strong and free, yet devout and childlike; are rich with noble thought and refined sentiment, and are musical in their rhythm and glowing in their expression. From a volume that is so full of the best things, we could select very many pieces which we should like to transfer to our pages, but must content ourselves with the following: —

STILL WILL WE TRUST.

STILL will we trust, though earth seem dark and dreary,
And the heart faint beneath his chastening rod;
Though rough and steep our pathway, worn and weary,
Still will we trust in God!

Our eyes see dimly till by faith anointed,
And our blind choosing brings us grief and pain;
Through Him alone who hath our way appointed
We find our peace again.

Choose for us, God! nor let our weak preferring
Cheat our poor souls of good thou hast designed;
Choose for us, God! thy wisdom is unerring,
And we are fools and blind.

So from our sky the night shall furl her shadows,
And day pour gladness through his golden gates;
Our rough path lead to flower-enamelled meadows,
Where joy our coming waits.

Let us press on in patient self-denial,
Accept the hardship, shrink not from the loss:
Our guerdon lies beyond the hour of trial,
Our crown beyond the cross.

"REJOICE IN THE LORD ALWAYS.

THEIR brows should wear a holy light,
Who front the heavens serenely bright;
And gladness should their steps attend,
Who walk with God as with a friend.

For every footfall of their way
But brings them nearer to the day
That knows no night, and to the joy
Nor grief can mar nor sin alloy.

Fixed in the path that he hath trod,
Their lives are hid with Christ in God;
And dwell secure from every harm,
Encircled by the Father's arm.

Behind the cloud, above the storm,
His sunlight lingers soft and warm;
And even through midnight's gloomiest pall
Some beams of mercy gently fall.

However dark the frown of fate,
God will his promise vindicate,
And in his own good time and way
Bring in the full and perfect day,

In whose glad light shall disappear
All that perplexed and troubled here,
And show the weary path they trod,
As the one path whose end is — God!

"BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN."

O DEEM not that earth's crowning bliss
Is found in joy alone,
For sorrow, bitter though it be,
Hath blessings all its own:

From lips divine, like healing balm,
To hearts oppressed and torn,
This heavenly consolation fell, —
"Blessed are they that mourn!"

As blossoms smitten by the rain
Their sweetest odors yield;
As where the plough-share deepest strikes,
Rich harvests crown the field, —
So to the hopes by sorrow crushed
A nobler faith succeeds;
And life, by trials furrowed, bears
The fruit of loving deeds.

Who never mourned, hath never known
What treasures grief reveals:
The sympathies that humanize,
The tenderness that heals,
The power to look within the veil
And learn the heavenly lore,
The keyword to life's mysteries,
So dark to us before.

How rich and sweet and full of strength
Our human spirits are,
Baptized into the sanctities
Of suffering and of prayer!
Supernal wisdom, love divine,
Breathe through the lips which said,
"O blessed are the souls that mourn,
They shall be comforted."

NEEDED BLESSINGS.

WE ask not that our path be always bright,
But for thy aid to walk therein aright;
That thou, O Lord, through all its devious way,
Will give us strength sufficient to our day,
For this, for this we pray.

Not for the fleeting joys that earth bestows,
Not for exemption from its many woes ;
But that, come joy or woe, come good or ill,
With childlike faith we trust thy guidance still,
And do thy holy will.

Teach us, dear Lord, to find the latent good
That sorrow yields, when rightly understood ;
And for the frequent joy that crowns our days,
Help us with grateful hearts our hymns to raise,
Of thankfulness and praise.

Thou knowest all our needs, and will supply:
No veil of darkness hides us from thine eye,
Nor vainly, from the depths, on thee we call ;
Thy tender love, that breaks the tempter's thrall,
Folds and encircles all.

Through sorrow and through loss, by toil and prayer,
Saints won the starry crowns which now they wear ;
And by the bitter ministry of pain,
Grievous and harsh, but O, not sent in vain,
Found their eternal gain.

If it be ours, like them, to suffer loss,
Give grace, as unto them, to bear our cross,
Till, victors over the besetting sin,
We too thy perfect peace shall enter in,
And crowns of glory win.

FAITH'S REPOSE.

FATHER, beneath thy sheltering wing
In sweet security we rest!
And fear no evil earth can bring,
In life, in death, supremely blest.

For life is good, whose tidal flow
The motions of thy will obeys ;
And death is good, that makes us know
The life divine that all things sways.

And good it is to bear the cross,
  And so thy perfect peace to win ;
And naught is ill, nor brings us loss,
  Nor works us harm, save only sin.

Redeemed from this, we ask no more,
  But trust the love that saves to guide ;
The grace, that yields so rich a store,
  Will grant us all we need beside.

A PSALM OF NIGHT.

FADES from the west the farewell light,
  Flung backward by the setting sun,
And silence deepens, as the night
  Steals with its solemn shadows on.
Gathers the soft, refreshing dew,
  On spiring grass and floweret stems,
And lo ! the everlasting blue
  Is radiant with a thousand gems.

Not only doth the voiceless day
  Thy loving-kindness, Lord, proclaim,
But night, with its sublime array
  Of worlds, doth magnify thy name ;
Yea, while adoring seraphim
  Before thee bend the willing knee,
From every star a choral hymn
  Goes up unceasingly to thee !

Day unto day doth utter speech,
  And night to night thy voice makes known ;
Through all the earth, where thought may reach,
  Is heard the glad and solemn tone ;
And worlds beyond the farthest star
  Whose light hath reached a human eye,
Catch the high anthem from afar
  That rolls along immensity.

O Holy Father! 'mid the calm
  And stillness of this evening hour,
We too would lift our solemn psalm
  To praise thy goodness and thy power;
For over us, as over all,
  Thy tender mercies still extend,
Nor vainly shall the contrite call
  On thee, our Father and our Friend.

Kept by thy goodness through the day,
  Thanksgiving to thy name we pour;
Night o'er us with its stars, we pray
  Thy love to guard us evermore!
In grief console, in gladness bless,
  In darkness guide, in sickness cheer,
Till, perfected in righteousness,
  Our souls before thy throne appear.

THE HARVEST-CALL

ABIDE not in the realm of dreams,
  O man, however fair it seems,
Where drowsy airs thy powers repress
In languors of sweet idleness.

Nor linger in the misty past,
Entranced in visions vague and vast;
But with clear eye the present scan,
And hear the call of God and man.

That call, though many-voiced, is one,
With mighty meanings in each tone;
Through sob and laughter, shriek and prayer,
Its summons meet thee everywhere.

Think not in sleep to fold thy hands,
Forgetful of thy Lord's commands;
From duty's claims no life is free, —
Behold, to-day hath need of thee!

Look up! the wide extended plain
Is billowy with its ripened grain,
And on the summer winds are rolled
Its waves of emerald and gold.

Thrust in thy sickle! nor delay
The work that calls for thee to-day;
To-morrow, if it come, will bear
Its own demands of toil and care.

The present hour allots thy task:
For present strength and patience ask,
And trust his love whose sure supplies
Meet all thy needs as they arise.

Lo! the broad fields with harvests white
Thy hands to strenuous toil invite;
And he who labors and believes
Shall reap reward of ample sheaves.

Up, for the time is short; and soon
The morning sun will climb to noon.
Up! ere the herds, with trampling feet
Out-running thine, shall spoil the wheat.

While the day lingers, do thy best!
Full soon the night will bring its rest;
And, duty done, that rest shall be
Full of beatitudes to thee.

ORDINATION HYMN.

Written for the ordination of Mr. J. W. Chadwick, as pastor of the Second Unitarian Church, in Brooklyn, N.Y., 1864.

FATHER, thy servant waits to do thy will!
Called to thy work, O, clothe him with thy might,
And with this threefold grace his spirit fill, —
Love, liberty, and light!

With love, for the dear souls that thou hast made,
And for the truth which only maketh free;
So, with all patience, faithful, unafraid,
He shall be true to thee.

With liberty, that where thy Spirit leads,
Follows, whatever faith it leaves behind,
And wears no fetters formed from olden creeds,
That blight whate'er they bind.

With light, an effluence of the Life Divine,
Before which error falls and falsehood dies,
Leading his spirit joyfully to thine,
And upward to the skies.

Thus, furnished for his work, O Father, stand
Close by his side to give that work success;
And may the good seed, scattered by his hand,
Bear fruits of righteousness!

SAMUEL DOWSE ROBBINS.

(1812.)

Rev. Samuel D. Robbins, brother of Rev. Chandler Robbins, D.D., a sketch of whom has been given on a previous page, was born in Lynn, Mass., March 7, 1812. He graduated at the Divinity School, at Cambridge, in 1833, and was ordained pastor of the Unitarian Church in Lynn, his native town, Nov. 13, of the same year. He became the minister of the Unitarian Society in Chelsea in 1840; removed to Framingham, and assumed the charge of the church of the same faith in that place in 1859, and was next settled in Wayland in 1867. In 1873 he gave up his parish in Wayland, and retired to Concord, where he still resides.

Mr. Robbins received the degree of A.M. from Harvard College in 1865. He has published but little. Yet, from time to time, he has sent to the magazines and papers numerous hymns and sacred poems of great excellence. They are full of devout and tender sentiment, are finely expressive of Christian trust and love, and have met a warm response in the hearts of many readers. Such is the first piece which we here copy, and which was frequently chanted by the choir of one of the churches

that have been under the author's pastoral care. Several others of those which follow it are to be found in various hymn-books, while the rest have been taken from the "Monthly Magazine" or religious weeklies, in which they were originally printed, or have been kindly furnished us by the writer himself, at our solicitation.

THE MASTER.

THOU art our Master! thou of God the Son,
Of man the Friend;
By thee alone the victory is won;
Our souls defend!

Thou art the Master! let us love thy word;
Thy Spirit give;
Let us obey thee as our risen Lord,
Obey and live.

Thou art our Master! with thy cross, thy crown,
Thou Crucified!
Now from thy starry throne look gently down,
With us abide!

Thou art our Master! through the narrow way
Thou once didst tread,
Lead thy disciples upward to the day,
Thou living Head!

Thou art our Master! at thy feet we cast
Our burdens now.
The yoke of Love we take! O, bind us fast!
To thee we bow.

Thou art our Master! through our earthly home
No guide but thee!
And when thy kingdom unto us shall come,
Our servant be! *

* Luke xii. 37.

The next four hymns may be found in the "Hymn and Tune Book," published by the American Unitarian Association.

THE DAY.

THOU art my morning, God of light!
Thy dayspring wakes my soul;
Thy radiant smile subdues the night,
And shall the day control.

And thou my noon, O Father! art;
Thy central warmth I own:
The glowing fulness of my heart
Pulses from thee alone.

And thou my evening! let me rest,
When life declines, in thee;
As sinks the sun into the west,
Thou wilt my guardian be.

A brighter morning round thy throne
Shall dawn with light more fair;
Father! I trust in thee alone:
Thou wilt awake me there.

THE COMPASS.

Several mistakes in this hymn, as it is printed in the "Hymn and Tune Book," are here corrected by Mr. Robbins.

THOU art, O God! my East. In thee I dawned;
Within me ever let thy dayspring shine;
Then, for each night of sorrow I have mourned,
I'll bless thee, Father, since it seals me thine.

Thou art, O God! my North. My trembling soul,
Like a charmed needle, points to thee alone;
Each wave of time, each storm of life, shall roll
My trusting spirit forward to thy throne.

Thou art, O God! my South. Thy fervent love
Perennial verdure o'er my life hath shed;
And constant sunshine, from thy heart above,
With wine and oil thy grateful child hath fed.

Thou art, O God! my West. Into thy arms,
Glad as the setting sun, may I decline;
Baptized from earthly stains and sin's alarms,
Reborn, arise in thy new heavens to shine.

COMMUNION HYMN.

SAVIOUR, when thy bread we break,
When thy "cup of blessing" take,
Fill our souls with life like thine,—
Thou our bread, and thou our wine.

For us all, thy feast is spread;
For us all, thy blood was shed;
Thou didst die that all might live;
For all sin thyself didst give.

Lowly we, around thy board,
Hold communion with our Lord;
In our midst thy form we see,
And through faith would feed on thee.

Let our guilt be washed away,
Let our darkness turn to day;
May thy smile upon us rest,
While we lean upon thy breast!

Should thy cross upon us press,
We shall feel our sorrows less;
Should thy yoke upon us bear,
Thou wilt every burden share.

And when here on earth no more
Round thy table we may draw,
In thy Father's kingdom we,
Through thy grace, would sup with thee.

SUNSET.

DOWN toward the twilight drifting,
Hover now the shadows fast;
Lo! the evening clouds are rifting,
And the storm is overpast.

One by one the stars are peeping
Gently from the azure deeps;
Loving angels round are keeping
Watch and ward while Nature sleeps.

Memory to the heart is calling
Happy visions that had fled;
While, like dew around me falling,
Comes the presence of the dead.

Hush! the solemn midnight tolleth:
Morn is breaking from on high;
God away the darkness rolleth, —
Light! and immortality!

HALF-CENTURY CELEBRATION.

Written for the Half-Century Service of the Second Church in Lynn, Mass., 1873.

O THOU, who changest not though centuries roll!
Of all we are or have, the Sun and Soul!
Thy truths sublime the generations keep
Within thy temples, though the Fathers sleep.

We bless thee for the light which streams each day
Fresh from thy mind, to guide us on our way;
We thank thee for the love that flows so free
Forth from thy heart to lead us up to thee.

Thine are the spirits of the pure and just,
Who walked among us, true to every trust;
The fragrance of their memories shall rise
As incense with our daily sacrifice.

Our Father! on that happy heavenly shore,
Where separation shall be known no more,
Safely enfolded on thy faithful breast,
Thy children all shall share thy holy rest.

ORDINATION HYMN.

WITH sandals gemmed with morning dew,
Forth to the field of promise go,
With footsteps firm and vision true;
The seamless mantle round thee thrown!

With eye raised calmly to the dawn,
Accept the Father's light alone;
And he whose coming brings the morn
Shall with his being fill thine own.

Fling with a master's hand the seed
Broadcast with faith o'er hill and plain;
For God the harvest-time shall speed,
And ripen all his golden grain.

Fear not the tares! they shall not spoil
The richer plantage of the Lord,
But draw the poison from the soil,
And leave the sheaves for thy reward.

The young lead gently, and the old
Guide with his rod and staff above,
Where the good Shepherd all shall fold
At nightfall in his perfect love.

BACA.

From the "Monthly Magazine," October, 1869.

THROUGH Baca's vale my way is cast, —
Its thorns my feet have trod;
But I have found the well at last,
And quench my thirst in God.

My roof is but an humble home
  Hid in the wilderness;
But o'er me springs the eternal dome,
  For he my dwelling is.

My raiment rude and lowly seems,
  All travel-stained and old;
But with his brightest morning beams
  He doth my soul enfold.

How scantily is my table spread!
  With tears my cup o'erflows:
But he is still my daily bread, —
  No want my spirit knows.

Hard is the stony pillow bed;
  How broken is my rest!
On him I lean my aching head,
  And sleep upon his breast.

For faith can make the desert bloom;
  And, through the vistas dim,
Love sees, in sunlight or in gloom,
  All pathways lead to him.

The following is from the "Monthly Magazine," September, 1873: —

EUTHANASIA.

"Let me go, for the day breaketh."

THE waves of light are drifting from off the heavenly shore,
  The shadows all are lifting away for evermore;
Truth, like another morning, is beaming on my way:
I bless the Power that poureth in the coming of the day.
I feel a light within me that years can never bring:
My heart is full of blossoming, it yearns to meet the spring.
Love fills my soul in all its deeps, and harmony divine
Is sweetly sounding from above a symphony sublime:

The earth is robed in richer green, the sky in brighter blue;
And, with no cloud to intervene, God's smile is shining through.
I hear the immortal harps that ring before the rainbow throne,
And a spirit from the heart of God is bearing up my own.
In silence on the Olivet of prayer my being bends,
Till in the orison of heaven my voice seraphic blends.

THE SNOW-LINE.

MUTE in the studio the artist stands,
The chisel fallen from his palsied hands;
The inspiration from his eye has flown;
Cold lies before him the unsculptured stone:
But deep within his patient genius waits
For God to open the immortal gates.
No change can ever reach, no darkness dim,
The love and light that are enshrined in him.
Oh, deem not then that time's apparent flight
The fruitage of the spirit e'er can blight;
The brow is silvered and the step is slow,
But thought is clear, and heart is all aglow:
For He who breathed himself into the soul
Hath all our seasons under his control,
And, while without old age a winter seems,
Within perennial summer on it gleams.

"LEAD ME."

From the "Christian Register," Dec. 20, 1873.

MY Father, take my hand, for I am prone
To danger, and I fear to go alone.
I trust thy guidance. Father, take my hand;
Lead thy child safely through the desert land.
The way is dark before me; take my hand,
For light can only come at thy command.

Clinging to thy dear love, no doubt I know,
That love will cheer my way where'er I go.
Father, the storm is breaking o'er me wild,
I feel its bitterness, protect thy child.
The tempest-clouds are flying through the air,
Oh, take my hand, and save me from despair.
Father, as I ascend the craggy steep
That leads me to thy temple, let me keep
My hand in thine, so I can conquer time
And by thine aiding to thy bosom climb.
Father, I feel the damp upon my brow,
The chill of death is falling on me now.
Soon from earth's flitting shadows I must part;
My Father, take my hand, thou hast my heart.

FREDERIC AUGUSTUS WHITNEY.

(1812.)

Rev. Frederic A. Whitney, son of Rev. Peter Whitney and Jane (Lincoln) Whitney, was born in Quincy, Mass., Sept. 18, 1812. His father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were ministers, each, nearly fifty years and until death, of the First Congregational Liberal Churches of Quincy, Northboro', and Petersham, respectively. His brother, Rev. George Whitney, was one of the Unitarian ministers in Roxbury.

While a student in Harvard College, he was also a mathematical tutor in the private school of William Wells, of Cambridge; and on graduating, in 1833, he was associated for two years, as instructor, with Stephen M. Weld, in a classical school at Jamaica Plain. He graduated at the Cambridge Divinity School in 1838, and was afterward employed for some time by the American Unitarian Association in missionary service in Massachusetts, and in the South and West. He took charge of the First Congregational Church at Brighton, near Boston, in April, 1843, and remained its pastor for sixteen years. He still resides there, often preaching in different places, and steadily pursuing his favorite historical and literary studies. He was married, Jan. 11, 1853, to Elizabeth Perkins, daughter of the late William Perkins Matchett, of Boston.

The titles of most of his numerous published works are given in the large and admirably arranged catalogue, which, with a dictionary of pseudonymes appended, he prepared, in 1872, for the Brighton Public

Library. Of these we may mention, An Historical Sketch of the Old Church at Quincy, Mass.; Biographical Sketches of Josiah Quincy, Jr., and of John Hancock; Biography of James Holton, founder of the Holton Library; Oration at the Dedication of the Soldiers' Monument at Brighton, with an historical Appendix; Biographical Sketches of Soldiers who fell in the late War; Address at the Consecration of Evergreen Cemetery, with an historical Appendix; Discourses at the public funerals of Madam Susanna Park Champney, who died in her 95th year, and Edward Sparhawk, who died in his 97th, the genealogy of the Champney and Park families being given in connection with the first of these published addresses; A Treatise on Temperance; Discourse on the Early New England Home, and Sermon on the death of little children; Nine Annual Reports as President of the Trustees of the Public Library; thirteen Annual Reports as Chairman of the School Committee; Reports as Secretary of the Middlesex Sunday School Society; various articles in periodicals and reviews, &c. All these catalogues, biographies, genealogies, sketches, and reports abound in evidence of the most conscientious and painstaking care in their preparation, show on the part of the writer a habit of patient research, a remarkable accuracy of statement, and a wide acquaintance with books and local history, and altogether form a very valuable contribution to the department of literature to which they belong.

Mr. Whitney has also written some very excellent hymns, chiefly for ordination, installation, and dedication services, and other like occasions. Of these we select three.

"I HAVE SET WATCHMEN UPON THY WALLS."

Written for the installation of Rev. William Parsons Lunt, as colleague pastor with Rev. Peter Whitney, over the First Congregational Unitarian Church, Quincy, June 3, 1835.

ALL-SEEING One! whose presence fills
The glorious earth thy children tread,
Unseen, the sacred shrine be near,
To which our gathering steps have led.
The sacred shrine,
Great God, be near,
And, as we bend, the offering hear.

We turn to thee, in humble trust,
With prayer and praise, our Heavenly Friend,
That on this hour thy smiles may rest,
Thy choicest influence may descend.

Oh, let thy smiles,
Great God, here rest, —
Thy blessing, and we shall be blessed.

Lo, where thy elder servant stood
Through changing years, there still he stands ;
To aid him in the sacred cause,
Another comes with youthful hands.
Him aid, Great God,
That sacred cause
Pursuing still by Heaven's own laws.

Oh, bless him, Father, bless him now,
With faith and truth and hope and peace ;
And as his years shall onward roll,
Let not thy saving mercy cease.
As years shall roll,
Great God, increase
His ardor and his usefulness.

And when at last he binds his sheaves,
His harvest labors o'er and blest,
The golden grain, Pure One, receive,
And call the reaper to his rest.
The golden grain,
Great God, receive,
As Pastors flocks and temples leave.

"AND IN THIS PLACE WILL I GIVE PEACE."

Written for the dedication of the new church edifice of the First Congregational Unitarian Church, Watertown, Sept. 7, 1836.

TO Thee, Great Spirit, by whose will
Our labors have been blest,
Whose arm doth shield from daily ill,
Whose eye doth guard our rest, —
We consecrate this chosen place
An offering to thy name ;
Here seek henceforth thy needed grace,
Thy glorious truth proclaim.

Nor only here the accepted strain
Shall rise, since not alone
At Sychar's mount, or Judah's fane,
Thou, Father, shalt be known:
But Nature is a temple now,
And all, who worship thee,
In truth must worship, while they bow
The soul, as bow the knee.

Their service such, Pure One, attend
Thy children's prayer above:
In gladness, grief, temptation, send
Thy counsel, strength, and love.
Guide thou his steps, who leads our way
To thee, and truth divine;
Let all his words thy will obey,
And all his life be thine.

As Israel came to dedicate
The latter house of old,
While holy priests were called to wait,
And clouds of incense rolled, —
Thy glory sanctified the hour,
Thy Spirit warmed each heart:
Thus ever, Lord, in love and power,
Thy Spirit here impart.

"PRAY YE THEREFORE THE LORD OF THE HARVEST."

Written for the Anniversary Exercises of the Theological School, Harvard University, July 18, 1838.

OF old, on priest and prophet came
Thy Spirit's light, thy Spirit's power;
Of old the altar's kindled flame
Declared thy blessing on the hour.
Thy servants, Lord,
That power require,
That light beam ever o'er their way;

On waiting hearts
A holier fire
Than fell on Carmel fall this day!

In death as faithful pastors sleep,
On us their mantling spirit spread;
While whitened harvests still we reap,
Where lived and toiled the sainted dead.
Be ever nigh,
All grace impart,
To teach thy truth, to speed thy will:
Lord, purify
The worldly heart;
The empty, famished spirit fill.

Then bear our Leader's standard high,
Wide let it wave o'er land and sea;
Till tongues shall cease, till time shall die,
Its blessed folds, unfurled and free,
Be found where care
And doubt and strife,
Where sin and death their shadows fling;
Who wins shall wear
A crown of life,
While heavenly choirs their pæan sing.

JONES VERY.

(1813.)

REV. JONES VERY was born in Salem, Mass., Aug. 28, 1813. His parents were Captain Jones Very, shipmaster, and Lydia Very. The father and mother were cousins, the former being the son of Captain Isaac Very, and the latter the daughter of Captain Samuel Very. In 1823 and 1824 the subject of our sketch accompanied his father on the last two voyages which the latter made to Europe. He graduated at Harvard College in 1836, with the second honors of Commencement Day; served as Greek tutor in that institution for the two following years, was approbated as a preacher by the Cambridge Association in 1843, and since

that time has continued in that vocation, although without a pastoral charge. He resides in Salem with his two sisters, Frances Eliza and Lydia Louisa Ann, and devotes his time principally to literary pursuits.

In 1839 he published a volume of "Essays and Poems," and from then until now has contributed a large number of his productions, chiefly poetical, to the "Salem Gazette," the "Salem Observer," the "Christian Register," and the "Monthly Magazine." From this volume and these papers or periodicals have been taken the various hymns, which, with certain alterations made by him or by the compilers, have been introduced with his name into the Collections. His verse is characterized by a remarkable purity and delicacy of thought, and great ease and simplicity of style, while it breathes the spirit of a sweet and loving trust, and is pervaded by a fine, subtle sense of the enduring realities. In very many of his poems there is the unmistakable element or master-touch that belongs to the higher order of genius. A writer has described them as "indicating an appreciative love of nature and a deep religious feeling, with a tendency towards mysticism." There is great need of a new and full edition of the offerings of this retiring and unobtrusive, but gifted and spiritual bard of Salem.

In copying some of the hymns and sonnets contained in his "Essays and Poems," we first present three of them in the altered form which the writer himself authorized or approved to adapt them to church use, without any other omission or change which compilers may have since made and perpetuated. In this form they first appeared, we believe, in the "Book of Hymns," except that the headings are here given as they are found in "Essays and Poems."

THE SON.

FATHER! I wait thy word. The sun doth stand
Beneath the mingling line of night and day,
A listening servant, waiting thy command,
To roll rejoicing on its silent way.

The tongue of time abides the appointed hour,
Till on our ear its solemn warnings fall;
The heavy cloud withholds the pelting shower, —
Then every drop speeds onward at thy call.

The bird reposes on the yielding bough,
With breast unswollen by the tide of song; —
So does my spirit wait thy presence now,
To pour thy praise in quickening life along.

THE SPIRIT-LAND.

FATHER! Thy wonders do not singly stand,
Nor far removed where feet have seldom strayed;
Around us ever lies the enchanted land,
In marvels rich to thine own sons displayed.

In finding thee are all things round us found;
In losing thee are all things lost beside;
Ears have we, but in vain sweet voices sound,
And to our eyes the vision is denied.

Open our eyes that we that world may see!
Open our ears that we thy voice may hear!
And in the spirit-land may ever be,
And feel thy presence with us always near.

No more to wander 'mid the things of time,
No more to suffer death or earthly change;
But, with the Christian's joy and faith sublime,
Through all thy vast, eternal scenes to range.

CHANGE.

FATHER, there is no change to live with thee,
Save that in Christ I grow from day to day;
In each new word I hear, each thing I see,
I but rejoicing hasten on my way.

The morning comes, with blushes overspread,
And I, new-wakened, find a morn within;
And in its modest dawn around me shed,
Thou hear'st the prayer and the ascending hymn.

Hour follows hour, the lengthening shades descend,
Yet they could never reach as far as me,
Did not thy love its kind protection lend,
That I, thy child, might sleep in peace with thee.

The next four pieces are also from the "Essays and Poems." The first one of these, with the exception of the fourth stanza, appeared in the "Book of Hymns," and has since passed into various other Collections, and has become a favorite with many of our churches. We present this exquisitely beautiful hymn in its entire form.

THE PRAYER.

WILT Thou not visit me?
The plant beside me feels Thy gentle dew;
Each blade of grass I see
From Thy deep earth its quickening moisture drew.

Wilt Thou not visit me?
Thy morning calls on me with cheering tone;
And every hill and tree
Lend but one voice, the voice of Thee alone.

Come! for I need Thy love,
More than the flower the dew, or grass the rain;
Come, like Thy holy dove,
And let me in Thy sight rejoice to live again.

I will not hide from them,
When Thy storms come, though fierce may be their wrath;
But bow with leafy stem,
And strengthened follow on Thy chosen path.

Yes, Thou wilt visit me;
Nor plant nor tree Thy eye delights so well,
As when, from sin set free,
Man's spirit comes with Thine in peace to dwell.

BEAUTY.

I GAZED upon thy face, — and beating life
Once stilled its sleepless pulses in my breast,
And every thought whose being was a strife
Each in its silent chamber sank to rest;

I was not, save it were a thought of thee;
  The world was but a spot where thou hadst trod;
From every star thy glance seemed fixed on me:
  Almost I love thee better than my God.
And still I gaze, — but 'tis a holier thought
  Than that in which my spirit lived before,
Each star a purer ray of love has caught,
  Earth wears a lovelier robe than then it wore,
And every lamp that burns around thy shrine
Is fed with fire whose fountain is divine.

THE NEW BIRTH.

'TIS a new life; — thoughts move not as they did
  With slow uncertain steps across my mind,
In thronging haste fast pressing on they bid
  The portals open to the viewless wind
That comes not save when in the dust is laid
  The crown of pride that gilds each mortal brow,
And from before man's vision melting fade
  The heavens and earth; — their walls are falling now.
Fast crowding on, each thought asks utterance strong;
  Storm-lifted waves swift rushing to the shore,
On from the sea they send their shouts along,
  Back through the cave-worn rocks their thunders roar;
And I a child of God, by Christ made free,
Start from death's slumbers to Eternity.

THE PRESENCE.

I SIT within my room, and joy to find
  That Thou who always lov'st art with me here,
That I am never left by Thee behind,
  But by Thyself Thou keep'st me ever near;
The fire burns brighter when with Thee I look,
  And seems a kinder servant sent to me;
With gladder heart I read Thy holy book,
  Because Thou art the eyes by which I see;

This aged chair, that table, watch and door
  Around in ready service ever wait;
Nor can I ask of Thee a menial more,
  To fill the measure of my large estate,
For Thou Thyself, with all a father's care,
  Where'er I turn, art ever with me there.

The pieces which follow are not contained in the "Essays and Poems," but are of later origin.

THE LIGHT WITHIN.

From the "Book of Hymns."

I SAW on earth another light
  Than that which lit mine eye
Come forth, as from the soul within,
  And from a higher sky.

Its beams still shone unclouded on,
  When, in the distant west,
The sun I once had known had sunk
  Forever to his rest.

And on I walked, though dark the night,
  Nor rose his orb by day;
As one to whom a surer guide
  Was pointing out the way.

'Twas brighter far than noonday's beam,
  It shone from God within,
And lit, as by a lamp from heaven,
  The world's dark track of sin.

AS YE SOW, SO SHALL YE REAP.

From the "Book of Hymns."

THE bud will soon become a flower,
  The flower become a seed;
Then seize, O youth, the present hour, —
  Of that thou hast most need.

Do thy best always, — do it now, —
  For in the present time,
As in the furrows of a plough,
  Fall seeds of good or crime.

The sun and rain will ripen fast
  Each seed that thou hast sown ;
And every act and word at last
  By its own fruit be known.

And soon the harvest of thy toil
  Rejoicing thou shalt reap ;
Or o'er thy wild, neglected soil
  Go forth in shame to weep.

THE HOURS.

From Bulfinch's "Harp and Cross."

THE minutes have their trusts as they go by
  To bear His love who wings their viewless flight ;
To Him they bear their record as they fly,
  And never from their ceaseless round alight.
Rich with the life thou liv'st they come to me :
  Oh, may I all that life to others show,
That they from strife may rise and rest in Thee,
  And all Thy peace in Christ by me may know, —
Then shall the morning call me from my rest,
  With joyful hope that I thy child may live ;
And when the evening comes, 'twill make me blest,
  To know that Thou wilt peaceful slumbers give,
Such as Thou dost to weary laborers send,
Whose sleep from Thee doth with the dews descend.

Copies of the following hymns, not all of which have been published before, have been received from the writer as an additional contribution to this volume. The fine closing piece, "The Coming of the Lord," had been just finished as the manuscript was placed in our hands.

THE DEW.

'T'IS not the copious rains alone,
Which bless the parchèd soil ;
The gentle dews, that nightly fall,
Reward the sower's toil.

Unseen, unheard, the dews descend,
Like slumber on the mind ;
And on the thirsty hills and fields
A blessing leave behind.

In the cool stillness of the night,
The drooping plants revive ;
The grass, and every tender herb,
With their sweet influence thrive.

See, lifted on each pointed blade,
How bright the dewdrops shine !
And learn, in trusting, humble faith,
To trace the Hand Divine.

That, though no clouds their fulness drop,
In answer to our prayer,
Still we may own, from day to day,
Our God for us doth care.

THE EFFICACY OF A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

PRAY, mother, for thy prayer may keep
Thy child in virtue's way ;
A blessed harvest he shall reap,
For whom thou oft dost pray.

'Twill bless him in his early days,
And consecrate his home ;
'Twill bless him 'mid the world's rough ways,
And wheresoe'er he roam.

Through manhood e'en to life's last close,
  Thy prayers shall counsel, guide ;
Keep pure his heart from deadly foes,
  From hatred, lust, and pride.

Pray, mother, for thy prayer has power
  To help, to save, thy child ;
To give him strength in evil hour,
  By pleasure's voice beguiled.

And pray, O pray, when, erring, frail,
  Thy feeble child may fall ;
Thy prayer, thy faith may still prevail,
  And back to life recall.

For God the prayer of faith doth hear,
  And answer from on high ;
To those who seek him, he is near,
  Nor will their quest deny.

OUR SOLDIERS' GRAVES.

STREW all their graves with flowers,
  They for their country died ;
And freely gave their lives for ours,
  Their country's hope and pride.

Bring flowers to deck each sod,
  Where rests their sacred dust ;
Though gone from earth, they live to God,
  Their everlasting trust!

Fearless, in Freedom's cause
  They suffered, toiled, and bled ;
And died, obedient to her laws,
  By truth and conscience led.

Oft as the year returns,
  She o'er their graves shall weep ;
And wreathe with flowers their funeral urns,
  Their memory dear to keep.

Bring flowers of early spring
To deck each soldier's grave,
And summer's fragrant roses bring, —
They died our land to save.

THE PROMISE OF THE SPIRIT.

WHEN from their sight the Saviour went,
To dwell no more upon the earth,
The Spirit to his own he sent,
And souls were born of heavenly birth.

He left them not as orphans here,
To mourn their sad and bitter fate ;
But gave them promises to cheer,
While in the world, their lonely state.

"My Father greater is than I,
I will not leave you here alone ;
But send the Spirit from on high,
And you, in me, shall still be one."

Sweet promise to the mourning Bride,
The Church, that mourns her absent Lord !
While in his love we still abide,
He will fulfil his parting word.

Henceforth no more let Christians mourn ;
They hear again the Bridegroom's voice,
From heavenly heights of glory borne,
Which bids them with himself rejoice.

So faith, and joy, and peace, and love
Become our heritage below ;
Descending, like the holy dove,
On all who Christ's obedience know.

CHILDHOOD'S SONGS.

I HEAR again my childhood's songs,
When life was bright and fair;
Their melodies my spirit hears,
They float upon the air.

In far-off realms I seem to stray,
'Mid childhood's early flowers;
And all my weariness forget,
Amid its happy bowers.

My mother's voice, it comes again
So clear, and pure, and sweet,
I seem a little child to be,
And listening at her feet.

They cheer and soothe my sinking heart,
As if from heaven they came;
In manhood, as in youthful hours,
Their power is still the same.

A power to purify, and bless,
And thus my soul prepare;
With those I loved in early days,
The life of heaven to share.

HOW COME THE DEAD.

HOW come the dead? we anxious ask,
When, parting from our sight,
The spirit leaves its earthly home,
To dwell in realms of light.

How come the dead? Shall we no more
The friends we love behold;
Nor clasp again within our arms
Their forms so still and cold?

The very question that we ask
  May its own answer give ;
Is it the mortal that we mourn ?
  Our friends immortal live !

They come, though unperceived by sense,
  Through memory's open door ;
We see their looks, their voices hear,
  Familiar as before.

They come ; for hope will whisper still,
  Undying in the heart,
That friends who love shall meet again,
  Meet nevermore to part.

And faith, with heaven-directed gaze,
  As seeing things concealed,
Declares the dead, with Christ, shall come,
  When he shall be revealed.

THE COMING OF THE LORD.

"Take ye heed, watch and pray: for ye know not when the time is." — MARK xiii. 33.

COME suddenly, O Lord, or slowly come,
  I wait thy will, thy servant ready is ;
Thou hast prepared thy follower a home,
  The heaven in which thou dwellest too is his.

Come in the morn, at noon, or midnight deep ;
  Come, for thy servant still doth watch, and pray ;
E'en when the world around is sunk in sleep,
  I wake, and long to see thy glorious day.

I would not fix the time, the day, nor hour,
  When thou with all thine angels shalt appear ;
When in thy kingdom thou shalt come with power,
  E'en now, perhaps, the promised day is near !

For though in slumber deep the world may lie,
  And e'en thy Church forget thy great command,
Still year by year thy coming draweth nigh,
  And in its power thy kingdom is at hand.

Not in some future world alone 'twill be,
  Beyond the grave, beyond the bounds of time;
But on the earth thy glory we shall see,
  And share thy triumph, peaceful, pure, sublime.

Lord! help me that I faint not, weary grow,
  Nor at thy coming slumber too, and sleep;
For thou hast promised, and full well I know
  Thou wilt to us thy word of promise keep.

CYRUS AUGUSTUS BARTOL.

(1813.)

Rev. Cyrus A. Bartol, D.D., was born at Freeport, Me., April 30, 1813. He graduated at Bowdoin College in 1832, and at the Cambridge Divinity School in 1835. He was settled as colleague pastor with the Rev. Charles Lowell, D.D., of the West Church, Boston, March 1, 1837. Since Dr. Lowell's death in 1861, Dr. Bartol has been sole pastor of this ancient church, of which William Hooper was the first minister, and the second was the celebrated Jonathan Mayhew, whom Judge Paine declared to be the "father of civil and religious liberty in Massachusetts and America," and who, Dr. Bartol says, was "the first openly to proclaim on these shores the sublime doctrine of the strict and undivided Unity of God." Elsewhere in this volume it has been remarked that Dr. Freeman, of Boston, was, at a later day, the first to preach Unitarianism under that distinctive name.

Beside publishing a great variety of pamphlet discourses and articles for leading magazines, Dr. Bartol has given to the press numerous volumes of a theological or religious character, all of which have been marked by the extraordinary intellectual brilliancy and spiritual power for which he is distinguished. These are, "Discourses on the Christian Spirit and Life," 1850; "Discourses on the Christian Body and Form," 1853; "Pictures of Europe," a work combining a series of graphic sketches of the author's European travels, with philosophical reflections, 1855;

"West Church and its Ministers," 1856; "Church and Congregation," 1858; "The Word of the Spirit to the Church," 1859; "Radical Problems," 1872; and "The Rising Faith," 1874. He received the degree of D.D. from Harvard College in 1859.

Assisted by Charles G. Loring, Joseph Willard, and others in his society, Dr. Bartol compiled for use in his own church "Hymns for the Sanctuary," 1849. This took the place of the book which is generally known as the "West Boston Collection," and which was long used during Dr. Lowell's ministry. The latter, again, was preceded by an edition of Tate and Brady. We are not aware that in the "Hymns for the Sanctuary" is to be found any hymn which the principal compiler himself contributed to the store of sacred song. But from other sources we gather various hymns or poems which he has written, and which, marked as they are by the author's well-known striking originality of thought and highly poetic imagination, our readers, we are sure, will be glad to see brought together here.

At the beginning and close of his admirable "Pictures of Europe" are two very fine poems, entitled "The Two Journeys," and "The Guide;" while the fifteen or twenty chapters in the volume are introduced each by some brief lines that are full of meaning and beauty. Three of these shorter pieces are here presented.

BEAUTY OF THE WORLD.

BEHOLD, — but motes of animated dust, —
The sons of men upon this whirling ball!
Yet to each mote, O Thou, in whom we trust,
Lord of the sphere so vast, dost show it all.

Still brooding over beauty, thou dost bend,
In thy delight dost our delight intend:
Immense the scale, — how graceful still thy work!
In smallest things unmeasured grandeurs lurk.

For no fond favors, Father of mankind!
We bless thee, but for thine impartial mind:
Thanks for the equal splendor of the sun;
Thanks for thy love to all, respect to none.

THE MOUNTAINS.

OLD mountains! dim and gray ye rise
As ceaseless prayer, — earth's sacrifice!
Sharing your breath, the soul adores,
And with your soaring summits soars.

Where Moses taught, where Jesus trod,
Your tops stand altars unto God.
O shapes of glory, sacred all,
From every height heaven's blessings fall.

The minaret watchman's punctual cry
Summons loud worship to the sky;
Voiceless appeals, from you sent down,
A million silent throbbings own.

Ten lines introduce the chapter on "The Enduring Kingdom." Dr. Bartol has favored us by slightly changing the ninth line, and adding two others, thus giving to the whole more of the hymn-form, and adapting it to wider use.

THE ENDURING KINGDOM.

THROUGH haughty realms that low and wasted lie,
Through royal ranks that march in haste to die,
An empire, with no touch of earthly fate,
Grows on to boundless reach and endless date.

No gilded throne its lowly founder rears;
No sword or sceptre stretches for our fears;
His purple robe, the crimson on his head,
Tells of no hearts he bruised, no blood he shed.

His glories, shared with servants, kings affright,
And crowns are turned to relics at his sight:
Our track is toward him on the rolling sphere,
Till seekers in past story find him here.

JUBILEE HYMN.

Sung at the celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the ordination of Dr. Lowell, January, 1856. The hymn may be found in the record of the proceedings of that occasion as published in the "West Church and its Ministers."

O ISRAEL! at the trumpet turn;
From toil set every household free;
While priests with people meet, and burn
To share the long-hoped jubilee.

Let royal psalms all ranks rejoice,
Each alien take his ancient ground,
The loosened bondmen lift their voice,
The lowliest Hebrew head be crowned!

Through fifty over-arching years,
Their sorrows are a fleeting shade;
Fall now like far-off rain their tears;
In mercy's light their miseries fade.

A Christian jubilee we sing:
Guided in gloom, in grief consoled,
Through half a century's crowded ring
Our countless flock yet seeks one fold.

The church and shepherd, joined by God,
A golden wedding celebrate;
With joy that flowers upon his rod,
And peace out-blooming earthly date.

Fast by your heritage still stand,
Ye children! for the past give praise;
Our younger with the elder band
Breathe vows of love to endless days.

The two hymns which immediately follow are from a small volume of prayers and hymns for the children of the church, entitled "Children's Praise," which was published in 1858, and which we believe was specially designed for Dr. Bartol's own Sunday School.

MORNING AND EVENING PRAISE.

"It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High. To shew forth thy loving-kindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night."

GOD of the morning and the night,
  Morning and night thy mercies bring;
Our mornings, of thy face the light,
  Our evenings, shadows of thy wing.

Life's morn and eve, thy light and shade;
  Our being wakes to sleep at death,
Till dawn of endless day be made
  For us to draw immortal breath.

THE CHILDREN IN THE TEMPLE.

"Children crying in the Temple, and saying, Hosanna to the Son of David."

HOSANNA unto David's Son!
  The Hebrew offspring cry;
Hosanna to the lowly One!
  The Gentile youth reply.

Hosanna for his blessings given!
  Sang such as felt his hand;
Hosanna, touched by Him from heaven,
  Sings our still blessed band.

Bright with the face of God, he shows
  Our angels' guardian ranks;
Hosanna! — as to them he goes,
  We greet him with our thanks.

From East to West, in shrines of praise,
  As in the courts above,
We children our hosannas raise,
  He breathed for us such love!

Kingdom, of which he said we are,
  Below or in the skies,
Come shine in glory thence afar,
  Until our spirits rise!

ON VISITING MY HOME AFTER FORTY YEARS.

From "Old and New," April, 1870.

ENTRANCED among the rocks and trees,
I wander to and fro,
In sweet oblivion with the breeze
And forty years ago.

My birth-place works the charm of power:
Boyhood alone I know;
My life is crowded to an hour, —
'Tis forty years ago.

I have not bought, I have not sold;
Yet breathes, with whisper low,
Wonder new-born from stories told
Me forty years ago.

No weight I feel of care or sin;
My sorrows off I throw:
Remorse has fled, doubt has not been; —
'Tis forty years ago.

I am no husband, father, priest,
No rival see, or foe;
I sit the smallest at the feast;
'Tis forty years ago.

The timid thrush sings where I tread;
Roses fresh welcome blow,
And swing their censers o'er my head,
As forty years ago.

The sea and sand, the brook, the shore,
Hill-top and meadow low,
I find no atom less or more
Than forty years ago.

O'er Alpine pass, through halls of art,
No more can memory flow,
While present glory fills my heart,
From forty years ago.

O maze of joy! from mates at play,
Or learning in a row,
War's distant thunder rolls away,
With forty years ago.

Will He, that shines through all life's gloom,
And heightens all its glow,
In dateless heaven not find some room
For forty years ago?

CHARLES T. BROOKS.

(1813.)

Rev Charles T. Brooks was born in Salem, Mass., June 20, 1813. He graduated at Harvard College in 1832, and spent the next three years at the Divinity School, Cambridge. He began to preach at Nahant in the summer of 1835, and subsequently officiated at Bangor and Augusta, Me., Windsor, Vt., and various other places, until 1837, when he was ordained pastor of the Unitarian Church at Newport, R.I., receiving the charge from Dr. Channing. In the following October, he was also married by Dr. Channing to Harriet L., second daughter of Benjamin Hazard, lawyer and legislator in that State. In the autumn of 1871, he resigned the charge of the Newport pulpit in consequence of failure of sight and health, having continued his labors in the ministry for over thirty-six years. His home is still at Newport.

Mr. Brooks's extensive literary work has consisted largely of studies and translations of the German, to which he was introduced, while he was in college, by Dr. Follen. He has also contributed a large number of serious or humorous original poems to the magazines or papers; written many hymns or odes for public, religious, patriotic, or festive occasions; and furnished, from time to time, a variety of articles in prose to the periodicals. He published a translation of Schiller's "William Tell," anonymously, at Providence, 1838; a volume of miscellaneous poems, from the German, in Mr. George Ripley's "Specimens of Foreign Standard Literature," 1842; a Poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, Cam-

bridge, 1845; a Translation of Schiller's "Homage of the Arts," with Miscellaneous Pieces from Rückert, Freiligrath, and other German poets, 1847; "Aquidneck, and other Poems," 1848; a pamphlet, "The Controversy touching the Old Stone-Mill in the Town of Newport, R.I., with Remarks Introductory and Conclusive," 1851; a volume of "German Lyrics," selected from a mass of translations previously published in the "Literary World," or existing only in manuscript, 1853; an admirable translation of Goethe's Faust, 1855; "Songs of the Field and Flood;" a volume of sermons, "Simplicity of Christ's Teaching," 1859; "Titan," 1862; "Hesperus," 1865; a translation of the "Layman's Breviary," 1867, and one also of the "World's Priest," 1873, both from Schefer.

In 1853 Mr. Brooks took a voyage to India for his health, and wrote an extended account of his tour, parts of which appeared in "Harper's Magazine" in 1855. He has numerous other interesting papers or works in manuscript which wait to be published. Among the articles he contributed to the "Christian Examiner" are one on Poetry, 1845; one on German Hymnology, 1860; and another on the Apocalypse. He wrote also one on Rénan, for the "North American Review." Of his pamphlet sermons, "The Man of God," delivered before the graduating class of the Cambridge Divinity School, 1861, deserves special mention.

It is to be regretted that no Collection has been made of the large number of choice and beautiful original hymns and poems which this gentle and greatly beloved singer has written, and which are scattered so freely through the papers, magazines, and books to which they have been sent, or into which they have otherwise found their way. It is equally surprising that so few of them have gained a place in our Church Collections. We shall be justified in giving large room to our gleanings. A few translations are appended to the original poems.

THE POOR.

For the "Tea Bell," published in behalf of a Fair for Soldiers' Families.

"THE poor ye always have with you,"
He said, through whom the Father spake,
When on his followers, sad and few,
That last farewell was soon to break.

"The poor ye always have with you,"—
Age after age has passed away,
And still that word of his stands true,
The poor we have with us to-day.

"The poor ye always have with you,"
  Their shadowy forms are here to-night,
Though haply hidden from our view
  By all this blaze of joyous light.

"The poor ye always have with you,"
  Angels are they of heavenly love;
They ask, and give a blessing, too,
  That priceless blessing from above.

"The poor ye always have with you,"
  Poor soldiers from the field of strife,
And those poor souls that struggle through,
  At home, the thorny fight of life.

"The poor ye always have with you,"
  And none more poor of all that live,
Than they whose cold hearts never knew
  The bliss of him that loves to give.

"The poor ye always have with you,"—
  Then let your kindness still abound,
That where the thorns of penury grew
  Heaven's roses may enrich the ground.

THE FAITHFUL MONK.

Lines suggested by an allusion in the Memoir of Rev. O. W. B. Peabody.

GOLDEN gleams of noonday fell
  On the pavement of the cell!
And the monk still lingered there
In the ecstasy of prayer.
Fuller floods of glory streamed
Through the window, and it seemed
Like an answering glow of love,
From the countenance above.

On the silence of the cell
Break the faint tones of a bell.
'Tis the hour when at the gate
Crowds of poor and hungry wait,
Wan and wistful, to be fed
With the friar of Mercy's bread.

Hark! that chime of heaven's far bells!
On the monk's rapt ear it swells.
No! fond, flattering dream, away!
Mercy calls: no longer stay!
Whom thou yearnest here to find
In the musings of thy mind,
God and Jesus, lo! they wait,
Knocking at thy convent gate!

From his knees the monk arose;
With full heart and hand he goes,
At his gate the poor relieves,
Gives a blessing, and receives:
To his cell returned, and there
Found the angel of his prayer,
Who with radiant features said,
"Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled."

DEDICATION OF PLUMMER HALL, SALEM, MASS.

SPIRITS of the mighty dead,
In the deathless page enshrined,
Whence ye still serenely shed
Light immortal as the mind!
Shades of many a reverend age,
Consecrate these new-built halls!
Bard and prophet, saint and sage,
Pour your light along these walls.

Ye, too, whose fresh graves are wet
With affection's tear-drops now;
Ye who dwell where death has set
Radiance on each marble brow, —

As to-day we thoughtful meet,
  Sainted spirits, gather round!
Make this pensive, calm retreat
  Evermore a hallowed ground.

Long shall children's children here
  Thy twin-volumes, God! explore,
Thought's deep mysteries oft revere,
  Nature's marvels ponder o'er.
Light of wisdom! Soul of truth!
  Torch of science! Trump of song!
Hope of age and Guide of youth!
  Make us calm, and brave, and strong!

Swell to-day their noble fame,
  Who, in wintry exile drear,
Planted, in Jehovah's name,
  Truth's and Freedom's empire here;
Twine for later names a wreath
  In your hearts with pious care, —
Names whose benefactions breathe
  Fragrance on their native air!

Bless, kind Heaven! this ancient town,
  Built for thee, and named of Peace!
Righteousness be still her crown,
  Works of love her wealth increase!
God of Peace! the city keep,
  Guarded well by watchers three, —
Sentinels that ne'er shall sleep, —
  Learning, Faith, and Liberty!

ST. JOHN'S VISION.

REJOICE, O weary soul!
  The day will surely rise,
When this thy earth new-born shall roll
  Through new-created skies.

The veil of oldness then
  From human eyes shall fall,
And, dwelling face to face with men,
  Shall God be all in all.

The glory of his throne
  Shall then make all things new:
Eternal love shall reign alone,
  And heaven be full in view.

The curse shall be no more,
  Of doubt, distrust, and gloom;
But on this heaven-illumined shore
  The flower of hope shall bloom.

The city of our God
  Her gates shall open wide,
And through her streets and portals broad
  Shall pour a living tide.

There no more night shall be,
  And death shall reign no more:
There shall be no more sea,
  No partings on the shore.

But life's pure river there
  Shall flow serene and calm,
And, freshening all the tranquil air,
  The tree of life breathe balm.

God's love shall end all fears:
  From every weeping eye
His hand shall wipe away the tears,
  And death itself shall die.

AN EVENING HYMN.

ONCE more on balmy wings,
  Evening, descending, brings
Coolness and calm:

Thou, in whom is no night,
Up to thy world of light
Guide thou our feeble sight,
    Our lowly psalm!

Lord of the shining ones!
Glory of myriad suns
    Breaks on our sight!
Here, earth in darkness lies;
There, in the boundless skies,
Heaven's day, with million eyes,
    Broods o'er the night.

Under thy wing we flee,
Father of majesty,
    Mercy, and might!
Keep us from sin's dark snare, —
From this world's gloom and glare, —
Till beams through heaven's pure air
    Truth's morning light!

INSTALLATION HYMN.

Sung at the installation of Rev. Charles Lowe as minister of the North Church, Salem, Sept. 27, 1855.

GREAT God! within these temple gates
    To-day a reverent people waits
To hear thy voice, to see thy face,
And feel thine all-enlivening grace.

For here, of old, thy name was named,
Thy truth, of old, was here proclaimed,
Here swelled the song of praise and trust
From lips now mouldering in the dust.

What sainted forms this hour draw near,
To calm, to strengthen, and to cheer!
Their words of counsel and of prayer
Still haunt the hushed and hallowed air.

Where once they stood, thy servant stands,
With girded loins and waiting hands;
O, give him strength, Almighty Lord!
To do thy will and speak thy word.

Give him the burning love of truth
And wisdom's ever-blooming youth;
The tender heart, the faithful tongue,
The quickening word for old and young.

Lord! on this ancient church of thine
Still let thy face benignant shine;
And more and more, as years roll by,
May souls be ripening for the sky.

THE MEMORY OF CHANNING.

Commemorative of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the death of Dr. Channing. Services in Arlington Street Church, Boston, 1867.

O GOD! in thy autumnal skies
The dying woodlands glow and flame;
And wheresoe'er we turn our eyes,
All-conquering Life! we trace thy name.

Bright emblem of that tranquil faith
Whose evening beams "Good Morrow" give,
Each leaf, transfigured, mutely saith,
"As dying, and, behold! we live."

God of the living, — not the dead!
Like autumn leaves we fade and flee;
Yet reigns eternal spring o'erhead,
Where souls for ever live to thee.

From that pure upper world to-day
A hallowed memory meets us here, —
A presence lighting all our way
With heavenly thoughts and lofty cheer;

A mind whose luminous vision woke
  Man's better soul with kindling might,
When that calm voice, inspiring, spoke
  For Truth, and Liberty, and Light;

A power that still uplifts the age,
  That nerves men's hearts to manly strife,
That speaks from many a glowing page,
  That lives in many a godly life.

Blest spirit! with the kindred band
  Of saints and seers, the sons of light,
Still cheer us through this earthly land
  With tidings from the heavenly height.

Oh, help us meekly, bravely tread
  The path of righteousness and love,
Till, joined to all the immortal dead,
  We walk in cloudless light above.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG ARTIST.

A young artist, William Russell, son of the late Professor William Russell, of Lancaster, Mass., had gone from his home in Medford, into the fields and woods, as was his wont, to sketch. He was found some weeks afterward seated under a tree, and dead, the body being much decayed. He was discovered by a party of children who were berrying, and who were guided to the spot by a dog. He had sat down in view of a lovely scene, and is supposed to have died of heart-disease.

THE break of morn and May,
  Soft as a spirit's influence, drew him forth
  To spend with Nature one more tranquil day,
And look his last on this majestic earth.

  Reclining on her breast,
He reads once more her sweet benignant face;
  Then peacefully to rest
Sinks like a child, there, in her great embrace.

Alone; — no human eye
Hung o'er him, as he lay, with yearning love:
Yet God's blue tender sky
Looked down upon him through the pines above.

So near — and yet alone!
No kindred hand to smooth his dying bed,
But a low plaintive moan,
As of a spirit, stirred the boughs o'erhead.

It was God's spirit near!
"For so he giveth his beloved sleep,"
And strewed the leafy bier,
And bids his angels watch around him keep.

He was — and is — at home,
Gone hence, attended by a spirit band:
Where death no more can come,
He dwells now in his native spirit-land.

Was it not meet that so —
By Heaven's mysterious whisper called away —
That gentle one should go
Hence, in the tenderness of life's pure May?

As the breeze dies away, —
Mysteriously dies, —
As dies the fading light at close of day,
In summer skies.

IN MEMORIAM.

H. T. TUCKERMAN.

O FRIEND, endeared to heart and mind
By feeling's wealth and genial powers,
Companion gentle, wise, refined,
Of happy days and thoughtful hours!

Death cannot take thee from my side,
  Death could not chill thy heart's warm flow;
Those kindly well-springs gush and glide,
  Close by me still where'er I go.

How can I, though thy form is gone,
  Deem that our walks and talks are o'er?
Oft shall we still stroll calmly on
  By lonely lane and murmuring shore.

As yearly, to that healthful shore
  The city's denizens retreat,
We never, save in memory, more
  Thy pale and pensive face shall meet.

Thy step is on a fairer strand,
  Where healthful airs perennial blow;
Thy home is that unfading land
  Whose tribes nor death nor sickness know.

And there thou art rejoined to one,
  Thy heart's best friend for many a year;
O beauteous bond of sire and son,
  More beauteous in that happier sphere.

And *he*, that dear old master, there
  Receives thee to a heavenly hill,
And, both made young in that pure air,
  Ye join a wiser Master still.

Yet not far distant do we deem
  The spirit-land which now is thine;
Thy thought and life, a tranquil stream,
  Beyond death's cloud-veil glide and shine.

And tender memories, mild and fair,
  With every thought of thee shall come,
Like beckonings through a purer air,
  That bid us feel thy heaven our home.

HYMN FOR A FESTIVAL.

Written for, and sung at, the Unitarian Festival, at Music Hall, Thursday, June 1st, 1871, Boston, and repeated on the same occasion, in 1873.

GREAT Lord of all! our Father, God!
Sweet summer's hymn ascends to thee:
Her beauty breathes thy joy abroad,
And love's warm tide flows full and free.

Through all the realm of earth and air,
Thy great heart pulses day and night,
And flower and fountain leap to share
The glory of thy kindling light.

In morn's and evening's twilight glow,
Thy tender greeting, Lord, we feel;
And midnight heavens, with silent show,
Thy watchful, patient love reveal.

But not in realms dim sense can sound
The fountain springs that life imparts;
That blessed source alone is found
In loving and believing hearts.

To-day thy fount, dear Spirit, dwells
In us, replenished from above;
And through our mingling bosoms wells
In sparkling tides of life and love.

What feast of souls, thy fount of grace,
O bounteous God, this day hath spread!
Fair nature's light, and friendship's face,
And tender memory of the dead.

The immortal dead! in thee they live;
With them, to-day, we live in thee;
To us, O Fount Eternal, give
The life of faith in love made free.

HYMN FOR THE END OF THE YEAR 1871.

Written in the Hospital.

EARTH rolls round from day to night,
And from night again to day;
Days and years, in ceaseless flight,
Unreturning, speed away.

Yet, above the rushing tide,
Bearing earthly wrecks along,
Heavenly hills of peace abide, —
God's own holy mountain strong.

There the Lamb amidst the flock,
In serene communion dwells;
Through the fields of truth they walk,
Drink of truth's immortal wells.

Rock of Ages! on thy breast,
'Mid the restless waves of time,
May our souls find tranquil rest,
By the power of faith sublime.

God! in whom our dwelling-place
Ever has been and shall be:
Let thy gentle hand of grace
Hold us 'mid the surging sea.

Fill the eventide with light!
Bid all doubt and trouble cease!
Let us, in the mountain's height,
Share the ascended Master's peace.

With the saintly, brave, and wise,
Now with life immortal crowned,
Walking in his paradise,
Day by day may we be found.

Thus, as days and years depart,
And when time itself shall flee,
Purged in sight and pure in heart,
Draw us home to them and thee.

SUCH IS LIFE.

Written in the Hospital, 1872.

LIFE is a sea; like ships we meet, —
We speak each other and are gone.
Across that deep, O what a fleet
Of human souls is hurrying on!

We meet, we part, and hope some day
To meet again on sea or shore,
Before we reach that peaceful bay,
Where all shall meet, to part no more.

O great Commander of the fleet!
O Ruler of the tossing seas!
Thy signal to our eyes how sweet!
How sweet thy breath, — the heavenly breeze!

THE GREAT VOICES.

Written on the way to the Berkshire Hills, for the "Boston Transcript," 1872.

A VOICE from the sea to the mountains,
From the mountains again to the sea:
A call from the deep to the fountains,
O spirit! be glad and be free!

A cry from the floods to the fountains,
And the torrents repeat the glad song,
As they leap from the breast of the mountains,
O spirit! be free and be strong!

The pine forests thrill with emotion
Of praise, as the spirit sweeps by:
With a voice like the murmur of ocean,
To the soul of the listener they cry.

O sing, human heart, like the fountains,
With joy reverential and free;
Contented and calm as the mountains,
And deep as the woods and the sea.

HYMN FOR VISITATION DAY.

Written for the Visitation Day of the Cambridge Divinity School, 1873.

AT thy call, O Voice divine!
Here, with girded loins, we stand:
Soldiers, priests, and sons of thine,
Lord, we wait the beckoning hand.

From this cloistered, calm retreat, —
From our musings, vows, and prayers, —
At thy word we go to meet
Earthly conflicts, toils, and cares.

Through the temple-gate, O God!
In thy might would we go forth,
Thou, whose altar, pure and broad,
Hallows every spot of earth.

Lead us in the kindling name
Of thy Christ, thy perfect Son!
Make his love our guiding flame,
Till the heavenly day is won.

FOR THE NEWPORT CHURCH.

Written for Rev. J. C. Kimball's installation as Mr. Brooks's successor in the pastorate in the church at Newport, Oct. 7, 1873.

FATHER of world and soul!
Changeless, while ages roll!
Boundless in grace!
Who, with thy strength and rest,
Quickenest and quietest!
Now in each yearning breast
Unveil thy face!

Word! whose creative thrill
Wakes in all nature still
Life, light, and bloom!
Come with resistless ray,
Chase all our clouds away,
And with thy heavenly day
All souls illume!

Spirit, in whom we live!
Thou who dost yearn to give
All hearts thy rest!
When earthly joys take flight,
Cheer thou the earthly night,
And in the morning light
Still be our guest!

And when the eternal morn,
From death's deep night-shades born,
Our eyes shall see,
Father! thy word, thy breath,
Thy Christ, who conquereth
Sorrow and Sin and Death,
Our trust shall be!

DEATH OF A YOUNG MAN.

Died in 1873 at Mystic, Conn., Samuel Lee, aged 21.

FATHER! beneath thy chastening stroke
With sad, yet trusting hearts we bow:
Though here the golden bowl is broke,
The Eternal Fountain still art thou!

Around this fount of Life and Love
We gather in our lonely grief;
With thee in thy pure home above
Is all our solace and relief.

On earth we ever more must miss
  The son and brother, loved and true;
But in a brighter world than this
  The beauteous bond wilt thou renew.

He lives to thee! to us he lives!
  Death cannot blight such love and truth:
The memory of his goodness gives
  A pledge of heaven's eternal youth!

IN MEMORY OF M. K. H.

Jan 2, 1874.

LAMB of God's fold! 'tis well with thee!
  Thy sufferings all are ended now;
His hand from every pain set free
  The burdened breast and weary brow.

The fluttering heart is laid to rest
  On God's great heart for evermore;
The wounded bird hath reached its nest,
  The sea is past, the storm is o'er.

'Tis well with thee! a blest relief
  God's angel, Death, to thee hath brought;
But ah! by lonely, bitter grief
  To us submission must be taught.

We cannot wish thee back again
  From that most calm and blissful shore,
To taste the cup of earthly pain,
  And weary conflict, long and sore.

'Tis well, we own: in tearful trust
  We lift our eyes to Heaven, and say:
God is our Father, wise and just;
  He gave, and he hath taken away.

Hath taken away, that he may keep
  Our darling in his blest embrace;
Till we, who now in sorrow weep,
  Shall hail with joy her radiant face.

Farewell! henceforth our angel be!
  Till we, made child-like, come to dwell
In that pure home, with God, and thee,
  Where we shall know that all is well.

We have expressed our regret that so few of Mr. Brooks's hymns have a place in the Church Collections. We recall now only two, and these are translations from the German. One is in Hedge and Huntington's "Hymns for the Church," —

"Let me not, thou King Eternal."

The other is in many Collections, Trinitarian and Unitarian,—

"God bless our native land."

Compilers and hymnologists, English and American, have either marked this latter "Anonymous," or else have attributed it to John S. Dwight. Thus it is referred to Mr. Dwight by Mr. Josiah Miller, in his admirable work, "Singers and Songs of the Church" (London: Longmans, Greene, & Co., 1869), and by Rev. Charles L. Hutchins, in his valuable "Annotations of the Hymnal" (H. M. Mallory & Co., Hartford, Conn., 1872). Mr. Brooks translated it from the German, while he was a member of the Divinity School, at Cambridge. It was shortly afterwards altered in some of its lines by Mr. Dwight, and in its changed form was first introduced, it is supposed, into one of Lowell Mason's singing-books. Hence, doubtless, it came to be credited so widely to Mr. Dwight himself. We give the original translation of it by Mr. Brooks. We may add, however, that in the "Hymns of the Spirit" the lines of the last verse receive a still further change from the original than that which was made by Mr. Dwight, and that the compilers add also a third stanza.

OUR COUNTRY.

GOD bless our native land!
  Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night!

When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Father Eternal, save
  Us by thy might!

Lo! our hearts' prayers arise
Into the upper skies,
  Regions of light!
He who hath heard each sigh,
Watches each weeping eye:
He is forever nigh,
  Venger of Right!

NOVALIS'S IXTH SPIRITUAL SONG.

I SAY to every man I meet:
  He lives, He's risen again!
And evermore, in house and street,
  Still walks and talks with men.

I say to each man, — each one says
  To all his friends likewise, —
Soon shall on earth, in every place,
  The heavenly kingdom rise!

Now first, the world, to man's new sight,
  Appears a fatherland:
New life, with rapturous delight,
  Man welcomes at his hand.

The dread of death is buried now
  Down in the deepest sea,
And each with clear and radiant brow
  Beholds futurity.

Out into heavenly freedom winds
  The darksome way he trod,
And whoso heeds his counsel finds
  At last the house of God.

And now man weeps no more to close
  A brother's eyes below;
They, soon or late, shall meet, he knows:
  That sweetens every woe.

With nobler zest for virtuous deeds
  Each heart of man can glow;
For glorious harvest from these seeds
  In fairer fields shall grow.

He lives, — forever ours is he,
  Though all else fail on earth;
And so to us this day shall be
  The new creation's birth.

Mr. Brooks sends us the following fresh translations from Friedrich Rückert, who had rendered them into German from the Poetry of the Brahmins.

I KNOW not whither I go; I came, I know not whence;
  But this, From God to God, is all my confidence.
Why was I not till now, and others long, long ago?
Why was this place assigned to me, of all below?
I grow, as grows the tree; bloom as the field-flowers bloom:
In my own time of year, in my own garden room.
In the great garden lies no bed so lone, unblest,
Which is not, in its time, by Spring's warm breath caressed;
No bed, the Gardener's look has never beamed upon,
And made to bloom in bliss, — whose look is moon and sun.
I feel the summer's glow, the winter's searching blast,
And shudder as I think how soon my day is past.
Yet of immortal stock, faith witnesses, I came,
And what consumes me is no self-consuming flame.
A lower impulse stirs within me, and a higher;
This must I make my law, resisting base desire.
My joy will I unfold to purest bloom and glow,
And to a holy bliss transfigure all my woe.
God holds me in his hand, in him I rest and wait;
Before him I am small, but in him I am great.

HUMANITY is found kneeling, in every zone,
Before some holy thing, that points to God's pure throne;
No supplicating form, nor look, do thou despise,
By which poor, earth-bound hearts would struggle towards the skies.
One child with smiles contends, one with a tearful face,
In the dear mother's arms to win a blissful place.

BROOK said to stream: Ah me! swallowed so suddenly:
I dreamed I was somewhat, but feel I'm naught in thee.
Stream answered: Let it be: we journey to the sea,
Where I, too, shall be lost, as thou art here in me!

DEVOUTLY read, and then all books will edify thee;
Devoutly look, and naught but wonders will pass by thee;
Devoutly speak, and men devoutly listen to thee;
Devoutly act, and then the might of God acts through thee.

WASHINGTON VERY.

(1815–1853.)

WASHINGTON VERY, son of Captain Jones Very, and brother of Rev. Jones Very, some of whose hymns and sonnets we have given in a previous part of this volume, was born in Salem, Mass., Nov. 12, 1815. From 1829 to 1835 he was a clerk in the Mercantile Bank of that city, and was afterward a book-keeper in the Naumkeag Bank. He graduated at Harvard College in 1843, with the second honors of his class. He spent the usual three years at the Cambridge Divinity School, graduating in 1846. For four months, in 1844–45, he travelled in Europe, and kept a full and interesting journal of his tour. He preached for a year, and

then taught a private school in his native city until his death, April 28, 1853. At the time of his decease, a friend paid him the following tribute in the "Salem Gazette:" "He possessed a solid mind, tempered too by fine poetical sentiments; was distinguished for his thoroughness and patient investigations in study; deservedly enjoyed a high classical reputation, and was remarkably devoid of pretensions of any sort." His sermons, and various prose contributions to several papers, were of decided merit; while the few hymns and poems which he left behind him were exceedingly fine, and are significant of what had doubtless been our increased indebtedness to him for yet other offerings of his muse, had his life been longer spared. Besides the three pieces here presented, we have seen others entitled, "To Frank," "On some Ivy seen at Heidelberg Castle," &c.

LINES ON THE OLD PUTNEY BURIAL-PLACE, DANVERS, MASS.

SLEEP on, sleep on, beneath the sod
Which oft your weary feet have pressed;
Forgot by man, but not by God,
Ye lie unknown, though not unblest.

Sleep on, though high above your grave
No sculptured marble meets the eye;
Here the green birch-trees rustling wave,
And vines in tangled mazes lie.

Sleep on among these wooded hills,
Beholders of your joys and woes;
Another's thirst now slake these rills,
Another's voice this echo knows.

Sleep on, though lands and wealth are left,
And all that earthly sense could give;
Of nothing have ye been bereft,
If but your souls have learned to live.

Sleep, till the morning sunbeams play
All lovely round this smiling height;
Then wake to that E'erlasting Day,
That knows nor sorrow, darkness, night.

THE SNOW.

THE snow has come ; o'er field and hill
Its fleecy mantle wide is thrown ;
And winter's breezes stern and chill,
Through leafless branches, sadly moan.

Hushed is the song in every grove,
And fled the warblers far away ;
Forgot their spring-told tale of love,
Amid December's ruder day.

Each little flower, that late so fair
Was mirrored in the passer's eye,
All withered lies. Alas ! the rare,
The beautiful, but live to die.

O say not so. The cold, cold grave
May shut them from our earthly view ;
But He, the All-powerful to save,
Doth point us to their glory too.

Believe each season, as it goes,
A lesson brings for us to know ;
Perhaps 'twill speak of present woes,
Perchance some future bliss foreshow.

Then hail ! thou wintry robe of white !
Fair messenger of swift decay !
What though thou tell'st of waning light,
Thou heraldest a brighter day.

The following lines are in the "Book of Hymns :" —

SPRING.

THERE cometh o'er the spirit,
With each returning year,
The thought that Thou, the Father,

Art ever to us near;
With hope of life dispelling
The death, that winter brought;
And flowers and fruits foretelling,
With fragrant beauty fraught.

'Tis this, which calls thy children,
In sweet accord, to raise,
Beneath thy blue-domed temple,
One general hymn of praise
To Thee, the ever-living,
The universal King;
Who never ceasest giving
Each good and perfect thing.

The streamlet from the mountain,
It speaketh, Lord, of thee,
As from its snow-capped fountain
It rushes to the sea:
The gentle dew descending,
And cloud's refreshing shower;—
O God, our Heavenly Father,
All, all proclaim thy power.

JAMES RICHARDSON.

(1817–1863.)

Rev. James Richardson was born at Dedham, Mass., May 25, 1817. His father was Hon. James Richardson, who resided in that town, and was an eminent lawyer and public man for more than a half century. The mother was a lineal descendant of Mrs. Winslow, the wife of the Pilgrim Governor, but died at an early age, leaving two small children. The subject of our sketch, who was one of these, had the advantage of good society, and in his childhood manifested a great fondness for books and nature. When only six years old, he used to play the preacher and try his hand at writing hymns. He early showed a passion also for

drawing and music. In most of these youthful predilections, but especially in his love of poetry, he was much encouraged by his father, who had himself written a poem on graduating at college, and subsequently given another before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge. The son graduated at Harvard College in 1837, having been deeply interested during his academic course in the metaphysical works of German and French authors, and an ardent friend of the Transcendental Philosophy. He aided in collecting "Carlyle's Miscellanies," published under Mr. Emerson's supervision; wrote articles for the "Democratic Review" and other leading journals, and helped to edit the college magazine, though his studies were frequently interrupted by ill health. He was afterward a clerk of the county courts, then a principal of a school in New Hampshire, and later still at the head of another near Providence, R.I.

Entering the Divinity School at Cambridge, he spent three years in the study of theology, and graduated in 1845. Shortly after, he was ordained to the ministry in Southington, Conn.; and two years later became the pastor of the Unitarian Society in Haverhill, Mass. While here, he often lectured as well as preached, and took an active interest in the Temperance, Peace, and Anti-slavery Reforms. A return of bleeding at the lungs obliged him at length to give up his parish, and he went back to his paternal acres at Dedham. Yet he continued to preach and lecture as opportunity and health permitted, contributed to the papers and magazines numerous poems, stories, and essays, and published "Discourses on Theology and Religion," "The Nature of Divine Revelation," "The Relation of Religion and the Pulpit," and the "Nature of Sin and Evil." His humane heart led him during the late war to the hospitals at Washington; and the last services of this gifted essayist, lecturer, poet, and preacher, were ministries of care and devotion to the nation's wounded and suffering heroes at the capital of his country. Here he died, Nov. 10, 1863.

We are mainly indebted for the above account to a sketch of Mr. Richardson in "Brittan's Journal" (April No., 1873), written by the editor, who has also kindly sent us copies of four of our poet's productions in verse, which were published more than twenty years ago in "The Shekinah," another magazine conducted by himself with the very efficient aid of his gifted friend. Portions of these pieces were introduced, by way of illustration, into Mr. Brittan's sketch above referred to. They are here given in their more entire form. We may add that Mr. Richardson, like his father, wrote an ode for the valedictory exercises of his college class. The first stanza was as follows: —

A shadow steals across the sun,
  And veils our morning sky;
A tear bedews the light of joy,
  That gladdened every eye.

GOD'S TRUE TEMPLE.

NOT by vast piles of sculptured stone, uprearing
Their massive towers and fretted spires on high,
With splendid pomp and costly pride, appearing
To scorn the poor and humble passer-by ;

Not by the rich and swelling congregations
That daily crowd the broad, luxurious aisles ;
Not by the pulpit's eloquent orations,
And melody that sense and soul beguiles ;

Not by most solemn rites, nor by receiving
The holy bread and consecrated cup ;
Not by vain doctrines and long creeds believing,
Do we the temple of our God build up.

For God's true temple is Humanity,
That now unfinished and in ruin lies ;
And would we its divine restorers be,
And raise it up in glory to the skies ?

Wherever weep the enslaved, the poor, the lowly,
Or fall the tempted, frail, and sinful ones,
There, with a purpose high and spirit holy,
We'll haste to succor these our Father's sons.

And inward purity and love combining,
That Spirit fair which moved our blessed Lord
Shall build them up as stones, all fair and shining,
Into a LIVING TEMPLE of our God.

And thus shall we in lofty virtue growing,
Founded on Jesus as our corner-stone,
Be pillars of that holy Temple, showing
That God's true praise is love of man alone.

TRUST IN MAN.

HAVE faith in man, thy brother:
In the dungeon's gloomy cell,
All chained and manacled, there sits
A murderer, grim and fell;
And, like the moonlight on the cloud,
Or sunbeam on the sea,
Clasped to his heart, his daughter fair
Sits on the convict's knee.
And the murderer lifts his blood-stained soul
Up to the Father's throne,
And prays that God would shield his child,
Left on the world alone.
Oh, may not that prayer of faithful love
For his deep, dark guilt atone?
For e'en in the basest felon's breast
Is a spark of humanity.
Then trust in man, thy brother,
Whoever he may be.

THE LOST ART.

"OH, trust not, youth, to the visions fair,
That charm thy ravished heart;
But in the Galleries dim and old,
More wondrous visions shalt thou behold,
There study thine ancient art."

"There worship the great old Masters,
There copy their works sublime,
These shall an *Inspiration* give
That shall make thy humble works outlive
The annals of thy time."

And mildly answered the artist,
"A gallery have I
That girdles this beautiful earth around,
That reaches the mystic dim profound,
Its roof the vaulted sky.

"And deep within the studio
Of my awed and ravished soul, —
Painting for ever in silence there,
His canvas wonderfully fair
The Master doth unroll.

"Where studied those ancient artists?
Who gave them their wondrous skill?
In Nature's Gallery divine,
They worshipped at thought's interior shrine,
With God their Master still."

TRUTH AND NATURE.

Originally published in the "Knickerbocker." One stanza here omitted.

THERE'S a light gone out of the sunshine,
A glory from the day;
The stars are dimmer to my sight,
The moon, that hushed the holy night,
And filled my soul with calm delight,
Hath lost its ancient ray.

The brook, with its veinèd pebbles
And its painted mussel-shell;
The delicate mosses on the brink,
The crystals within the rocky chink,
The feathery ferns that stooped to drink, —
All sights that I loved so well:

With the breath of the apple-blossoms,
And the scent of the new-mown hay
Which the starry buttercups illume;
The violet's far-diffused perfume,
And the glory of the roses' bloom, —
Have passed from my life away.

And the voices of the Spring-time
  Carol no more to me ;
Nor, singing on its stony bed,
The brook, by hidden fountains fed,
Answers the robin overhead
  With the old melody.

All these have forgot the music
  They sang in mine ear of yore ;
The colors fade in life's garish light,
The early bloom has turned to blight,
And the beauteous shows of earth invite
  My heart to joy no more.

For Youth, that painted their colors,
  And tuned their songs for me,
No longer peoples the earth and air
With its forms and sights, divinely fair,
But hath left my lonely heart to share
  Naught but their memory.

And yet, as over my spirit
  Their freshening memory breathes,
Fragrant with odors from wild-wood bowers,
And thrilling with music of by-gone hours,
Sweet garlands of dewy, youthful flowers
  Around my brow it wreathes.

And again, in the genial spring-time,
  I feel the youthful glow ;
Again heaven's sparkling eyes grow bright
With something of their ancient light,
And I hear again, with dear delight,
  Birds sing and streamlets flow.

The two hymns which follow are copied from the "Book of Hymns," from which they have passed into a few other Collections : —

THE HYMN OF SUMMER.

HOW glad the tone when summer's sun
Wreathes the gay world with flowers,
And trees bend down with golden fruit,
And birds are in their bowers!

The morn sends silent music down
Upon each earthly thing;
And always since creation's dawn
The stars together sing.

Shall man remain in silence, then,
While all beneath the skies
The chorus joins? No, let us sing,
And, while our voices rise,

O, let our lives, great God, breathe forth
A constant melody,
And every action be a tone
In that sweet hymn to thee!

ONE IN CHRIST.

FROM Zion's holy hill there rose
A fount divine, that ever flows;
Heaven's smile is on its waters shed,
By heaven's own dews the fount is fed.

That stream of truth — a silver thread,
Scarce known, save by its fountain-head —
Now onward pours, a mighty flood,
And fills the new-formed world with good.

Where'er that living fountain flows,
New life its healing wave bestows,
And man, from sin's corruptions free,
Inspires with its own purity.

A spirit, breathed from Zion's hill,
In holy hearts is living still, —
That Comforter from heaven above,
The presence of celestial love.

O may this spirit ever be
One bond of peace and unity!
Thus shall we teach, as Christ began,
Through love, the brotherhood of man.

GEORGE OSGOOD.

(1817.)

Rev. George Osgood, son of Dr. Joseph Otis Osgood and Elizabeth (Fogg) Osgood, was born in Kensington, N.H., Oct. 8, 1817. He graduated at the Divinity School, Cambridge, in 1847; was ordained to the Christian ministry in Standish, Me., in 1853; and was settled at Tyngsborough, Mass., in 1855. He has labored at various other places; but for the last few years his health has been quite poor, and he has consequently been able to write or preach but little. At one time he was editor of the "Exeter [N.H.] News-Letter." He has a decided taste and talent for poetic composition, and for many years has contributed verses to the papers, most of them having been originally written for his friends. The pure and pensive character of his muse may be seen from the specimens which we give below.

The first of these was written by him during his connection with the Theological School. He had an uncle in Danvers, Dr. George Osgood, a well-known physician, whose name he bore, and who had asked him, on one of his visits to the town, to write some lines upon the new cemetery in the immediate vicinity. The nephew complied with the request of his uncle, and gave the lines to Israel A. Putnam, also then a member of the Divinity School, for publication in the "Salem Register." "I little thought," writes to us the author, "that Israel would soon rest in this spot, and render it dearer and holier by his grave. My uncle and his family were buried in another cemetery, and your brother is the only near friend I have in Walnut Grove."

WALNUT GROVE CEMETERY.

'Tis sweet, when life's last work is done,
When we no more the earth may tread,
To find a quiet resting-place
Where sleep our dear, lamented dead.

And shall we find a fairer spot,
  Where we may rest with those we love,
Than 'neath the spreading trees which shade
  The pleasant grounds of Walnut Grove?

There, underneath the rustic bridge,
  The murmuring brook comes stealing through,
While on its banks unfold the flowers
  Of every bright and lovely hue;
There oft the evening birds will sing
  In every branch that waves above,
To break the silence of the scene
  That else might reign in Walnut Grove.

There, meet for such a rural spot,
  We mark the rude and noisy mill;
While, with its sunny waters bright,
  The little pond is calm and still.
The sloping banks and winding stream,
  With all their varied charms, are wove
For Nature's children to admire,
  Who seek the walks of Walnut Grove.

There oft in solemn hours shall come,
  In grief and woe, the burial trains,
To place, beneath the broken turf,
  Of dearest friends the last remains.
Oft by the green or flowery grave
  The silent mourners, too, will rove,
To weep above the hallowed dust
  Of those who sleep in Walnut Grove.

There weary age and childhood sweet,
  And youth and beauty, must be laid;
And manhood leave the busiest life
  To rest beneath the sombre shade.
Yet, though their forms may slumber here,
  The spirits of the friends we love
Still live in spheres unknown to those
  Who tread the paths of Walnut Grove.

THE MASTER'S CALL AND LEAD.

Written for the Graduating Exercises at the Divinity School, Cambridge, 1847.

AS from these hallowed scenes we go, —
These calm retreats of sacred lore, —
O God, thy glorious presence show,
To cheer us in the work before!

We seek the pure and holy light
That in the life of Jesus shone,
To guide us to the true and right, —
The faith that rests on God alone!

With souls devoted to thy will,
We dare not shrink from duty's call,
But faithful to thy service still,
Though weal or woe our lot befall.

We would with lowly trust rely
On every promise Jesus gave,
Nor gaze with Peter's doubting eye
Upon the wild and fearful wave;

But where we mark the Saviour's form
Move calmly o'er life's changing sea,
Unwavering meet the darkening storm,
As those whose hope is fixed on thee.

LINES IN AN ALBUM.

From the "Exeter News-Letter."

O MAIDEN, at the dawn of day,
With pure and earnest feelings pray
That in the strait and narrow way
Thy feet may always tread;
And, in the silent hours of night,
Seek from the source of strength and light,
That on thy life no stain nor blight
Of sin may e'er be shed.

Now, in thy early womanhood,
Keep every evil thought subdued,
And make thy life so pure and good,
  So holy and serene,
That, when thy days of life are flown,
And thou from earth must go alone,
Thy pathway, down the vale unknown,
  Shall reach some happier scene!

LINES ON THE LOSS OF A CHILD.

THE flower that opened to the light,
  All fresh with drops of early dew,
Too soon was withered from our sight,
  And lost its bright and lovely hue.

The bird whose notes we loved to hear,
  While sweet he sung at dawn of day,
We saw depart and disappear
  In lonely forests, far away.

The star, which rose above the hill
  And glittered on the rippling stream,
We saw with hope and gladness, till
  The clouds concealed its cheering beam.

The child that cheered us, day by day,
  And filled our home with light and glee,
Soon sweetly, sadly passed away
  To joys, which now we may not see.

As died the sweet, unfolding flower,
  As flew the bird that sung at dawn,
As passed the star at evening's hour,
  So from our eyes the child has gone.

The child, though absent from our sight,
  Among his guardian friends above,
Shall ever live in memory's light,
  And ever in the light of love!

The following lines were occasioned by the death of Augustus F. Pierce, M.D., who was a member of Mr. Osgood's parish in Tyngsborough, and who died at the early age of twenty-eight, greatly lamented by all who knew him, and loved and honored by a wide circle of friends. The lines originally appeared in the New York "Christian Inquirer."

THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN.

THE year, as now it dies away
Among its scenes of joy and gloom,
Reminds us of that autumn day
When we stood weeping by the tomb.

The dying leaves and withering flowers
Around our path in sadness fell;
No breezes waved the faded bowers,
Nor moaned along the wooded dell.

The clouds which overhung the sky
Wore on their folds no golden hue;
The silent river sweeping by
Sent back no gleam to cheer the view.

We mourned for one whose smile no more
Shall bless us on our weary way,
Whose short and earnest life was o'er
Ere time had tinged his locks with gray.

When in the still and darkened room,
Beside the bed of pain he stood, —
There, 'mid the scenes of fear and gloom,
His choicest work was doing good.

The sufferer, in his hours of pain,
Remembers well the work of him
Who soothed his wild and aching brain
When hopes of life seemed sad and dim.

And all who marked the tender care
With which his faithful work was done
Might well rejoice to see how fair
His love and skill could blend in one.

The summer sky, the winter storm,
  The midnight, and the dawn of day
Beheld his frail and manly form
  In duty's hard but noble way.

In many a bright and happy home
  His name will long be heard with praise;
For grateful memories oft shall come
  Of him who cheered its darkest days.

A tomb within a garden holds
  The form we sadly laid to rest,
While with new life his soul unfolds,
  Within his Father's mansions blest.

TYNGSBORO', Dec. 31, 1855.

TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY OF REV. DR. WILLARD,* OF DEERFIELD, MASS.

THE mountains wild and valleys fair
  Again in summer robes appear,
And tender flowers are waving where
  The winter winds swept cold and clear.

The ancient trees along the street
  Their graceful branches intertwine,
To shade us from the burning heat,
  As the bright rays of noontide shine.

The joyous birds at morn and eve
  Their sweetest songs delight to sing,
And cheer the hearts of those who grieve
  Among the loveliest scenes of spring.

The groups of children at their play
  Give hope and gladness to the scene;
As pass the happy hours away,
  Like sunlight o'er the village green.

* Rev. Dr. Willard was a well-known blind preacher among the Unitarian Churches in Massachusetts. See the notice which we have given of him in the first part of this volume, with some of his hymns.

Yet in the sunlight and the shade,
  One holy man no more is found ;
On yonder hill his form is laid,
  To rest beneath the burial mound.

When dying leaves in sadness fell,
  Beneath October's genial sun,
In solemn tones the passing-bell
  Told that his earthly course was done.

Beneath the old trees of his care,
  The people, that around him grew,
Mourned sadly, as they gathered there
  To bid his hallowed face adieu.

And, as they bore his form to rest,
  From all its sufferings, toil, and strife,
They laid the white cross on his breast, —
  An emblem of his spotless life.

And well that cross became the bier
  Of one whose calm and earnest faith
Would never let him shrink with fear
  To go to prison or to death.*

Oh ! once, when in the gathered crowd
  We saw his aged form arise,
We felt that nought could ever cloud
  The truth that lit his sightless eyes.

Like an apostle, he would dare
  To break the proud oppressor's rod,
And without doubt or fear declare
  The counsel of the living God.

* At a meeting of the Unitarian Association in his neighborhood, shortly after the passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill, Dr. Willard, in the face of opposition, denounced the measure, and declared that he could not obey it, but was ready to submit to its penalty, which would carry him to prison; and that imprisonment, at his age and with his infirmities, would be death.

Like a true martyr, he would end
  His life in suffering, woe, and pain,
And by his very death befriend
  The bondman flying from his chain.

Like an old prophet, in his might,
  His noble form arose sublime,
As for the cause of truth and right
  He dared denounce a nation's crime.

His reverend form has passed away!
  On the pure river's fruitful shore,
In the full light of perfect day, *
  The eyes we loved are dim no more.

R. C. WATERSTON.

(1812.)

Rev. Robert Cassie Waterston, son of Robert Waterston, was born in Kennebunk, Me., in 1812; but from his infancy he has resided in Boston, Mass. He studied theology under Drs. Henry Ware and John G. Palfrey, at Cambridge; for five years had the charge of a Sunday school for the children of seamen; for six years, also, was connected with the Ministry at Large and the Pitts Street Chapel in Boston; and for seven years was pastor of the Church of the Saviour in the same city. He has, since then, supplied pulpits at Taunton, Newburyport, Roxbury, and elsewhere. In 1842 he published a small volume of 300 pages on "Moral and Spiritual Culture," which passed through several editions; and was republished in England and also in Ireland, — having had there abroad, as well as here in America, a large circulation. He received the degree of A.M. from Harvard College in 1844.

Among his numerous published sketches, addresses, reports, discourses, treatises, poems, may be mentioned an article on Samuel Taylor Coleridge, published in the "North American Review" in 1834; "The Widow's Son, a Sketch from Real Life" (first printed in the "Christian Examiner"), 1843; Discourse on the Life and Character of Judge Story and John Quincy Adams, 1845 and 1848; "Address on Pauperism," 1844; "Christianity applied to Cities," 1851; an article on the "Life and Works of Charles Robert Leslie, the Artist" (reprinted from the "North American Review"), 1861; Poem, delivered at the Boston English High School, 1871; Remarks at a Special Meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Dec. 16, 1873, on the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Destruction of the Tea in Boston Harbor,

and printed in the published Proceedings of the occasion referred to, 1874; and Remarks on Louis Agassiz, at a Memorial Meeting of the Boston Society of Natural History, Jan. 7, 1874. Mr. Waterston has rendered valuable service in the cause of Education, and, as the chairman of a committee, wrote an admirable report of the Boston Schools for the year 1866, taking a wide survey of the systems of popular instruction that prevail in Europe and America, while he treated specially the immediate condition and needs of the city he represented. As a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, he has taken an active part in its general proceedings, and contributed largely to the interest of its meetings by his papers or addresses.

In 1845 he published a new edition of Greenwood's excellent Collection of "Psalms and Hymns;" connecting therewith a large number of supplementary hymns, that greatly enriched the book and adapted it to "a wider circle of wants." The enlarged as well as the original Compilation has been very extensively used by the Liberal Churches. In the supplement are contained not a few of Mr. Waterston's own hymns. These, with other pieces by the same writer, we present here in their authorized form. They have been highly commended by our most eminent bards, and some of them have passed into many volumes of sacred poetry.

SUPPLICATION.

O LORD of Life! to thee we pray;
Send down thy Spirit from above,
And fill, great Fount of Truth! this day,
Each mind with light, each heart with love.

Here may a grateful people bow
To Him who spake and it was done;
And ever be revered — as now
Thy living word — thy loving Son.

Long may this hallowed Temple stand,
The hope of age, the joy of youth;
A sacred watch-tower in the land,
A mighty battlement of Truth!

Thy suppliant children wilt thou bless,
Conform our wills unto thine own,
Give to thy glorious word success,
And raise within each soul thy throne!

WORSHIP.

GREAT Source of Good, our God and Friend,
Fountain of light and life divine!
Here thy adoring children bend,
And pray to be for ever thine.

With thy best blessings crown, O God,
The servants of the Prince of Peace;
Widely extend Heaven's light abroad,
Bid Knowledge reign and Faith increase!

Wisdom to us and Virtue give;
And by thy Spirit lead us still,
With thee to walk, for thee to live,
To love thy word, and do thy will.

And, when our mission here is o'er,
Oh, take us to thyself in love,
To know thee better, serve thee more,
And dwell with Christ in worlds above!

TRUTH.*

"The Truth endureth, and is always strong."

THEORIES, which thousands cherish,
Pass like clouds that sweep the sky;
Creeds and dogmas all may perish;
Truth herself can never die.

From the glorious heavens above her,
She has shed her beams abroad,
That the souls who truly love her
May become the sons of God.

* This hymn was originally published in the "Religious Monthly," edited by Drs. Henry Ware and E. S. Gannett. It has since appeared in several Church Collections.

Thrones may totter, empires crumble,
All their glories cease to be ;
While Truth, Christ-like, crowns the humble,
And from bondage sets them free.

God himself will e'er defend her
From the fury of her foe,
Till she in her native splendor
Sits enthroned o'er all below.

GOD OF THE SOUL.

GOD of the soul! oh, help us to revere
The mighty marvels thou hast centred here:
May no untimely frost, nor blight of sin,
Blast that immortal life which buds within.

Teach us to bow before the inward light, —
The sense of wrong, the consciousness of right;
Kindle that faith which unto thee would soar,
Know thee, obey thee, love thee, and adore!

THE SON OF GOD.

IN ages past, majestic prophets came,
Truth to reveal and speak with tongues of flame;
By wondrous paths Jehovah led their way,
In signs of fire by night, and cloud by day.

That prophet host, for this high mission born,
Proclaimed the coming of a brighter morn!
The Star of Day hung quivering on their sight,
And the broad East was all aglow with light!

Thus Jesus came, divinest gifts to bring,
And publish truth from heaven's Eternal King!
Angelic choirs announced the sacred birth,
Good-will from God, salvation to the earth!

Celestial gates by Christ were open thrown,
And bliss immortal round his pathway shone:
Wide as the world his kingdom shall extend,
And blessings flow, till time itself shall end!

HERE AND NOW.

LOOK around thee! say how long
Shall the earth be ruled by wrong?
When shall error flee away?
And this darkness turn to day?

When will evil from the soul
Render back its dread control?
When shall all men duty see?
And the world be pure and free?

Rouse thee for the mental strife!
Gird thee for the task of life!
With the sword, and with the shield,
Forward to the battle-field!

"ON!" a thousand voices cry,
Through the earth, and from the sky;
"UP!" — Heaven's light is on thy brow!
Let thy work be HERE AND NOW!

FAITH AND LOVE.

GLORIOUS that FAITH which prompts to deeds of love,
Seeks haunts of woe, and points to Heaven above;
Hastes swiftly forth, 'mid famine and despair,
To make lone want the object of its care!

Divine that LOVE which girds the soul with might
To vanquish wrong and vindicate the Right!
God send such Love and Faith: so may they now
Beam from each eye, and kindle on each brow.

NATURE AND THE SOUL.

IN each breeze that wanders free,
  And each flower that gems the sod,
Living souls may hear and see
  Freshly uttered words from God!

Had we but a searching mind,
  Seeking good where'er it springs,
We should then true wisdom find,
  Hidden in familiar things!

God is present, and doth shine
  Through each scene beneath the sky,
Kindling with a light divine
  Every form that meets the eye.

Nature, with eternal youth,
  Ever bursts upon the sight;
All her works are types of truth, —
  Mirrors of celestial light!

But the soul, when veiled in sin,
  And eclipsed with fear and doubt,
From the darkened world within,
  Throws its shade on that without.

While to those who, pure in heart,
  For the Truth their powers employ,
She will constant good impart,
  And diffuse perpetual joy.

If the mind would Nature see,
  Let her cherish Virtue more;
Goodness bears the golden key
  That unlocks her palace-door!

LOOKING UNTO CHRIST.

(Never before published or used on any occasion.)

IN darkest hours I hear a voice,
Which comes my saddened heart to cheer,
Saying in tones of love, — "Rejoice!
JESUS IS NEAR!"

In times of trial and dismay,
Through the dark gloom of doubt and fear,
There breaks a light, like dawning day, —
"JESUS IS NEAR!"

When years autumnal tokens bring,
And fading hopes seem dry and sear,
Then bursts a bloom, like second spring, —
"JESUS IS NEAR!"

Thus, when at length the veil shall rise,
Will my enfranchised spirit hear,
From angel-voices through the skies, —
"JESUS IS NEAR!"

Not far away, but close at hand,
A constant Friend, most true and dear;
Gladly I follow Heaven's command,
With "JESUS NEAR!"

FOR A RELIGIOUS FESTIVAL.

O God of Light and Love!
Look from thy throne above,
And bliss impart;
While we as brothers meet,
Holding communion sweet,
Make thou our joy complete;
Bind heart to heart.

And as the opening spring
From the brown earth doth bring
    Flowers into birth;
So may thy truth be heard,
So by thy glorious word
May every soul be stirred,
    O'er all the earth.

God bless the Christian band,
Who, through our wide-spread land,
    Go forth in might;
Where western rivers blend,
Where ancient forests bend,
May they the Truth defend,
    And scatter light.

And o'er the ocean wide,
Of the Atlantic tide,
    Bless those we love;
Touch them with holy flame,
As, in Jehovah's name,
They to the world proclaim
    Truth from above.

Great God, with heavenly power,
Fill thou this sacred hour;
    Make us as one:
May we united be;
Keep us from error free, —
True to thy word and thee,
    True to thy Son.

The above hymn was written for the Annual Meeting of the Unitarian clergy and laity, Boston, May 27, 1845. The Hon. John Quincy Adams presided, and made the introductory address. The interest was very great, and it was throughout a most memorable occasion, — by no one present ever to be forgotten. The following was sung as the fifth verse, in allusion to the venerable and illustrious presiding officer: —

Bless thou the Patriot Sire,
Who, warm with Freedom's fire,
    Spreads light abroad;

He like a rock has stood
'Mid strife of fire and flood,
True to his country's good,
True to his God.

The Rev. Dr. Pierce, with his snow-white locks, at President Adams's right hand, led in the singing; and, when this verse was commenced, he lifted up his arm and pointed to Mr. Adams, at the same time raising his voice to its utmost power, the vast multitude heartily uniting. The enthusiasm was literally beyond description.

CHRISTIAN BENEVOLENCE.

"Trust in the Lord and do good, and he shall bring it to pass."

LORD of all, we bow before thee,
Pouring out our thoughts in song;
May we feel, while we adore thee,
That to thee all things belong.
Every hour thy love attends us;
And, amidst each outward ill,
Thou art ready to befriend us,
To protect and guide us still.

May we, all these joys possessing,
Think of those who have them not,
And amid each outward blessing
Let not others be forgot.
Those are round us bowed in anguish,
Fond hopes crushed and hearts betrayed,
Who 'mid want and sickness languish,
Perishing for lack of aid.

By the Truth that Jesus taught us,
By the Life that he made sure,
By the Gospel that he brought us,
Let us aid and love the poor!
Let us seek each haunt of sadness,
Where sit Famine and Despair,
Till each heart is filled with gladness,
And each soul is raised in prayer.

HYMN.

Written for a Sunday school.

GREAT God, in heaven above,
We offer up in love
This hymn of praise;
Help us, O Lord, to be
True worshippers of thee,
And keep us ever free
From evil ways.

May all our teachers feel
A pure and holy zeal
To serve thee well;
And may they, hand in hand,
A blest and happy band,
Lead children to that land
Where angels dwell.

May every opening mind
Some true instruction find,
Some glory see;
And, like the budding flower
Beneath the summer's shower,
Show tokens of that power
Which comes from thee.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

Sung by her classmates.

ONE bright flower has drooped and faded,
One sweet infant-voice has fled;
One fair brow the grave has shaded;
One dear schoolmate now is dead.

We would feel no pang of sadness,
For our friend is happy now:
She has knelt, in soul-felt gladness,
Where the blessed angels bow.

She is now where harps are ringing
  Through the heavenly courts above ;
And her silvery voice is singing,
  With glad spirits, hymns of love.

She has gone to heaven before us,
  But she turns and waves her hand,
Pointing to the glories o'er us,
  In that happy spirit-land.

May our footsteps never falter
  In the path that she has trod ;
May we worship at the altar
  Of the great and living God !

Lord, may angels watch above us,
  Keep us all from error free ;
May they guard, and guide, and love us,
  Till, like her, we go to thee.

ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

WHEN Israel's host, in days of old,
  Had reached in joy a place of rest,
They to their children's children told
  How righteous Heaven their sires had blest ;
That God had led the appointed way,
In fire by night, in cloud by day.

Thus even now, O Lord, WE stand,
  And gladly count thy blessings o'er ;
Guarded and guided by thy hand,
  Thy sovereign love we would adore :
Be with us here in gracious power,
And crown with joy this festal hour.

Here, to this shrine, each heart has brought
  The tribute of its grateful love;
Guide thou the teachers and the taught,
  Oh, grant thy blessing from above!
And guard us still, 'mid hopes and fears,
Even as thou hast through all our years.

The above hymn was written for the celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the settlement of the Rev. Dr. Pierce, of Brookline, March 15, 1847, at which time Dr. Pierce was seventy-four years of age. The last verse was as follows: —

Oh, be thou still our Shield and Rock,
  Lead us where thou wouldst have us go; —
The shepherd, circled by his flock;
  The patriarch, with locks of snow!
Oh, guard us still, 'mid hopes and fears,
Even as thou hast for fifty years!

PARTING HYMN.

This hymn was written at the request of the Rev. Dr. Gannett, for the memorial service of the Federal Street Meeting-House, March 13, 1859, the church in which the Rev. Dr. Channing preached through the years of his active ministry, and to the close of his life, — the farewell service being there. This was the last hymn ever sung in that church.

THOU who did'st aid our sires to raise,
  Of old, this house of prayer and praise!
As from this sacred shrine we part,
Touch thou each soul, inspire each heart.

Thou, who hast here thy influence given,
And made this place the gate of heaven,
As hence we go, still grant each hour
Thy guiding hand, thy quickening power.

While the immortal ages last,
Bless to each mind the hallowed PAST;
The FUTURE, Lord, with trust and prayer,
We leave to thy protecting care!

THE SOUL.

THE soul does its own life to Nature give,
Its tranquil beauty, or its fearful gloom;
And thus within Elysium it may live,
Or in appalling darkness fix its doom.

E'en as the sun, by gazing on a cloud,
Fills each dark fold with showers of golden light:
So, when the storms of life are beating loud,
May one true Thought make all around it bright.

That scene which seems most desolate to Sin,
To Virtue's eye becomes an Eden fair:
The outward world takes hue from that within;
The blessing, or the curse, is centred there.

Shall, then, the soul its honor cast away?
Changing for weakness its celestial might,
Turn from the splendor of Eternal Day,
And dash to earth its glorious crown of light?

Or, with a holy trust and faith sublime,
Shall it pursue the path by angels trod,
Taste joys immortal while it lives in time,
And hold mysterious intercourse with God?

Deeper than ocean be its boundless love;
Higher than Heaven its aspirations rise,
Bold on the wings of thought to soar above,
And with far-spreading pinion sweep the skies.

While Truth's pure beams around its pathway shine,
A present heaven will dwell within the breast;
The kindling soul shall glow with life divine,
And earth become like mansions of the blest!

CEASELESS ASPIRATIONS.

"The eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing."

NOT all the beauties of this joyous earth,
Its smiling valleys or its azure sky,
Or the sweet blossoms that in quiet mirth
Turn their soft cheeks to winds that wander by,
Can please enough the ear, or satisfy the eye!

The silver fountain, with its misty shower;
The curling wave, dissolving on the shore;
The clouds that feed with dew each infant flower;
The small stream's gentle song, the ocean's roar, —
All give the mind delight, and yet it seeks for more!

Thus doth the soul, by its innate desire,
Give inward prophecy of what shall be! —
The spirit struggling, higher yet, and higher,
Panting for light, and restless to be free,
Foreshadows in itself its immortality!

MORTAL AND IMMORTAL.

"In soul, man mounts and flies;
In flesh he dies:
Not that he may not here
Taste of the cheer;
But as birds drink, and straight lift up their head,
So may he sip, and think
Of better drink
He may attain to, after he is dead."

HERBERT.

I STAND between the Future and the Past, —
That which has been and that which is to be; —
A feeble ray from the Eternal cast;
A scanty rill, that seeks a shoreless sea;
A living soul, treading this earthly sod;
A finite being, yet a child of God!

A body crumbling to the dust away ;
  A spirit panting for eternal peace ;
A heavenly kingdom in a frame of clay ;
  An infant-angel fluttering for release ;
An erring man, whose race has just begun ;
A pilgrim, journeying on from sun to sun !

Creature of clay, yet heir of future life ;
  Dweller upon a world I shall outlive ;
Soldier of Christ, battling midst earthly strife,
  Yet hoping, by that strength which God may give,
To burst the doors of death, and glorying rise
Triumphant from the grave, to tread the skies !

THE CROWN OF LIFE.

"She hath received a glorious kingdom, and a beautiful crown from the Lord's hand."

THE veil has dropped ; her spirit now,
  Intense with life, hath soared above : —
Where angels and archangels bow,
  She breathes her holy hymns of love.
The seed hath sprung into a tree !
The flower hath burst its bud ! The immortal soul is free !

Oh, death is full of life ! Nought dies
  But that which should. Earth takes its own,
That the ethereal may arise,
  And dwell by the Eternal Throne.
Thus comes the full outshining light
Of that unending MORN, which knows no night.

Gaze on that form : nay, lift thine eye,
  And gaze above. She is not here ;
She hath arisen to worlds on high,
  And dwelleth in a purer sphere.
That frame of dust she hath laid down,
To gain a robe of light, and a celestial crown !

The veil has dropped. Her inward eye
Has seen the mysteries of God;
And onward, through the star-paved sky,
'Mid heaven's bright glory she has trod.
Angels, around, their joyous notes prolong,
While her sweet voice unites in their triumphant song!

THE DEPARTED.

"Compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

Νέφος μαρτύρων.

GENIUS for us has wrought,
Martyrs have bravely died midst flood and fire,
And patriots gladly sought
Within our souls fresh valor to inspire!

Their voice is on the air;
They speak in every breeze, where'er we roam;
They bid us guard with care
The virtues of our country and our home.

Their influence fills the Past
With noble thoughts and generous deeds sublime,
Rich legacies — to last
From sire to son, throughout all coming time.

The present hour is theirs;
Of half our good are they the Primal Cause;
Their struggles, hopes, and prayers,
Have given to us both Liberty and Laws.

The Nations have their dead, —
Brave souls, that like the stars of light do shine;
Great spirits, who have led
Benighted millions on to life divine.

And saintly forms above,
Gentle and fair, may hover o'er the earth,
And bend in holy love
O'er each sad heart that mourns departed worth.

O, might some heavenly hand
Draw back the shadowy curtains of the sky,
That once that glorious band
Of bright angelic souls could meet the eye !

But they are with us still
In thought and deed. Yes, they are with us here,
To sanctify the will,
To soothe each grief, and calm each idle fear.

At the soft sunset hour,
When evening's splendors melt along the sky,
We feel their hallowing power
To kindle faith and raise the heart on high.

The mystery of life !
O who can sound its depths? Its bliss? its woe?
Its fears? its hopes? its strife? —
Their meaning all, — not men nor angels know !

We are fast hastening on :
Soon must the path of death by us be trod :
When life's great work is done,
May we be with Heaven's host, and with our God !

Our faith, our works of love,
Our charity within the haunts of woe, —
When *we* shall soar above,
The influence of *these* must live below.

The memory of the just
Shall still be dear, whate'er their earthly lot :
Dust may return to dust,
But Virtue lives, and cannot be forgot.

MRS. ANNA C. L. WATERSTON, the wife of Rev. Robert C. Waterston, is the youngest daughter of the late Hon. Josiah Quincy, of Boston, and grand-daughter of Josiah Quincy, Jr., of Revolutionary memory. She was married in 1840. Some of her verses were printed in 1863, in a small volume, from which we take two pieces, adding two others which were written shortly afterward.

In explanation of the first lines which we copy, it may be said that they refer to the young and beautiful daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Waterston, who, after having with her parents passed two years in Europe, and, just as they were all about to return home, died at Naples, July 25, 1858. She was born on the 6th day of January, — the date being that of the Epiphany. Edmund Quincy, in his "Life of Josiah Quincy," thus writes of his venerated father in connection with the afflicting event of her death: "While his latter days went down blest with all that should accompany good old age, he was not exempted from the bereavements and sorrows which are also its inevitable attendants. In the midsummer of 1858, his grand-daughter, Helen Ruthven Waterston, the only surviving child of his daughter Anna, died at Naples, Italy, at the age of seventeen years. I need not describe the grief which the untimely blighting of this fair blossom brought to him and to us all." Of this dear child the poet Bryant thus wrote in his "Letters from Spain:" "I confess I felt a degree of pride in so magnificent a specimen of my countrywomen as this young lady presented, — uncommonly beautiful in person, with a dignity of presence and manner much beyond her years, and a sweetness no less remarkable than the dignity." And the poet Whittier has made her the motive of one of the most exquisite of his recent lesser poems, which he entitles "Naples, 1860."

THE EPIPHANY.

"And the star stood over where the young child lay." Jan. 6, 1841 (the birthday of H. R. W.).

IN life's horizon rose a star
  Upon that sacred night:
The light it brought from worlds afar
  Blest seventeen years of sight.

It shone upon a Northern home,
  A star of morning fair, —
Glanced on the ocean's stormy foam,
  And gladdened English air.

O'er Alpine mountain-tops it glowed;
  And, with a gentle ray,
Where Rhine and Neckar calmly flowed,
  Lit up a poet's way.

It passed o'er far Italian lands, —
  The fairest earth can show;
Where Genius at Art's altar stands,
  And flowers of beauty grow.

The steep Etruscan towns are seamed
With age and wound and scar;
Yet hues of youth upon them gleamed,
Reflected from that star.

Light on old storied Rome it shed
(By time and tempest riven);
While many there looked up, and said,
"It is a light from heaven."

But where the tideless sea of blue
Reflects a burning height,
God took that star of heavenly hue,
And shut it from earth's sight.

Since then, the sun and moon have shone, —
Orbs fair by day and night;
Dimly they shine to me, alone,
Without that holier light.

But life's horizon widens round,
Beyond their path afar;
And, when I pass their circle's bound,
I shall behold my star.

ON AN ENGRAVING OF THE CRUCIFIXION BY HENRY GOLTZIUS, 1583.

WORK of a hand whose graver cut
Deep in the steel the vision given
Unto unsealèd eyes of Faith,
When ancient Art drew nigh to heaven!

Dark roll the awful clouds above
The city of the faithless crowd,
While on the rude and bark-stript tree
The thorn-crowned head is meekly bowed;

And, gazing on the Sufferer there,
Three friends are watching through the night:
Yet falter not; — they know the sign
That makes death, life; and darkness, light.

Between me and that scene is thrown
  No hue of color; to my eyes
The gulf of time is spanned, and bears
  The impress of the sacrifice.

I know the sign, and fain would cling
  In hope beside the faithful Three;
And watch the mighty love upraised
  Upon the blood-stained, bark-stript tree.

TOGETHER.

A tribute to Colonel Robert G. Shaw, who fell, July 18, 1863, at Fort Wagner, at the head of his brave colored men of the 54th Massachusetts Volunteer Regiment.

O FAIR-HAIRED Northern hero,
  With thy guard of dusky hue!
Up from the field of battle
  Rise to the last review.

Sweep downward, holy angels,
  In legions dazzling bright,
And bear these souls together
  Before Christ's throne of light.

The Master, who remembers
  The cross, the thorns, the spear,
Smiles on the risen Freedmen,
  As their ransomed souls appear.

And thou, young, generous spirit,
  What will thy welcome be?
"Thou hast aided the down-trodden,
  Thou hast done it unto Me."

INSTALLATION HYMN.

Written for the installation of Rev. Alfred P. Putnam as pastor of the Church of the Saviour, Brooklyn, N.Y., Sept. 28, 1864.

NO Sabbath hush, to-day, has led
  Our thoughts towards this house of prayer,
But surging sounds of toil and strife
  Were vibrant on the autumn air.

From out our busy life we come,
  And at the sacred altar pause,
With rites to consecrate anew
  This servant to the Master's cause, —

That Master whose pervading eye
  Viewed the vast scene of tireless work ;
And gave alike his thought and care
  Where saints could kneel, or sinners lurk.

The crowded haunts of men diverged
  From near the Temple's lofty shrine:
In both, the Anointed Teacher stood,
  With healing touch, with word divine.

Within these walls, 'mid yonder crowd,
  O Father, grant that now, as then,
By holy deeds, and fervent words,
  The Master be revealed again!

THOMAS HILL.

(1818.)

Rev. Thomas Hill, D.D., LL.D., was born at New Brunswick, N.J., Jan. 7, 1818. His parents were both of English birth, his mother being a grand-niece of Joshua Toulmin, the biographer of Socinus, and an eminent Unitarian minister as well as author. Mr. and Mrs. Hill both died while the son was at an early age. When only twelve years old, he was apprenticed to a printer, with whom he remained three years. Subsequently he was for three years, also, an apothecary's boy. In May, 1838, he left the apothecary shop, and began to study Latin and Greek with Rev. Mr., now Dr., Rufus P. Stebbins. He graduated at Harvard College in 1843, and at the Cambridge Divinity School in 1845. He then went to Philadelphia, in the hope of establishing a Second Unitarian Church in that city. In the same year, December 24, he was ordained pastor of the Unitarian Church at Waltham, Mass., where he remained for fourteen years. In 1859, after the death of Horace Mann, he succeeded that distinguished educator as the President of Antioch College, Ohio ; and when this institution was closed for a time, in consequence of the breaking out of the war, he was called to the Presidency of Harvard College. He

continued in the latter position for six years, when he was obliged to surrender it by very severe domestic afflictions, which greatly impaired his health. In the winter of 1870–71, he represented the town of Waltham in the Massachusetts Legislature. Still later, he accompanied Agassiz in the voyage of the "Hassler." He was installed pastor of the First Parish in Portland, Me., May 18, 1873.

Dr. Hill's sermons and addresses, printed in pamphlet form, and his contributions to magazines, reviews, and newspapers, have been very numerous, and have been generally scientific, theological, or religious in their aim and character. He was the first person to propose daily predictions of the weather, founded on telegraphic reports, which he did in a series of articles in the "City Item," of Philadelphia, in the winter and spring of 1847–48. He published a little book, entitled "Geometry and Faith," in 1849, and has also given to the press, in separate form, several mathematical treatises, beside furnishing many able and valuable mathematical articles to the periodicals, to Appleton's Cyclopædia, and to the American Scientific Association. He was the inventor of an instrument, now the property of the Observatory at Harvard College, which predicts the phases of eclipses and occultations, for any latitude or longitude. In 1859 he published a volume of sermons, "Jesus the Interpreter of Nature." Dr. Hill received the degree of D.D. from Harvard College in 1860, and that of LL.D. from Yale College in 1863.

While he has attained to so much eminence in the departments of Science, Education, and Theology, it is not so well known that he has, during many years, written or translated several hundred hymns or poems of decided excellence. Perhaps two-thirds of the number have been original compositions, and the large proportion of them which he has published have been given to the "Christian Register," "Christian Examiner," "Phonographic Magazine," the "Atlantic," "Putnam's Monthly," the "Monthly Magazine," and other papers and periodicals, generally appearing under the letters "H. T.," "T.," "H.," "Z.," &c. The first of these was printed in the "Christian Register," in 1838. They reveal at once the author's well-known love and appreciation of Nature, his strong and fervent Christian faith, and his familiar acquaintance with the laws of metrical versification. From scattered sources we bring together and place before our readers the following pieces, only wishing we had room for others at our command.

INSTALLATION HYMN.

Originally written by Dr. Hill for his own ordination in 1843, but altered for his installation in 1873.

O THOU whose spirit Moses did inspire,
And touched the prophets' lips with holy fire,
But brightest glowed in Jesus Christ our Lord, —
The midday glory of the eternal word, —

With heavenly light thy servant here inspire!
Touch thou his lips with true prophetic fire!
Teach him to utter boldly all thy word,
Yet meekly follow his ascended Lord.

That from his lips the glowing truth may burn
Deep in our hearts, to life our deadness turn;
And, by his guidance led, at length may we
Come to the fold of Christ, to heaven, and thee.

The following is a hymn that was written for the ordination of Rev. Martin W. Willis, in 1843, but altered, like the other, for the writer's own installation: —

THE ETERNAL WORD.

THE whispering sea, the thundering surf,
The peaceful vale, the mountain height,
The wind, the storm, the darkening cloud,
And heaven's all-glorious orbs of light, —
These are thy ministers, O God!
These are the preachers of thy word.

But not through these alone, thy words
Our drowsy souls to life awake;
The Eternal Word, thy truth and light,
From Jesus' lips and actions break;
We would with love and reverence hear,
And in obedient faith draw near.

O Father! fill the hearts of those
Who speak in Jesus' holy name,
With all the power of truth and love;
With love like that in which He came
To hang on Calvary's awful tree,
And draw our conquered hearts to thee.

DEDICATION HYMN.

Written for the dedication of the Unitarian Church, in Walpole, N.H., in 1843.

BEGIRT with wood-crowned hills,
In loveliness arrayed,
This vale, a temple built by God,
Was for his worship made.

The birds, at early dawn,
  To him their matins raise ;
The water's roar, at evening, brings
  Its vesper-hymn of praise.

While Nature lifts its voice,
  We would not silent be,
But gladly, Lord, these walls have raised,
  In which to worship thee.

Here let the holy font,
  The supper's sacred rite,
And living word of truth, impart
  Their sanctifying light.

With thine own presence bless
  This house for us, O God !
Help us to honor Jesus' name,
  And spread thy truth abroad.

CARPE DIEM.

These lines are clipped from a newspaper. The song sang itself to the author one summer morning in 1864, before he arose.

BUILD not on to-morrow,
  But seize on to-day !
From no future borrow,
  The present to pay.

Wait not any longer
  Thy work to begin ;
The worker grows stronger, —
  Be steadfast and win.

Forebode not new sorrow, —
  Bear that of to-day,
And trust that to-morrow,
  Shall chase it away.

The task of the present
  Be sure to fulfil ;
If sad, or if pleasant,
  Be true to it still.

God sendeth us sorrow
  And cloudeth our day ;
His sun on the morrow
  Shines bright on our way.

QUANDO VENIET LUX?

From the "Monthly Magazine," June, 1866.

IN this green lane we often walked,
  And oft my heart within me burned,
  As did the hearts of those returned
From Emmaus, who with Christ had talked.

The golden hand of Spring has thrown
  Again the king-cup by the hedge,
  And strewed with calthas yonder sedge ;
But I walk down the lane alone.

No Spring's returning hand has power
  To bring thee to my side again ;
  The south-wind woos the grave in vain ;
In vain the sun, or vernal shower.

The bobolink soars, as soars the lark,
  And pours his sweetness o'er the lawn ;
  Rejoicing in the earliest dawn
The more, the more the night was dark.

A deeper darkness death than night :
  When shall its awful shadows break ?
  Its slumberers to life awake ?
What songs shall hail that holier light ?

REDEEMING LOVE.

From the "Monthly Magazine," March, 1868.

O LORD! the riches of thy grace
As far transcend my sorest needs
As thy blue heaven's unbounded space
Outspreads the circle of my deeds.

I sank beneath my weight of woe,
Beneath the burden of my fears;
Thy grace bade every terror go,
And changed to laughter all my tears.

Black was the night my sins had made,
Sore anguish racked my troubled breast;
Thy grace dispelled the awful shade,
And bathed my soul in heavenly rest.

How infinite my debt, O Lord!
Yet I behold in Jesus' face,
I hear in his life-giving word,
The pledge of thy forgiving grace.

My trust is still thy boundless love;
My strength is thine almighty arm;
Nor time, nor death, my faith shall move;
Not hell itself thy child can harm.

EASTER HYMN.

From the "Monthly Magazine," June, 1869.

ETERNAL Father! at whose word
Creation flashed to instant birth,
Thy will, which gave this body life,
Bids it return to lifeless earth.

But thou didst send that risen Lord,
Who once in Joseph's garden lay,
Burst from the night of transient death,
And called us to immortal day.

In his dear name we ask thy help,
  By faith in him to live and die;
That, when our bodies sleep in dust,
  We may with him ascend on high.

Eternal Father! by thy word
  Raise us from sin and death's dark night;
That we may even now with Christ
  Dwell in the realms of heavenly light.

MEMORIAL HALL.

Written for the laying of the corner-stone of Memorial Hall, Cambridge, Oct. 6, 1870.

OH, holy is the golden light
  Of the October day,
When summer leaves in dolphin-hues
  Of beauty pass away.

But holier the mellow glow
  Fond memory throws around
The names of those whose noble lives
  A noble death has crowned.

More brilliant than on forest-trees
  The ripened leaf can be,
The splendor of their glorious deeds
  For God and Liberty.

For ever hallowed are these shades,
  Where, in the bloom of youth,
They consecrated every power
  To Christ, his Church and Truth.

And hallowed is their native land,
  For which their strength they gave,
To serve her in her hour of need, —
  Then filled the hero's grave.

More lasting than this sacred hall
  Their deathless fame shall be,
Wreathed in a nation's gratitude
  Through all eternity.

ANTIOPE.

Written in the Straits of Magellan, in the spring of 1872, and published in the "Monthly Magazine," May, 1873.

AT dead of night a south-west breeze
Came silently stealing along;
The bluebird followed at break of day,
Singing his low, sweet song.

The breeze crept through the old stone-wall,
And wakened the butterfly there;
And she came out, as morning broke,
To float through the sunlit air.

Within this stormy, rifted heart
The softening influence stole,
Filling with melodies divine
The chambers of my soul;

With gentle words of hope and faith,
By lips now sainted spoken;
With vows of tenderest love toward me,
Which never once were broken.

At morn my soul awoke to life,
And glowed with faith anew;
The buds that perish swelled without,
Within the immortal grew.

SUBMISSION.

From the "Monthly Magazine," May, 1873.

O GOD, mine eyes and ears unseal
To see thine angels ever near,
And hear their voices; may I feel
Nor rebel pride, nor slavish fear.

I bless thee for the holy joys
  Thy grace has taught my glowing heart;
Henceforth thy will be all my choice, —
  I could not choose a better part.

Each dearest hope, each anxious fear,
  My fondest longings, I would still;
I lay them on thine altar here,
  And only seek to do thy will.

"OUT OF THE DEPTHS."

From the "Monthly Magazine," August, 1873.

O GOD, my agony is great!
  Yet thine the hand that struck the blow;
Help me in patient hope to wait,
  Till thy full purpose I may know.

I know thou dost not wound in vain,
  For thou art love, and changest not:
Thou sendest both the joy and pain
  That vary still my earthly lot.

I'll think of dread Gethsemane, —
  Of all my Saviour's anguish there;
And then the burden laid on me
  Becomes as light as summer air.

GOD, OUR ETERNAL JOY.

From the "Monthly Magazine," December, 1873.

O THOU, whose boundless power and love
  Still with unerring wisdom move,
And, thy grand purpose to fulfil,
Command creation at thy will, —

What duty or what bliss have I
But trustful in thy hand to lie?
My only strength and wisdom, Lord,
Are strict obedience to thy word.

Let not my wayward passions draw
My rebel-heart to hate thy law;
But let almighty grace control,
To sweet submission, all my soul.

The joys and comforts I have known
Flowed from thy bounteous hand alone:
Let all my hope and longing be
To find, for ever, joy in thee.

JOHN WEISS.

(1818.)

Rev. John Weiss was born in Boston, Mass., June 28, 1818. He was a pupil, first, of Chauncy Hall School in his native city, and afterward in Framingham Academy. He graduated at Harvard College in 1837; was subsequently employed in teaching in Chauncy Hall, and at Jamaica Plain; and in 1840 entered the Cambridge Divinity School, graduating in 1843. He spent the winter of 1842–43 in Heidelberg University. He was ordained as pastor of the Unitarian Church at Watertown, Mass., as the successor of Rev. Convers Francis, D.D., in October, 1843. Two years later, he resigned his charge in consequence of his strong Anti-Slavery convictions. He was recalled, however, in April, 1846. Again resigning his position, he was installed as pastor of the First Congregational Society in New Bedford, December, 1847. Ill-health obliged him to surrender this new trust in the following spring; and, removing to Milton, he engaged in lecturing, and also preached for the Hollis Street Church in Boston. In June, 1869, he was once more invited back to the Watertown Church, but declined the call, that he might devote himself mainly to literary pursuits. In 1873 he removed to Boston, where he now resides.

Among his lectures are several courses upon Greek Religious Ideas; twelve lectures upon Humor in Shakespeare, and Shakespeare's Women; others on Music, and others still upon topics of Free Religion. In 1845 he published an American and also an English edition of the "Philosophical and Æsthetic Letters and Essays of Schiller, translated, with an Introduction;" Preface to an American Edition of Smith's Memoir of Fichte, 1846; "Life and Correspondence of Theodore Parker," two vols., American edition, 1864, English edition, same year; and "American Religion," 1871. From 1845 to 1874 he published forty

sermons and lectures. Among these were notable utterances in relation to the Free Soil Movement, the Rendition of Anthony Burns, and the general subject of Slavery and the War. The list of Mr. Weiss's published magazine articles, essays, and poems, include eleven in the "Christian Examiner," from 1846 to 1866, the principal ones being two upon the German Catholic Movement of John Ronge and the Friends of Light, one upon Motley's Dutch Republic, one upon Thoreau, and one upon White's Shakespeare ; sixteen in the "Atlantic Monthly," among which are "Some Soldier Poetry," and the "Horrors of San Domingo," the latter being continued through several numbers ; three poems in the "Galaxy ; " an article on Haiti, in "Old and New ; " fourteen in "The Radical," the most important being "Dangers of our Political Machinery," "Principles," "Religion and Science," "George Washington," "Man the Temple," "The Essential Jesus," "Natural Warnings," and "Woman Suffrage." Beside these have been several other poems, and various book-reviews. These productions, generally, we need scarcely add, are marked by a striking originality and brilliancy of thought and expression, by an intense intellectual power and earnestness of conviction, and by an evidence of scholarly and literary attainments, which have given to this radical preacher and author a leading position in the school to which he belongs. In all the long protracted struggle for the emancipation of the slave, and for the establishment of justice and freedom in the land, Mr. Weiss bore his brave and unfaltering testimony for the right, with Willard, Pierpont, Parker, Furness, Clarke, and others, whose names have already appeared on our pages.

The following hymn was written by him for Visitation Day, when he graduated from the Divinity School, in 1843. It is taken from the "Book of Hymns." Parts of it are printed in the "Hymns of the Spirit," and in Bulfinch's "Harp and Cross." The few verbal alterations which have been made in this hymn, and in the one that succeeds it, from their original form, are by Mr. Weiss himself.

EPIPHANY.

A WONDROUS star our pioneer,
We left the mystic land
Where heaven-nurtured childhood slept,
Where yet old visions stand.

O God! the land of dreams we left,
Repose we left for aye,
And followed meekly to the place
Where our Redeemer lay.

That humble manger we have found ;
  The world his cradle is ;
His life is hidden far below
  Its sins and miseries.

The world throws wide its brazen gates,
  With thee to enter in ;
O, grant us, in our humble sphere,
  To free that world from sin.

We have one mind in Christ our Lord
  To stand and point above ;
To hurl rebuke at social wrong ;
  But all, O God, in love.

The star is resting in the sky :
  To worship Christ we came ;
The moments haste ! O, touch our tongues
  With thy celestial flame !

The truest worship is a life ;
  All dreaming we resign ;
We lay our offerings at thy feet, —
  Our lives, O God, are thine !

FOR A SUMMER FESTIVAL.

From the " Book of Hymns."

BENEATH thy trees to-day we met,
  Amid thy summer flowers ;
And every heart is blessing yet
  These happy, fleeting hours.

But creeping shades to vespers call,
  And timely love impart,
To make our latest shadows fall
  From sunshine in the heart.

Yes, even so: the summer leaf,
  The summer flowers, declare
Their childlike, chastening belief,
  That thou dost make them fair.

O, let us cherish nature's creed,
  And live and bloom to thee;
For only childlike hearts, we read,
  Can grace eternity.

ORDINATION HYMN.

Written by Mr. Weiss for his own ordination at Watertown, Oct. 25, 1843. This hymn appears in no printed Collection.

A MEMORY of vanished dreams,
  Young wishes, hopes, in fading gleams
Still linger, but their life has fled;
To-day must rank them with the dead.

Thy servant's sandals still are wet
With Jordan's wave but lately met;
And in that sacred river fall
The olden thoughts, the spirit's pall.

He stands upon a holy land,
Great spirits hold his trustful hand;
A Jordan sanctifies the breast,
A Christ now leads him to his rest.

His rest? His battle! He must win
Fair Zion's gate through ranks of sin;
Why are these words, this solemn show,
If sin be not his deadly foe?

There comes in light no heavenly host,
No fiery tongues of Pentecost;
No gentle dove with winnowing wings
The Spirit to thy servant brings.

The still, small voice hath called him here,
And thus is God himself most near ;
My people, lift a heart in prayer,
And keep your God for ever there.

The following pieces, contributed to this volume, have never before been published : —

BLEST SPIRIT OF MY LIFE.

BLEST spirit of my life, oh, stay !
Let not this rapture vanish soon ;
For thus my earth is snatched away,
And lifted into heaven's noon.

How clear the vision ! how serene
The air through which my thoughts aspire !
My narrow clay they leave to glean
In fields of infinite desire.

Oh, greatest grief of many days,
It is that thou, my heaven, art
So far, so faintly come the rays
That kindle heaven in my heart.

To-day a prisoner on leave
Am I : must I to bounds return ?
Then make me blest that I can grieve,
And satisfied that I can yearn.

Thou Light, that makest lesser lights
To shine, burn up my cloudy sky !
To morning change my frequent nights ;
Drop planets to me from on high.

My hope is wide to take them in,
Deeper than sight do I adore !
I am a little sail to win
In thy great breath my native shore.

HOPE OF IMMORTALITY.

'TIS the youth in all my motion,
'Tis the blush upon my cheek;
Daily a persisting ocean
Fills and leaves my little creek.

Though its lines may shift and alter,
Still there rides the Holy Ghost;
Till the tide itself shall falter,
There must always be a coast.

Can the sky forbid its cunning
Waves that mould and wet my lips?
Will Eternity, set running,
Me alone contrive to skip?

'Tis the vein within that dances
To the piping of my youth;
'Tis the very thought that glances
Doubts across the noon of truth.

'Tis the pang my heart that seizes,
When my vice invades its hall;
'Tis the God who grants fresh leases,
Granting breath to stand or fall.

'Tis the rhyme where Heaven fits me,
Ocean's rote to every shore;
Sense, intent, and chord that hits me,
When the less doth crave the more.

JOHN W. WEIDEMEYER.

(1819.)

JOHN W. WEIDEMEYER was born at Fredericksburg, Va., and was of German parentage. He has lived mostly in New York City, Brooklyn, and vicinity. He finished his educational studies in the grammar school of Columbia College; taught during several years at a seminary near

Dayton, Ohio; married Miss Mary C. Hartt, at Lansingburgh, N.Y., in 1851; and now resides in New York City, where for many years he has been engaged in business.

When a boy, he wrote anonymously for Horace Greeley's "New Yorker," and for others of the metropolitan weeklies; in early manhood contributed several poems to "Godey's Lady's Book," and to sundry Western periodicals, and also published some monographs and catalogues on subjects connected with the natural history of our own country; in 1865 gave to the press a small collection of poems, entitled "Real and Ideal," which received high encomiums from Fitz-Greene Halleck and other competent authorities or critics; and in 1867 published a larger edition of the latter, under the title of "Themes and Translations," the name of the author in each edition appearing as "John W. Montclair." The later volume was favorably noticed by such stern and fearless reviews as the "British Quarterly," the "Westminster Review," "Trübner's London Literary Record," and the "London Bookseller." Occasional pieces have since been printed, under the author's real name, in the New York "Liberal Christian," the "Atlantic Monthly," and other publications.

From "Themes and Translations," we take the two following poems, both of them being among Mr. Weidemeyer's original productions.

HAPPINESS.

HAPPY the man, who, sauntering on his way,
By thought supplants life's solitude and gloom;
To his keen relish blooms the weedy path,
The trodden grass dispenses sweet perfume.

Happy: to him disorder fashions laws
That into oneness shape each fragment part;
To him earth's stricken and repulsive forms
Bespeak the affluence of Nature's art.

Thrice happy he who musing sports his days
Upon the greensward, by the mystic tree;
His longings there are lifted to the clouds,
And starward bound, unto eternity.

And, though his feet be planted on the earth,
The wave of spirit-voice shall carry him
Where he may claim his heritage of birth,
In practised speech with kindred seraphim.

THE SPIRIT'S REVELATION.

> "And she sits and gazes at me
> With those deep and tender eyes,
> Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
> Looking downward from the skies."
>
> HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

FORMS beloved, whose memory haunts me,
In mementoes near me dwell;
Oft they come in evening visions,
Or in dreams their legends tell.

Sad and lonely, but unspoken
Fancy reaches far away;
When some sudden thrill awakes me,
And a seraph seems to say:

"Though we may not break the secret
That the gates of death reveal,
In the gray night's gloom and stillness,
Drawn toward the earth we feel.

"For there is a strange communion
'Twixt men and our spirit-band;
Oft in omens we approach ye,
Brethren of our ancient land.

"From the glittering orb of even,
Gliding down upon its beams,
Noiseless as the step of Zephyr,
Do we visit you in dreams.

"At the couch of all true-hearted,
Stand we guardian, in their sleep;
For the loved ones left behind us
Do we faithful vigils keep.

"See yon spirit-mother hovers
O'er her fondly cherished child;
Weeps in smiles of tender sorrow,
Drinks its breath with rapture wild.

"Playing with her flowing tresses,
  Pillowed on her heaving breast,
Comes the spirit-child, to linger,
  By its mother's lips caressed.

"And the ghostly husband beckons
  To his mourning, faithful wife;
In your lunar dwelling bids her
  Join with him in spirit-life."

Never can the tie be severed
  'Twixt the hearts that truly love;
And for every friend departed,
  One ye gain in heaven above.

RELIANCE ON GOD.

Not before published.

MY God, my Father, and my Friend!
  Let every heart rejoice
That we are here to utter praise,
  With glad and tuneful voice.

All silently "Hosannas" bend
  Toward thy spirit-throne,
From depths where never prophet dwelt,
  Nor Scripture-text is known.

Unbounded is thy wondrous love,
  That tends the raven's call;
Unfailing is thy watchful care,
  That marks the sparrow's fall.

By thy command we live — to die;
  Thou lendest what we give;
And he that suffers oft is blest,
  And, dying, learns to live.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

(1819.)

Rev. Samuel Longfellow, brother of the poet Henry W. Longfellow, was born in Portland, Me., June 18, 1819. Having there pursued his preparatory studies, he entered Harvard College, and graduated in 1839. For about three years he was subsequently employed as a private teacher. He afterward entered the Divinity School at Cambridge, and graduated from that institution in 1846, in the same class with O. B. Frothingham and Samuel Johnson. He was first settled over the Unitarian Church in Fall River, in 1848. His next pastorate was that of the Second Unitarian Church in Brooklyn, N.Y., his installation taking place June 13, 1853. He resigned this charge in the spring of 1860 for the purpose of seeking rest and opportunity for study abroad. He has not since had the regular care of any parish, but has preached in different pulpits for a more or less limited time, as health and circumstances have permitted; and has also continued to engage in a variety of literary labor. While in Brooklyn, he was for two years a regular contributor to the "Christian Inquirer," now the "Liberal Christian." Some of his more important papers were given to the pages of "The Radical," published in Boston. Four of his sermons have appeared in pamphlet form. Mr. Longfellow has made several visits to Europe, and now resides at Cambridge.

While his distinguished brother has written but few hymns adapted in form to general use in our churches, he himself has employed his rare gift of song in this particular service quite exclusively, so far as we may judge from the poetical productions which he has allowed to be printed. In this and in other ways he has done much to make richer and more attractive the musical and devotional element in our social or public worship. In 1846 he and Rev. Samuel Johnson published "A Book of Hymns," which passed through many editions, and which included a large number of new and beautiful songs of praise and trust that have since been admitted into other Collections. We have had frequent occasion to refer to this book in other parts of this volume. In 1859 he compiled a book of "Hymns and Tunes," "primarily for use in Sunday Schools and the Home Circle," and also a small book of Vespers, both of which were specially prepared for his own society in Brooklyn. The Vesper Service, which he was the first to introduce in the Unitarian denomination, came in the course of years to be adopted, in a more or less extended or varied form, by many other churches. Still later, he was again associated with Mr. Johnson in compiling the "Hymns of the Spirit," to which also we have often previously referred, and which was first published in 1864. In this Collection many hymns appear in an

altered form, and numerous other changes are made from the book which had been issued in 1846, witnessing to the growing theistic views and sympathies which both of these friends had come to entertain. Each of these eminent men now holds to a pure Theism, and has always declined to take any sectarian or denominational name.

A few of Mr. Longfellow's hymns are in the earlier compilations which we have mentioned, the "Book of Hymns," the book of "Vespers," &c., but a larger number are to be found in the "Hymns of the Spirit." In this Collection there are, besides those which in their authorized form we give below, others, that begin: "God of ages and of nations;" "In the beginning was the Word;" "O God, in whom we live and move;" "O God, thou Giver of all good;" "O Thou whose liberal sun and rain;" "Out of the dark the circling sphere," founded on a passage in one of Mr. Martineau's sermons; "The loving Friend to all who bowed;" "He who himself and God would know." All these hymns breathe a pure and reverent spirit, and are clothed with grace and loveliness.

JOHN AND JESUS.

A VOICE by Jordan's shore!
  A summons stern and clear: —
Reform! be just! and sin no more!
  God's judgment draweth near!

A voice by Galilee,
  A holier voice I hear: —
Love God! thy neighbor love! for see,
  God's mercy draweth near!

O voice of Duty! still
  Speak forth; I hear with awe:
In thee I own the sovereign will,
  Obey the sovereign law.

Thou higher voice of Love,
  Yet speak thy word in me;
Through duty, let me upward move
  To thy pure liberty!

A NEW COMMANDMENT

BENEATH the shadow of the cross,
As earthly hopes remove,
His new commandment Jesus gives,
His blessed word of love.

O bond of union, strong and deep!
O bond of perfect peace!
Not even the lifted cross can harm,
If we but hold to this.

Then, Jesus, be thy spirit ours!
And swift our feet shall move
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,
"And the sweet tasks of love."

LIFE'S MISSION.

GO forth to life, O child of earth!
Still mindful of thy heavenly birth:
Thou art not here for ease, or sin,
But manhood's noble crown to win.

Though passion's fires are in thy soul,
Thy spirit can their flames control;
Though tempters strong beset thy way,
Thy spirit is more strong than they.

Go on from innocence of youth
To manly pureness, manly truth;
God's angels still are near to save,
And God himself doth help the brave.

Then forth to life, O child of earth!
Be worthy of thy heavenly birth!
For noble service thou art here;
Thy brothers help, thy God revere!

THEY LOOKED UNTO HIM, AND WERE LIGHTENED.

"Knowing that all things are in God's hand, and that God's hand is in all things."

I LOOK to thee in every need,
And never look in vain;
I feel thy strong and tender love,
And all is well again;
The thought of thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
I sink beside the road;
But let me only think of thee,
And then new heart springs up in me.

Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to still;
Around me flows thy quickening life,
To nerve my faltering will;
Thy presence fills my solitude,
Thy providence turns all to good.

Embosomed deep in thy dear love,
Held in thy law, I stand;
Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in thy hand;
Thou leadest me by unsought ways,
And turn'st my mourning into praise.

ORDINATION HYMN.

Written for the ordination of Mr. Edward E. Hale, at Worcester, Mass.

O GOD, thy children, gathered here,
Thy blessing now we wait;
Thy servant, girded for his work,
Stands at the temple's gate.

A holy purpose in his heart
  Has deepened calm and still;
Now from his childhood's Nazareth
  He comes, to do thy will.

O Father! keep his soul alive
  To every hope of good;
And may his life of love proclaim
  Man's truest brotherhood!

O Father! keep his spirit quick
  To every form of wrong;
And in the ear of sin and self
  May his rebuke be strong!

O, give him, in thy holy work,
  Patience to wait thy time,
And, toiling still with man, to breathe
  The soul's serener clime!

And grant him many hearts to lead
  Into thy perfect rest;
Bless thou him, Father, and his work, —
  Bless, and they shall be blest!

PRAYER FOR INSPIRATION.

HOLY SPIRIT, Truth divine!
  Dawn upon this soul of mine;
Word of God, and Inward Light!
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

Holy Spirit, Love divine!
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in thy pure fire!

Holy Spirit, Power divine!
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive.

Holy Spirit, Right divine!
King within my conscience reign;
Be my Law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, for ever free.

Holy Spirit, Peace divine!
Still this restless heart of mine;
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in thy tranquillity.

Holy Spirit, Joy divine!
Gladden thou this heart of mine;
In the desert ways I sing,
"Spring, O Well! for ever spring!"

"FATHER, I HAVE SINNED."

LOVE for all! and can it be?
Can I hope it is for me?
I who strayed so long ago, —
Strayed so far, and fell so low?

I, the disobedient child,
Wayward, passionate, and wild;
I, who left my Father's home,
In forbidden ways to roam!

I, who spurned his loving hold,
I, who would not be controlled;
I, who would not hear his call,
I, the wilful prodigal!

To my Father can I go?
At his feet myself I'll throw;
In his house there yet may be
Place, a servant's place, for me.

See, my Father waiting stands!
See, he reaches out his hands!
God is love! I know, I see,
There is love for me — even me!

THE CHURCH UNIVERSAL.

ONE holy Church of God appears
Through every age and race,
Unwasted by the lapse of years,
Unchanged by changing place.

From oldest time, on farthest shores,
Beneath the pine or palm,
One Unseen Presence she adores,
With silence or with psalm.

Her priests are all God's faithful sons,
To serve the world raised up;
The pure in heart, her baptized ones;
Love, her communion-cup.

The truth is her prophetic gift,
The soul her sacred page;
And feet on mercy's errands swift
Do make her pilgrimage.

O Living Church! thine errand speed;
Fulfil thy task sublime;
With bread of life earth's hunger feed;
Redeem the evil time.

PEACE ON EARTH.

PEACE, peace on earth! the heart of man for ever
Through all these weary strifes foretells the day;
Blessed be God, the hope forsakes him never,
That war shall end and swords be sheathed for aye.

Peace, peace on earth! for men shall love each other,
Hosts shall go forth to bless and not destroy;
For man shall see in every man a brother,
And peace on earth fulfil the angels' joy.

"BEHOLD, THE FIELDS ARE WHITE."

O STILL in accents sweet and strong
Sounds forth the ancient word, —
"More reapers for white harvest fields,
More laborers for the Lord!"

We hear the call; in dreams no more
In selfish ease we lie,
But, girded for our Father's work,
Go forth beneath his sky.

Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood,
And prayers of saints were sown,
We, to their labors entering in,
Would reap where they have strown.

O Thou whose call our hearts has stirred!
To do thy will we come;
Thrust in our sickles at thy word,
And bear our harvest home.

HYMN OF WINTER.

'TIS winter now; the fallen snow
Has left the heavens all coldly clear;
Through leafless boughs the sharp winds blow,
And all the earth lies dead and drear.

And yet God's love is not withdrawn;
His life within the keen air breathes,
His beauty paints the crimson dawn,
And clothes the boughs with glittering wreaths.

And though abroad the sharp winds blow,
And skies are chill, and frosts are keen,
Home closer draws her circle now,
And warmer glows her light within.

O God, who giv'st the winters cold,
As well as sunbeams' joyous rays!
Us warmly in thy love enfold,
And keep us through life's wintry days.

The two following hymns, with two others, were written for the little book of Vespers which Mr. Longfellow prepared in 1859:—

VESPER HYMNS.

NOW on land and sea descending,
Brings the night its peace profound;
Let our vesper-hymn be blending
With the holy calm around.
Soon as dies the sunset glory,
Stars of heaven shine out above,
Telling still the ancient story,—
Their Creator's changeless love.

Now our wants and burdens leaving
To His care, who cares for all,
Cease we fearing, cease we grieving;
At his touch our burdens fall.
As the darkness deepens o'er us,
Lo! eternal stars arise;
Hope and Faith and Love rise glorious,
Shining in the spirit's skies.

AGAIN, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And vesper-hymn and vesper-prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burdens and the care.

O God, our light! to thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest thou:
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

Life's tumult we must meet again, —
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

(1820.)

JAMES THOMAS FIELDS was born in Portsmouth, N.H., Dec. 31, 1820. He has long been a resident of Boston, and was for many years the partner of the well-known and eminent publishing firm of "Ticknor & Fields." He has well been called the "Poet's Publisher of America." Two of his own principal poems were given before the Mercantile Library Association of Boston, — one on "Commerce," when Edward Everett was the orator of the occasion, in 1838; and another, "The Post of Honor," in 1845, when Daniel Webster delivered the oration. In 1847 he visited Europe, and after his return published a volume of his verses in 1849. A small edition of his briefer poems from this volume, with additional pieces, appeared from the press of Metcalf & Co., Cambridge, in 1854, for more private distribution. A similar volume embracing pieces from the editions already mentioned, and including some fresh offerings, was issued in 1858, under the title of "A Few Verses for a Few Friends." Many of his productions have from time to time been given to the magazines, and especially to the "Atlantic Monthly," of which he was editor from 1862 to 1870. During his connection with the house of Ticknor & Fields, one of his chief literary labors was the supervision of twenty-one volumes of De Quincey's writings, published by that firm. His long and intimate acquaintance with the leading English as well as American authors in our day is familiarly known to the public. Out of these personal relations and friendships he wrote for the "Atlantic" a series of charming papers, called "Our Whispering Gallery," which have since appeared in a handsome volume, under the title of "Yesterdays with Authors." Of a kindred nature are some of the very interesting popular lectures with which he has delighted numerous audiences during the last few years.

From the small edition of his poems, published by Metcalf & Co., we make a few selections specially adapted to the present volume, and characterized by all this author's purity of thought, refinement of sentiment, and delicacy of taste.

OUR FIRESIDE EVENING HYMN.

HITHER, bright angels, wing your flight,
And stay your gentle presence here;
Watch round, and shield us through the night,
That every shade may disappear.

How sweet when Nature claims repose,
And darkness floats in silence nigh,
To welcome in, at daylight's close,
Those radiant troops that gem the sky!

To feel that unseen hands we clasp,
While feet unheard are gathering round,
To know that we in faith may grasp
Celestial guards from heavenly ground!

O ever thus, with silent prayer
For those we love, may night begin, —
Reposing safe, released from care,
Till morning leads the sunlight in.

A POOR MAN'S EPITAPH.

HE was not what the world counts rich,
Houses and lands had none in store;
But, blessed with strength for honest toil,
He neither asked nor cared for more.

His neighbors moved in higher ranks,
And far above him all could shine;
He lived with Health, and brave Content,
And water drank instead of wine.

"Enough for me," he said, "if here
My table's spread when hunger calls,
To leave me something for a friend
Whose lot than mine still lower falls.

"And if the rainy days should come,
And I've no silver hoarded by,
How can I want, if Him I trust
Who feeds the ravens when they cry?

"Around my board a place I'll keep
For pallid lips that pine in woe,
And better gifts than I impart
Shall unseen angel-hands bestow!"

See where he sleeps who served mankind, —
Who wept and watched with weeping eyes;
Walk round his grave with reverent step,
For there a more than hero lies.

THE FLIGHT OF ANGELS.

TWO pilgrims to the Holy Land
Passed through our open door, —
Two sinless angels, hand in hand,
Have reached the promised shore.

We saw them take their heavenward flight
Through floods of drowning tears,
And felt in woe's bewildering night
The agony of years.

But now we watch the golden path
Their blessed feet have trod,
And know that voice was not in wrath,
Which called them both to God.

THE DEAD.

"Still the same, no charm forgot, —
Nothing lost that Time had given."

FORGET not the Dead, who have loved, who have left us,
Who bend o'er us now, from their bright homes above;
But believe — never doubt — that the God who bereft us
Permits them to mingle with friends they still love.

Repeat their fond words, all their noble deeds cherish,
  Speak pleasantly of them who left us in tears ; —
Other joys may be lost, but their names should not perish,
  While time bears our feet through the Valley of Years.

Dear friends of our Youth ! can we cease to remember
  The last look of life, and the low-whispered prayer ?
O cold be our hearts as the ice of December,
  When Love's tablets record no remembrances there.

Then forget not the Dead, who are evermore nigh us,
  Still floating sometimes to our dream-haunted bed !
In the loneliest hour, in the crowd, they are by us ;
  Forget not the Dead ! O, forget not the Dead !

SUMMER-EVENING MELODY.

GO forth ! the sky is blue above,
  And cool the green sod lies below ;
It is the hour that claims for love
  The halcyon moments as they flow.

The glow-worm lends her twinkling lamp,
  The cricket sings his soothing strain,
And fainter sounds the weary tramp
  Of footsteps in the grassy lane.

Go forth, ye pallid sons of care !
  Too long your thoughts to earth are given ;
To-night sweet music haunts the air,
  And fragrant odors breathe of heaven.

TO THOMAS STARR KING.

Addressed to Rev. Thomas Starr King, when he was first ordained as a minister. The preacher and the poet were schoolmates in earlier years.

GO, with a manly heart,
  Where courage leads the brave
High thoughts, not years, have stamped their part,
  Who shunned the coward's grave.

Clear, to the eye of Youth,
  Their record stands enrolled,
Who held aloft the flag of Truth,
  Nor slept beneath its fold.

They heard the trumpets sound
  Where hosts to battle trod,
And marched along that burning ground:
  Fear not! they rest with God.

Like them, advance in love,
  And upward bend thy sight;
Win Faith through Prayer; He rules above
  Who still protects the right.

DIRGE FOR A YOUNG GIRL.

UNDERNEATH the sod, low lying,
  Dark and drear,
Sleepeth one who left, in dying,
  Sorrow here.

Yes, they're ever bending o'er her,
  Eyes that weep;
Forms, that to the cold grave bore her,
  Vigils keep.

When the summer moon is shining
  Soft and fair,
Friends she loved in tears are twining
  Chaplets there.

Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit,
  Throned above!
Souls like thine with God inherit
  Life and love.

EVENTIDE IN THE COUNTRY.

THIS cottage-door, this gentle gale,
Hay-scented, whispering round,
Yon path-side rose, that down the vale
Breathes incense from the ground,
Methinks should from the dullest clod
Invite a thankful heart to God.

But, Lord, the violet bending low,
Seems better moved to praise:
From us what scanty blessings flow,
How voiceless close our days!
Father, forgive us, and the flowers
Shall lead in prayer the vesper-hours.

A CHARACTER.

O, HAPPIEST he, whose riper years retain
The hopes of youth, unsullied by a stain!
His eve of life in calm content shall glide,
Like the still streamlet to the ocean-tide;
No gloomy cloud hangs o'er his tranquil day,
No meteor lures him from his home astray:
For him there glows with glittering beam on high
Love's changeless star that leads him to the sky;
Still to the past he sometimes turns to trace
The mild expression of a mother's face;
And dreams, perchance, as oft in earlier years,
The low sweet music of her voice he hears.

MOON-RISE AT SEA.

A Child speaks.

COME up! the moon is rising fast,
The sea is calm, the deck is clear;
Come, mother, stay no longer here, —
The moonlight will not always last.

Do you remember once you talked
With me of Christ upon the sea?
Now hearken, for this seems to me
The shining path where Jesus walked!

And when the silvery brightness came
Along the sparkling waves to-night,
My heart leaped trembling at the sight,
And then I spoke our Saviour's name.

I should not fear his holy will,
If now he stood on yon bright place,
And I could see his blessed face,
And hear his whisper, "Peace! be still!"

HOME.

THERE are, thank Heaven, beneath this fitful dome,
Some leaflets floating near affection's home;
Some cloudless skies that smile on scenes below,
Some changeless hues in life's wide-spanning bow.

So let us live, that, if misfortune's blast
Come like a whirlwind to our hearths at last,
Sunbeams may break from one small spot of blue,
To guide us safe life's dreary desert through.

HYMN.*

"It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord."

THOU who hast called our being here,
And given us souls to save,
Who taught us more of love than fear,
Of heaven than of the grave, —

* From a Sunday-school hymn-book, entitled "Children's Praise."

To thee in every mortal hour
With confidence we turn,
And, feeling thine abiding power,
Our hearts with rapture burn.

"Thy kingdom come, thy will be done,"
May all thy children say,
And thank thee, Father, for thy Son,
Who taught us how to pray.

HYMN.*

For the Unitarian Festival, at Faneuil Hall, May 24, 1853.

YE sacred walls, — blest Freedom's shrine, —
Undying years of Fame are thine!
Let holy Truth and Justice claim
The honors still that gild thy name.

Ye silent spirits, waiting round
To guard this consecrated ground,
Inspire our breasts with hallowed zeal
That patriots own, and Christians feel.

How clear the voice of Duty calls
Along these time-enchanted walls!
How gleams the charge in words of light,
To plant, and watch and shield the RIGHT!

Our fathers' God, our Guide, our Trust!
Bend low thine ear to lips of dust;
This be our prayer, — let Love increase,
Till heaven's wide dome orbs endless peace.

* From a printed Order of Service.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

(1822.)

Rev. Samuel Johnson, son of Dr. Samuel and Anna D. Johnson, was born at Salem, Mass., Oct. 10, 1822; received his early education in private schools in that city, and graduated at Harvard College in 1842, and at the Cambridge Divinity School in 1846. He established, in 1853, at Lynn, Mass., an Independent Religious Society on a Free Church basis, and continued as its minister until 1870. He has since preached or lectured occasionally before congregations or audiences of radical views and sympathies, but has been mainly occupied in writing on religious and literary topics. He now resides at Salem.

He has published, from time to time, since 1847, sermons on various aspects of the great struggle for Emancipation, in the "Liberator," the "Anti-slavery Standard," the "Commonwealth," and other journals; pamphlet discourses on "The Rendition of Anthony Burns," 1854; "The Death of President Lincoln," 1865; "The Religion of a Free Church," 1866; "A Ministry in Free Religion," 1870; "A Memorial of Charles Sumner," 1874; many contributions to "The Radical" on religious, moral, political, and æsthetic subjects, especially six discourses on the Foundations of Religious Belief for the earliest numbers of that magazine, 1865–1866; and essays on "Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle," August, 1869; on "Free Religion and the Free States," October, 1869; on the "Foreclosure of Spiritual Unity," January, 1869; and on "Labor Parties and Labor Reform," November, 1871, afterward printed as a pamphlet; also, essays, before meetings of the Free Religious Association, on the "Natural Sympathy of Religions," and on "Freedom in Religion," printed in the Reports of 1870 and 1873; and a lecture on the "Interpretation of Nature," delivered at Horticultural Hall, Boston, published in the "Index," March 9, 1872. Mr. Johnson has also written a treatise on the "Worship of Jesus, in its Past and Present Aspects," 1868, and is now engaged in preparing an extended work on "Oriental Religions, and their Relation to Universal Religion," one volume of which, on India, has already appeared (J. R. Osgood & Co.), 1872. Mr. Johnson's attitude has been quite independent of all sectarian or denominational associations. Among those who are commonly known as Theists, perhaps no preacher or author in America has displayed more intellectual power than he.

As has been stated on a previous page, he assisted Rev. Samuel Longfellow in compiling the "Book of Hymns," in 1846, and the "Hymns of the Spirit," in 1864. In these Collections are some inspiring hymns of his own. "Father, in thy mysterious presence kneeling," has comforted and strengthened many a sad and weary heart; and "Life of ages, richly poured," quickens the blood as one reads it. These and others we take from the last-named Compilation.

FOR DIVINE STRENGTH.

FATHER, in thy mysterious presence kneeling,
Fain would our souls feel all thy kindling love;
For we are weak, and need some deep revealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above.

Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow,
And thou hast made each step an onward one;
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow, —
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

In the heart's depths a peace serene and holy
Abides; and when pain seems to have its will,
Or we despair, O, may that peace rise slowly,
Stronger than agony, and we be still!

Now, Father, now, in thy dear presence kneeling,
Our spirits yearn to feel thy kindling love;
Now make us strong, we need thy deep revealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above.

THE REFORMER'S VOW.

For the Graduating Exercises of the Class of 1846 in the Cambridge Divinity School.

GOD of the earnest heart,
The trust assured and still,
Thou who our strength for ever art,
We come to do thy will!

Upon that painful road
By saints serenely trod,
Whereon their hallowing influence flowed,
Would we go forth, O God!

'Gainst doubt and shame and fear
In human hearts to strive,
That all may learn to love and bear,
To conquer self, and live;

To draw thy blessing down,
  And bring the wronged redress,
And give this glorious world its crown,
  The spirit's Godlikeness.

No dreams from toil to charm,
  No trembling on the tongue, —
Lord, in thy rest may we be calm,
  Through thy completeness strong!

Thou hearest while we pray;
  O, deep within us write,
With kindling power, our God, to-day,
  Thy word: "On earth be light!"

IN TIME OF WAR.

LORD, once our faith in man no fear could move;
  Now save it from despair!
The trial comes; strengthen the might of love:
  Father, thou hearest prayer!

Thou hearest; and we hear, above this din,
  Thy blessed word sound clear:
"I purge this land from slavery and sin;
  The reign of heaven draws near."

O, never falter, ye who strive to bring
  In men the heavenly birth;
For still the angel hosts unfaltering sing,
  "Peace to the weary earth!"

O, never falter! peace must come by pain;
  Heaven is not found, but won;
Hold the dark angel till he moulds again
  The peace he hath undone.

We know not, Lord, what storms and trials strong
Must work our world's new birth;
But we will toil, with this for working song, —
"Peace to the weary earth!"

Peace to the weary, struggling, sin-sick earth!
Peace to the heart of man!
Storm shall bring calm; that high reward is worth
All we must bear, or can.

THE CONFLICT OF LIFE.

ONWARD, onward, though the region
Where thou art be drear and lone;
God hath set a guardian legion
Very near thee, — press thou on!

Upward, upward! Their hosanna
Rolleth o'er thee, "God is Love!"
All around thy red-cross banner
Streams the radiance from above.

By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won;
Tread it without shrinking, brother!
Jesus trod it, — press thou on!

By thy trustful, calm endeavor,
Guiding, cheering, like the sun,
Earth-bound hearts thou shalt deliver;
O, for their sake, press thou on!

Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace;
While it needs thee, O no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release;

Pray thou, undisheartened, rather,
That thou be a faithful son;
By the prayer of Jesus, — "Father,
Not my will, but thine, be done!"

THE CHURCH'S WORK.

THOU, whose glad summer yields
  Fit increase of the spring,
In faith we sow these living fields,
  Bless Thou the harvesting!

Thy Church must lead aright
  Life's work, left all undone,
Till founded fast in love and light,
  Earth home to heaven be won.

Grant, then, thy servants, Lord,
  Fresh strength from hour to hour;
Through speech and deed the living word
  Find utterance with power,

To keep the child's faith bright,
  To strengthen manhood's truth,
And set the age-dimmed eye alight
  With heaven's eternal youth!

That in the time's stern strife,
  With saints we speed reform,
Unresting in the calm of life,
  Unshrinking in its storm.

DEDICATION OF A CHAPEL.

Written for the dedication of the New Chapel built for Rev. Samuel Longfellow's Society, in Brooklyn, N.Y., March, 1858.

TO light, that shines in stars and souls;
  To law, that rounds the world with calm;
To love, whose equal triumph rolls
  Through martyr's prayer and angel's psalm, —
We wed these walls with unseen bands,
In holier shrines not built with hands.

May purer sacrament be here
  Than ever dwelt in rite or creed ;
Hallowed the hour with vow sincere
  To serve the time's all-pressing need,
And rear, its heaving seas above,
Strongholds of Freedom, folds of Love.

Here be the wanderer homeward led ;
  Here living streams in fulness flow ;
And every hungering soul be fed,
  That yearns the eternal will to know ;
Here Conscience hurl her stern reply
To Mammon's lust and Slavery's lie.

Speak, Living God, thy full command,
  Through prayer of faith and word of power,
That we with girded loins may stand
  To do thy work and wait thine hour ;
And sow, 'mid patient toils and tears,
For harvests in serener years.

MADE PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

Written at the request of Dorothea L. Dix, for a Collection made by her for the use of an Asylum.

I BLESS thee, Lord, for sorrows sent
  To break my dream of human power ;
For now my shallow cistern's spent,
  I find thy founts, and thirst no more.

I take thy hand, and fears grow still ;
  Behold thy face, and doubts remove ;
Who would not yield his wavering will
  To perfect Truth and boundless Love ?

That love this restless soul doth teach
  The strength of thine eternal calm ;
And tune its sad and broken speech
  To join, on earth, the angels' psalm.

O be it patient in thy hands,
  And drawn, through each mysterious hour,
To service of thy pure commands,
  The narrow way to Love and Power!

INSPIRATION.

LIFE of Ages, richly poured,
  Love of God, unspent and free,
Flowing in the prophet's word
  And the people's liberty!

Never was to chosen race
  That unstinted tide confined;
Thine is every time and place,
  Fountain sweet of heart and mind!

Secret of the morning stars,
  Motion of the oldest hours,
Pledge through elemental wars
  Of the coming spirit's powers!

Rolling planet, flaming sun,
  Stand in nobler man complete;
Prescient laws thine errands run,
  Frame the shrine for Godhead meet.

Homeward led, the wondering eye
  Upward yearned in joy or awe,
Found the love that waited nigh,
  Guidance of thy guardian law.

In the touch of earth it thrilled;
  Down from mystic skies it burned;
Right obeyed and passion stilled
  Its eternal gladness earned.

Breathing in the thinker's creed,
  Pulsing in the hero's blood,
Nerving simplest thought and deed,
  Freshening time with truth and good,

Consecrating art and song,
Holy book and pilgrim track,
Hurling floods of tyrant wrong
From the sacred limits back, —

Life of Ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flow still in the Prophet's word
And the People's liberty!

THE CITY OF GOD.

CITY of God, how broad and far
Outspread thy walls sublime!
The true thy chartered freemen are,
Of every age and clime.

One holy Church, one army strong,
One steadfast high intent,
One working band, one harvest-song,
One King Omnipotent!

How purely hath thy speech come down
From man's primeval youth!
How grandly hath thine empire grown
Of Freedom, Love, and Truth!

How gleam thy watch-fires through the night,
With never-fainting ray!
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
To meet the dawning day!

In vain the surge's angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands;
Unharmed upon the Eternal Rock,
The Eternal City stands.

THE POWER OF JESUS.

STRONG-SOULED Reformer, whose far-seeing faith,
  Of lifted cry and tumult had no need, —
Who stay'dst the lightnings of thy holy wrath
  With pitying love, to spare the bruisèd reed, —
Thy will to save, thy strength to conquer, flowed
From seas of tenderness and might in God.

Thy living word sprang from the heart of man,
  Eternal word of love and liberty:
Fearless thou gav'st it to the winds again;
  'Twas manhood's native tongue and could not die.
To thy dear brotherhood life's pulses leap;
And wakening ages answer, deep to deep.

PAUL.

THE Will Divine that woke a waiting time,
  With desert cry and Calvary's cross sublime,
Had equal need on thee its power to prove,
Thou soul of passionate zeal and tenderest love!

O slave devout of burdening Hebrew School,
Proud to fulfil each time-exalted rule,
How broke the illusion of thy swelling wrath
On that meek front of calm, enduring faith!

Then flashed it on thy spirit mightily
That thou had'st spurned a love that died for thee!
And all the pride went down in whelming flood
Of boundless shame and boundless gratitude.

What large atonement that great conscience pays!
For every wounding slight, a psalm of praise;
Unending worship shall the debt consume;
For hours of rage, a life of martyrdom.

Yet in such morning glow, such vital day,
What chilling sense of claim or debt can stay?
O wondrous power of noble love, to free
From binding Law to glorious Liberty!

Dream not that one hath drained the exhaustless sea;
Full pours the tide in widening stream for thee;
Lift for new liberties that conquering sign;
Shatter the severing walls with touch divine!

OCTAVIUS BROOKS FROTHINGHAM.

(1822.)

Rev. Octavius B. Frothingham, son of Rev. Nathaniel L. Frothingham, D.D., a sketch of whom and some of whose hymns have been given in another part of this volume, was born in Boston, Nov. 26, 1822. He pursued his earlier classical studies in the Latin School in that city; graduated at Harvard College in 1843, and at the Cambridge Divinity School in 1846; was ordained as pastor of the North Church, Salem, March 10, 1847; was installed minister of the First Unitarian Church in Jersey City, Sept. 11, 1855, and of the Third Unitarian Church in New York City in 1860, where he still continues his labors. He married, March 23, 1847, Caroline E. Curtis, daughter of Caleb Curtis, Esq., of Boston.

Mr. Frothingham's position is quite independent of the Unitarian body, to which he once belonged. He has been the president of the Free Religious Association since its formation. He has been deeply interested in most of the humane or philanthropic movements of his day, and has been a busy and prolific writer and author, having published as many as twenty-seven magazine articles for the "Christian Examiner," about one hundred and thirty tracts and pamphlets, setting forth in sermon or essay his views and sentiments on a great variety of subjects, social, political, theological, &c., together with not a few volumes of unusual interest and importance. The latter are as follows: Two Books for Children, — "Parables," 1863, and "Patriarchs," 1864; a Translation of Rénan's Critical Essays, under the title of "Studies of Religious History and Criticism," 1864; "A Child's Book of Religion," 1866 and 1870; "The Religion of Humanity," 1872; and the "Life of Theodore Parker," 1874. Mr. Frothingham is greatly distinguished as a man of thought and erudition, and his style is at once graceful and brilliant.

Of the various hymns which he has written, we are not aware that more than one has ever been published. This was written for the graduating exercises of his class in the Divinity School in 1846, and has found a place in at least several of the Collections, at home and abroad. Enough of the quality of his father's sacred poetry is found in this to lead us to regret that he has not given us others of like merit.

THE SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.

THOU Lord of hosts, whose guiding hand
  Hath brought us here, before thy face, —
Our spirits wait for thy command,
  Our silent hearts implore thy peace.

Those spirits lay their noblest powers,
  As offerings, on thy holy shrine;
Thine was the strength that nourished ours;
  The soldiers of the Cross are thine.

While watching on our arms, at night,
  We saw thine angels round us move;
We heard thy call, we felt thy light,
  And followed, trusting to thy love.

And now with hymn and prayer we stand,
  To give our strength to thee, Great God!
We would redeem thy holy land,
  That land which sin so long has trod.

Send us where'er thou wilt, O Lord!
  Through rugged toil and wearying fight;
Thy conquering love shall be our sword,
  And faith in thee our truest might.

Send down thy constant aid, we pray;
  Be thy pure angels with us still;
Thy truth, — be that our firmest stay;
  Our only rest, to do thy will.

CAROLINE ATHERTON MASON.

(1823.)

MRS. CAROLINE A. MASON was born at Marblehead, Mass., in 1823. Her father was Dr. Calvin Briggs, of that town. She married Charles Mason, Esq., a lawyer of Fitchburg, Mass., where she now lives. Her earlier poems were published in the "Salem Register," under the signature of "Caro." She afterwards contributed to the "National Era" and "Anti-Slavery Standard." She has also written for the "Congregationalist," the "Liberal Christian," the "Monthly Religious Magazine," the "Independent," the "Christian Union," and occasionally for other papers and periodicals. In 1852 she published a volume of her verses, entitled "Utterance: A Collection of Home-Poems." These were the productions of her earlier days. They gave good promise, however, of the still better offerings of her maturer years. The few of the latter which we present here were published in various journals and magazines, which have gladly welcomed them to their columns; and they are of such a character as to justify us in expressing the hope that a new and full edition of her poems may ere long appear from the press.

WAKING.

I HAVE done at length with dreaming:
  Henceforth, O thou soul of mine!
Thou must take up sword and buckler,
  Waging warfare most divine.

Life is struggle, combat, victory!
  Wherefore have I slumbered on
With my forces all unmarshalled,
  With my weapons all undrawn?

Oh, how many a glorious record
  Had the angels of me kept,
Had I done instead of doubted,
  Had I warred instead of wept!

But begone, regret, bewailing!
  Ye had weakened at the best:
I have tried the trusty weapons
  Resting erst within my breast.

I have wakened to my duty,
  To a knowledge strong and deep,
That I recked not of aforetime,
  In my long, inglorious sleep.

For the end of life is service,
  And I felt it not before,
And I dreamed not how stupendous
  Was the meaning that it bore.

In this subtle sense of being
  Newly stirred in every vein,
I can feel a throb electric, —
  Pleasure half allied to pain.

'Tis so sweet and yet so awful,
  So bewildering, yet brave,
To be king in every conflict,
  Where before I crouched a slave!

'Tis so glorious to be conscious
  Of a growing power within,
Stronger than the rallying forces
  Of a charged and marshalled sin!

Never in those old romances
  Felt I half the thrill of life
That I feel within me stirring,
  Standing in this place of strife.

Oh, those olden days of dalliance,
  When I wantoned with my fate!
When I trifled with a knowledge
  That had well nigh come too late!

Yet, my soul, look not behind thee;
  Thou hast work to do at last:
Let the brave toils of the Present
  Over-arch the crumbled Past.

Build thy great acts high and higher ;
  Build them on the conquered sod
Where thy weakness first fell bleeding
  And thy first prayer rose to God !

NOT YET.

NOT yet : — along the purpling sky
  We see the dawning ray,
But leagues of cloudy distance lie
  Between us and the day.

Not yet : — the aloe waits serene
  Its promised advent hour, —
A patient century of green
  To one full perfect flower.

Not yet : — no harvest song is sung
  In the sweet ear of spring,
Nor hear we, while the blade is young,
  The reaper's sickle swing.

Not yet : — before the crown, the cross ;
  The struggle ere the prize ;
Before the gain the fearful loss,
  And death ere Paradise.

IN SICKNESS.

THE Sabbath-bells ring out upon the air,
  Calling God's children to his house of prayer ;
Could I but rise and go, and meet him there !

I hear the people pass along the street :
Their rustling garments and their churchward feet
Make happy music-murmurs, low and sweet.

The breath of summer-flowers is in my room, —
The scent of lilies and the faint perfume
Of crimson pinks and roses all abloom.

And through my open window comes a rush
Of sudden music, — some melodious thrush
Pouring his heart out in one happy gush!

But lovelier far than any bird of spring,
Sweeter than summer's sweetest blossoming,
Thy sacred altars, O my God and King!

Better one day thy holy courts within
Than are a thousand spent in mirthful sin:
Open his gates, that I may enter in!

Nay: these preventing bonds; this lifted rod;
These long, long hours of anguish, leaden-shod: —
Let me be still, and know that thou art God.

Oh, teach me — what so slow I am to learn —
That where true spirits for thy presence yearn,
There is thy temple, there thine altars burn.

Believing this, these narrow walls expand
Into cathedral glory, vast and grand,
With fretted dome and arches over-spanned.

Yet need I even these fancied signs of thee?
Dear Lord, but enter in, and dwell with me!
Then shall my heart both shrine and temple be.

DARK HOURS.

OH, my tried soul, be patient! Roughest rinds
Fold over sweetest fruitage; heaviest clouds
Rain the most ample harvests on the fields;
The grass grows greenest where the wintry snows
Have fallen deepest; and the fairest flowers

Spring from old dead decay. The darkest mine
Yields the most flashing jewels from its cell;
And stars are born of darkness, day of night.
Oh, my tired soul, be patient! Yet for thee
Goes on the secret alchemy of life.
God, the one-Giver, grants no boon of earth
That he withholds from thee; and from the dark
Of thy deep sorrow shall evolve new light,
New strength to do and suffer, new resolves,
Perchance new gladnesses and freshest hopes!
Oh! there are times when I can no more weep
That I have suffered; for I know great strength
Is born of suffering; and I trust that still,
Wrapped in the dry husk of my outer life,
Lie warmer seeds than ever yet have burst
From its dull covering! Stronger purposes
Stir consciously within, and make me great
With a new life, — a life akin to God's,
Which I must nurture for the holy skies.
Help me, thou great All-Patient! for the flesh
Will sometimes falter, and the spirit fall.
Add to my human thy divinest strength,
When next I waver; rouse my faith as now,
That out of darkness I may see great light,
And follow where it ever leads, — to Thee!

DAILY BREAD.

I PRAY, with meek hands on my breast,
"Thy will be done, thy kingdom come."
But shouldst thou call my dear ones home,
Should I still say, "'Tis best:
Thy will be done"?

I cannot tell. I probe my heart
With sharpest instruments of pain,
And listen if the sweet refrain
Still wells up through the smart, —
"Thy will be done."

I cannot tell. I yield the quest,
  Content if only, day by day,
  My God shall give me grace to say,
"Father, thou knowest best:
    Thy will be done."

He gives no strength for coming ill
  Until its advent. Then he rolls
  His love in on his waiting souls,
Sure of their sweet "Thy will,
    Thy will be done."

"Give us this day our daily bread," —
  So prayed the Christ, and so will I:
  Father, my daily need supply,
Or, if I go unfed,
    "Thy will be done."

And should those fiery trials come
  I've wot of, thy dear word I'll trust
  To help me bear whate'er I must,
And say, — all murmurs dumb, —
    "Thy will be done."

And when with solemn care, some day,
  Sweet friends my dying eyes shall close,
  Hear my last prayer, and give to those
I love best strength to say,
    "Thy will be done."

A SONG IN THE NIGHT.

"There shall be no night there." —Rev. xxi. 25.

NO night, no night! O blessed dawn,
  When this frail body shall put on
Immortal robes and bright renown,
And with God's ransomed ones sit down.

No night of sorrow! I shall be
From every grief for ever free;
For God's own hand, with gentle sway,
Shall wipe my latest tear away.

No night of trial! Here below
What thorns amid my roses grow!
But there the flowers of my delight
Shall know no thorn, shall fear no blight.

No night of sin! Thrice blessed day!
How often here I go astray!
But when I reach that heavenly shore,
I shall be safe, and sin no more.

No night of sickness! Here in pain
How oft I sink, then rise again!
But there the tree of healing grows, —
An antidote for all my woes.

No night of death! O cherished few
Whose hearts on earth to mine are true!
There we shall meet, and, meeting, be
From change and death for ever free!

No night of tempest! Storms arise,
And overcast these earthly skies:
There all shall be serenely bright,
Nor tempests blow, nor storms affright.

No night of trouble, want, or care!
No night of sadness or despair!
No night, no night, but there alway
Calm, bright, serene, celestial day!

No night, no night! O blessed clime!
Fain would I leap this shoal of time,
And rest with all the ransomed band,
Within that bright, that happy land!

BEAUTY FOR ASHES.

I DARE not echo those who say
That life is but a troubled way,
A barren waste devoid of charms,
And rife with dangers and alarms;

A cross, to take up and to bear;
A vapor, chilly with despair;
A desert, where no roses blow,
Nor any healing waters flow.

Is life a cross? O burden blest
To those of God's dear love possessed!
Let me on him but lay it down,
And, lo! my cross becomes my crown!

Is it a desert vast and dim?
On every side beholding him,
The barren wilderness doth bloom
And sweeten with a sweet perfume.

Is it a vapor chill with death?
I'll breathe it with a trusting breath:
'Tis health to me! 'Tis sweet and rare
As Araby's best spices are!

Oh, only he who lets his smart
Grow cankered in a thankless heart,
Dares scout with carping discontent
His thousand blessings daily sent.

And he who has and would increase
Within his soul God's perfect peace,
Because the Lord is made his song,
May well go singing all day long!

MATIN HYMN.

"My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord: in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up." — PSALMS.

"THE morning breaks upon my eyes,
Like glimpses of a purer world, —
As if the wings of Paradise
O'er earth were suddenly unfurled.

I lift the sash and gaze abroad
On the sweet earth so fair, so bright:
I raise my heart to thee, O God,
And cry, "I thank thee for the light."

Beyond the summer hills lie green,
Fringed with their wealth of waving trees,
That sparkle in the sunny sheen
And tremble in the trembling breeze.

O God! I thank thee for each sight
Of beauty that thy hand doth give, —
For sunny skies and air and light;
O God, I thank thee that I live!

That life I consecrate to thee,
And ever, as the day is born,
On wings of joy my soul would flee,
And thank thee for another morn; —

Another day in which to cast
Some silent deed of love abroad,
That, greatening as it journeys past,
May do some earnest work for God; —

Another day to do, to dare;
To tax anew my growing strength;
To arm my soul with faith and prayer;
And so reach heaven and thee at length.

EVENTIDE.

From the "Salem Register."

AT cool of day, with God I walk
My garden's grateful shade:
I hear his voice among the trees,
And I am not afraid.

I see his presence in the night, —
And, though my heart is awed,
I do not quail beneath the sight
Or nearness of my God.

He speaks to me in every wind,
He smiles from every star;
He is not deaf to me, nor blind,
Nor absent; nor afar.

His hand, that shuts the flowers to sleep,
Each in its dewy fold,
Is strong my feeble life to keep,
And competent to hold.

I cannot walk in darkness long, —
My light is by my side;
I cannot stumble or go wrong
While following such a guide.

He is my stay and my defence; —
How shall I fail or fall?
My helper is Omnipotence!
My ruler ruleth all!

The powers below and powers above
Are subject to his care: —
I cannot wander from his love
Who loves me everywhere.

Thus dowered, and guarded thus, with him
I walk this peaceful shade;
I hear his voice among the trees,
And I am not afraid!

LYDIA L. A. VERY.

(1823.)

LYDIA LOUISA ANN VERY, sister of Jones and Washington Very, both of whom have a place in the roll of our singers, was born in Salem, Nov. 2, 1823. For about thirty years she has been, with her sister, Frances Eliza, a teacher in the schools of her native city. She shares largely the fine poetic gift which distinguishes the family, and in 1856 published a volume of her verses, which was printed by W. F. Draper, Andover, Mass. Since then, she has from time to time contributed other offerings to various Boston and Salem papers, while yet engaged in her vocation as a teacher. As an artist, she has produced pictorial illustrations of "Little Red Riding Hood," and other children's stories, accompanied by exquisite designs and pretty juvenile verses. These have proved to be very popular, and have been republished in Germany.

Of the four poems which are here given, the first two are taken from the volume of 1856, and the last two are selected from the fugitive pieces which she has since contributed to the papers.

TO THE VIRGIN.

O HOLY Mother! had no angel's voice
  Proclaimed the Christ should nestle in thine arms,
Had no glad tidings bid thine heart rejoice,
  Would'st thou have seen aught but an infant's charms?

Would the small dimpled hand have told to thee
  That it possessed for men a healing power?
That it should make the blind new beauty see,
  From the blue heavens to the small blushing flower?

In the low childish voice, would'st thou have heard
  Token of Him who should command the sea;
Who should recall the spirit by a word,
  In the same earthly home once more to be?

Or, would the Saviour have been held by thee
  As now full many a babe unconscious lies,
Plaything for wealth, burden for poverty,
  An unknown angel in an earthly guise!

Methinks the Saviour was to thee revealed
  That thou should'st grieve him not in infancy,
Proud that thine arms the Holy Child might shield,
  The opening promise of earth's brighter day!

TO THE UNKNOWN CHRIST.

THOU wert beside us on our daily way,
  And we perceived not thy benignant eyes;
Nor marked thee stop, earth's sorrows to allay,
  Reaching the wretchedness that lowest lies.

Careless we walked, nor saw the blind receive
  The sight of things their inward eyes knew not;
The famished multitudes by thee were fed,
  And we of living bread no morsel sought.

We gazed upon the dead, and saw the tomb
  Seal up its treasure from our weeping eyes;
Nor felt thy glory shine amid the gloom,
  Nor heard thy voice say to the soul, "Arise!"

Women we saw, bowed down for eighteen years,
  Who 'neath their cross a patient spirit wore;
Nor knew thine eye had rested there with ours,
  And thy compassion half their burden bore.

Or when the Sea of Life in storms rose high,
  While heavy surges swept us at their will,
And calm arose, — we knew not thou wert nigh,
  Walking the waves and saying, "Peace, be still!

And when the sick and weary round thee came
  To hear thy tenderness and love revealed,
We pressed not through the crowd to touch thy robe,
  And of our long-borne anguish to be healed.

For thou, *unknown*, the earth hast wandered o'er,
  The gorgeous fanes we reared for thee passed by;
We sought thee not in earth's low places, where
  Thy ministry now, as of old, doth lie.

THE PROMISES.

HUNGER no more, O starving ones of earth!
Who know not where to find your daily bread,
Whose life-long struggle is a strife to live, —
Know by his hand all hungry ones are fed!
He will not thrust you empty from His door;
Receive the Bread of Life, nor hunger more!

Thirst never more, O sinful ones of earth,
Who by forbidden waters learned to stray,
Who from the innocence that guards each birth
Wander through guilty pleasures far away!
Redeemed, forgiven, come walk by cooling streams,
In living waters lose your feverish dreams!

Faint never more, O weary ones of earth,
With heavy crosses painful to be borne!
There's one whose eye perceives each spirit's worth,
Pities each soul by daily trials worn, —
His hand shall loose at last the weary load,
And lead each pilgrim to his blest abode.

THE FIRST CABLE.

THERE is a cable stretched from earth to heaven;
The waves of thought it deeply underlies,
Where all is calm and still as summer's even,
Where deep to deep with solemn voice replies.

Far, far beneath the surf of passion's foam,
Or where light bubbles dally with the wind,
Where life's bright sands have found a quiet home,
And bury treasures that no eye can find.

Cable of Prayer! where messages do pass
More subtle than the electric fluid sends,
Where words gush forth unmeasured and unbought,
And through the unknown realm we reach our friends!

Cable of Prayer! stretched ages long ago
  Beneath the tide of pagan mystery,
Beneath the waves of human guilt and woe,
  Stretching beyond the Future's boundless sea.

Cable of Prayer! whose rivets never break,
  Fastened secure to hearts in earth and heaven!
The solid earth with mighty shocks may quake
  Ere from the Rock of Ages thou art riven!

Cable of Prayer! while mortal life shall last,
  Or human weakness need an heavenly friend,
Still shall the heart, 'mid sins and sorrows cast,
  Comfort receive and supplications send.

WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE ALGER.

(1823.)

Rev. William Rounseville Alger was born in Freetown, Mass., in 1823. Having pursued his earlier studies at Pembroke, N.H., and elsewhere, he entered the Divinity School at Cambridge, where he graduated in 1847. In the same year he was settled over the Mount Pleasant Society at Roxbury, Mass. He became the minister of the Bulfinch Street Church, in Boston, in 1855, and was afterward preacher at Music Hall, where Theodore Parker had stood from Sunday to Sunday during the last years of his memorable public ministrations. Mr. Alger received the honorary degree of Master of Arts from Harvard College, in 1852.

Beside contributing numerous theological and literary articles to the "Christian Examiner," the "Galaxy," and other periodicals, he has published a variety of volumes of an important and interesting character, which have gained him no little celebrity as an author: a small volume giving a Symbolic History of the Cross of Christ, 1851; "The Poetry of the East," containing, with an Introduction, more than four hundred of his metrical versions from Oriental literature, 1856; several other enlarged and greatly enriched editions of the same; "A Critical History of the Doctrine of the Future Life," a royal octavo volume of nine hundred and fourteen pages, with a complete Bibliography of the subject, 1864; various later editions of the same, revised and improved; "The

Genius of Solitude," in four parts, — the Solitudes of Nature, the Solitudes of Man, the Morals of Solitude, and Sketches of Lonely Characters, 1867; "The Friendships of Women," 1868. Mr. Alger also edited, in 1858, "Studies of Christianity," a volume containing a series of theological or religious papers by the Rev. James Martineau. To his labors as a preacher and author he has added those of a lecturer, having frequently appeared before lyceums and popular audiences, to which he has spoken in his own instructive and brilliant style upon a large variety of topics.

His fame will perhaps rest principally upon his "History of the Doctrine of the Future Life," unquestionably the most learned and elaborate theological work ever produced in this country. Having devoted long years of arduous study and consulted not less than six thousand different authorities or books in its preparation, he presents us in his solid volume the opinions of men of all races and in every age and clime concerning the fate of the soul, and clothes all the endless details of fact and well-marshalled array of discussions with which he crowds his pages with a beautiful drapery that lends to his scholastic lore the fascination of romance. The Bibliographical Appendix, by Ezra Abbot, LL.D., embraces a description of more than five thousand distinct works, carefully arranged in chronological order and furnished with an Alphabetical Index, and is a vast repertory of the literature of the great theme which Mr. Alger treats.

In the latter part of the fourth and last edition of the "Poetry of the Orient," issued by his publishers, Roberts Brothers, in 1874, we find various hymns and poems which are entirely Mr. Alger's own productions. From these we make the following selections, except that the lines, "The Bitter Cup Sweet," are from the first part of the volume. Those who are familiar with our author's works and know how fond he is of the best poetry of different countries, and how rare a vein of poetry enriches all his own productions in prose, will not be surprised that his pen has thus finely run also to verse.

THE BITTER CUP SWEET.

MY God once mixed a harsh cup, for me to drink from it,
And it was full of acrid bitterness intensest;
The black and nauseating draught did make me shrink from it,
And cry, "O Thou who every draught alike dispensest,
This cup of anguish sore, bid me not to quaff of it,
Or pour away the dregs and the deadliest half of it!"
But still the cup he held; and seeing he ordained it,
One glance at him, — it turned to sweetness as I drained it.

FUNERAL HYMN.

THE worlds that shine above us nightly,
Then hide beyond our clew,
Do surely shine all day as brightly
Behind their veil of blue.

When friends, with natural misgiving,
We lay in earth's cold bed,
We know that thus they still are living
Where comes no sigh nor dread.

O, while our saddest tears are stealing,
When fate's worst dart has sped,
'Tis light, not darkness, is concealing
Our well-beloved dead.

Whene'er a funeral bell is tolling,
Some weary one doth rest;
And loudly through the skies are rolling
The anthems of the blest.

Then wherefore should we sink in sorrow,
To part from those we love?
Since God will join us all to-morrow,
In the endless home above.

MY HEART.

A SLEEPLESS night; the rain pours fast;
My wakeful heart, between the flurries,
Now harks where silent goes the past,
Now where the threatening future hurries.

O heart, thy listening must be bad;
Seek what enduring will resembles;
Behind are heard complainings sad,
And forward many a question trembles.

Whate'er the danger, never shrink;
The storm itself thy trust discloses;
The boat with Christ no storm could sink;
Lo, in thy bosom God reposes.

THE BETTER PART.

O FATHER, kindly deign to hear
The thanks thy children bring;
Help us with love and reverent fear
Thy lofty praise to sing.

And while before thy throne we bow,
Come thou to every heart:
From sin O purify us now;
Give us that better part.

Remove to-day the world's wild din;
Our souls from evil save;
Help us life's noblest crown to win;
Guide us beyond the grave.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

(1845.)

JESUS has lived! and we would bring
The world's glad thanks to-day,
And at his feet, while anthems ring,
The grateful offering lay.

Jesus has lived! and his pure life,
So perfect and sublime,
Shall conquer man's dark sin and strife
Through every rank and clime.

Jesus has died! and o'er the stars
Gone home to God on high;
He burst the grave's cold prison-bars,
And said, Man cannot die.

Jesus yet lives! and from the sky,
  Where victory he wrote,
Before the good man's closing eye
  Visions of glory float.

Jesus yet lives! and oh, may we,
  While in this valley dim,
So feel our immortality
  That we may be like him!

HYMN AT DIVINITY SCHOOL.

(1847.)

WITHIN the shadow of his cross we stand,
  Whose words are wisdom to our Youth,
And pray that he will bless our humble band,
  And consecrate us to the truth.

Oh, be his deathless love of God and man,
  And faith in truth, the living power
Whose fruit shall crown our Christian toils, and span
  With heavenly hopes the dying hour.

Come down, his holy Spirit from above,
  Direct each mind, and warm each heart;
And ere we go, to speak the truth in love,
  Each one anoint and set apart.

We are but twelve, and all the fields are white
  With harvests wide of worth untold!
Lord, give us tongues of fire and souls of might,
  And make us like thy Twelve of old.

INSTALLATION OF THOMAS STARR KING.

BEFORE thee, Lord, a servant bows,
To set himself apart in youth,
And breathe his consecrating vows
To preach salvation through the truth.

He does not trust in human lore,
Or pride, for strength to walk aright,
But in thy Word, which from of yore
Has guided men through faith to sight.

With holy love his heart inspire,
His mind with heavenly wisdom fill,
And touch his faltering lips with fire
To teach the lessons of thy will.

Within these courts prolong his years
Of labor for a faithful flock!
And, if assailed by foes and fears,
Be thou his friend and wall of rock.

FOURTH OF JULY.

BOSTON, 1857.

NOW bend we low, and ask our fathers' God
To smile on all o'er which our banner waves, —
The busy mart, the deck, the prairie sod,
Old Plymouth roofs, new San Francisco graves.

Commending unto Him, the only Good,
This country as one undivided fold,
Our patriot hearts o'er all its borders brood,
From Eastern pines to Western strand of gold.

And thus to Heaven our pleading accents call :
  May wrong and strife among us disappear ;
And soon their sacred rights be given to all,
  While truth and love lead in a Golden Year !

A HIGHER DEVOTION.

AWAY, O Fame ! Thy star has set,
  To charm me never more :
Thine airy visions I'll forget ;
  Thy luring dreams are o'er.

God's love, a flaming sun, appears
  To fix my wandering eyes ;
It hides each feebler orb that steers
  Along the lighted skies.

Rule now, O Lord, in this poor heart
  That driveth Fame away :
That thy true reign may not depart,
  My God, I deeply pray.

THE RESULT.

I HOLD the laws of truth, so far as understood,
  To be the will of God, and perfect in their good ;
And all the awful mysteries of things unknown,
I also hold decreed from his unbounded throne.
Since known and unknown rest alike on him alone,
No room is left for me to question or rebel
While ranging through the blended spheres of heaven and hell.
Happen what may, above or underneath the sun,
I only say, Thy will, O God, not mine, be done !

ROBERT COLLYER.

(1823.)

Rev. Robert Collyer was born at Keighly, Yorkshire, England, Dec. 8, 1823. When he was only nine days old, his father, who was a blacksmith, returned to Blubberhauses, not far distant, where he had previously lived, and where was the only early home the son remembers. All the school education the latter ever received was that which was given him between his fourth and eighth years of age, by one Willie Hardie, who "took to teaching because he had no use of his legs, and couldn't do any other work." Robert early became familiar with the Bible, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," the "Young Man's Companion," "Robinson Crusoe," &c. When he was fourteen, he went to Ilkley, where he worked as a blacksmith with a man by the name of Birch. In 1847 he joined the Methodists, and in May, 1850, emigrated to America, having married the day before he set sail from England. For some time after his arrival in this country he was a preacher as well as blacksmith, at Shoemakertown, Pa. Through his acquaintance with Dr. Furness and others of like religious views, he was led to embrace Unitarianism, and was brought up for heresy by the Methodists, who refused to renew his license to preach. In 1859 he removed to Chicago, where we well remember visiting his mission in the winter of 1860–1861. Not long afterward, friends, who had come to know well his great natural gifts as a preacher and his rich and sunny nature, formed a new society for him, known as Unity Church, of which he has since remained the pastor. The story of his marvellous career in that great city of the West, not only as a preacher of the Liberal Faith, but as one of the most popular of lecturers, as a leader in every humane and noble cause, and as the author of several volumes, which have passed through successive editions, and have had a wide circulation, is too well known to require further notice here. The noble and beautiful church edifice which his large congregation built for him was swept away by the terrible fire that desolated the city in 1870; but another stately temple soon rose on its ruins, contributions flowing in abundantly from many parts of the country to make good the loss, and to enable him still to continue, with unabated success, his gracious ministry. He was recently called to the Church of the Messiah, in New York City, with an offer of $10,000 salary, but decided to remain in Chicago and with the people with whose interests and history his name and fame are so intimately and largely associated.

Mr. Collyer, during his stay in America, has twice returned to England to see his aged mother, who has lately passed away, and to renew his acquaintance with the scenes of his childhood and youth. In one of these visits, when he was the object of much attention on the part of

those who had learned of his romantic and remarkable life, he said, in a speech made in London, June 3, 1871: "There has never been a moment in the twenty-one years that I have been absent from this land when it has not been one of the proudest recollections that I came of this grand old English stock; that my grandfather fought with Nelson at Trafalgar; and my father was an Englishman and my mother an Englishwoman."

Mr. Collyer published a volume of sermons entitled "Nature and Life," in 1867; "A Man in Earnest: A Life of A. H. Conant," in 1868; and another volume of sermons, "The Life that Now Is," in 1871. He has also contributed to various papers and magazines. A very interesting sketch of him, with illustrations, appeared in "Harper's Monthly," May, 1874; and another may be found in "Fraser's Magazine."

This broad, genial, hearty, and eloquent Yorkshire man is a poet by nature. All his sermons and addresses are full of poetic beauty. We believe he has written but few verses. There is peculiar interest attaching to the two hymns which we copy. The one was the first he ever wrote, and was composed for the dedication of the church which was destroyed by fire, and the other was written for the dedication of the new edifice, Dec. 7, 1873.

DEDICATION HYMN.

WITH thankful hearts, O God, we come
  To a new temple built for thee;
And pray that this may be our home
  Until we touch eternity: —

The common home of rich and poor,
  Of bond and free, and great and small;
Large as thy love for evermore,
  And warm and bright and good to all.

And dwell thou with us in this place,
  Thou and thy Christ, to guide and bless!
Here make the wellsprings of thy grace
  Like fountains in the wilderness.

May thy whole truth be spoken here;
  Thy gospel light for ever shine;
Thy perfect love cast out all fear,
  And human life become divine.

UNITY CHURCH.

O LORD our God, when storm and flame
Hurled homes and temples into dust,
We gathered here to bless thy name,
And on our ruin wrote our trust.

Thy tender pity met our pain,
Swift through the world the angel ran,
And then thy Christ appeared again
Incarnate, in the heart of man.

Thy lightning lent its burning wing
To bear his tear-blent sympathy,
And fiery chariots rushed to bring
The offerings of humanity.

Thy tender pity met our pain;
Thy love has raised us from the dust:
We meet to bless thee, Lord, again,
And in our temple sing our trust.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

(1823.)

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON was born at Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 22, 1823. He is a descendant of Rev. Francis Higginson, the noted Puritan minister who came from England in 1629, and preached to the congregation of the first settlers in Salem. He graduated at Harvard College in 1841, and at the Divinity School in Cambridge in 1847; was settled over the First Congregational Society in Newburyport from 1847 to 1850, and was the pastor of a Free Church at Worcester from 1852 to 1858. He has been from his earliest manhood an ardent and active friend of the colored race, ready not only to advocate the rights of the bondmen and the freedmen by his voice and pen, but to make good his words by the power of the musket and the sword. He was wounded in the attempt to rescue Anthony Burns from the kidnappers in Boston in

1854, and was indicted with Parker, Phillips, and others who were implicated in the same affair. He aided in the organization of bands of emigrants from the North to colonize Kanzas in 1856, and was a brigadier-general on "Jim" Lane's staff in the military forces raised to repel the aggressions of the slave power upon that State. Having laid aside the clerical profession before the war broke out, he entered into actual service during the conflict, and was appointed colonel of the first regiment of black troops raised in South Carolina. In October, 1864, he was discharged in consequence of disability arising from a wound he received in an engagement on the Edisto River. Mr. Higginson now resides in Newport, R.I., where he is engaged in literary pursuits.

He has long been known as a prominent contributor to the "Atlantic Monthly." His admirable and well-known "Out-door Papers," written for this magazine, were afterward collected in a volume and published in 1863. "Malbone," an Oldport Romance, also reprinted from the "Atlantic," appeared in 1869; "Army Life in a Black Regiment," in 1870; and another volume of "Atlantic Essays," in 1871. He published a translation of "Epictetus" in 1865; and a French translation of his essay on the "Greek Goddesses" appeared in the Paris "Révue Britannique," October, 1869. He has also edited the Harvard Memorial Biographies, in two volumes, being sketches of the lives of the graduates of the College who fell in the late war. Among the papers and periodicals to which he has contributed are the "New York Independent," the "New York Tribune," the Boston "Woman's Journal," and "MacMillan's London Magazine." Mr. Higginson's writings are marked by a wonderful freshness and vigor of thought, and are distinguished for the purity and beauty of their style.

The hymns and poems which he has composed are few in number, but they are of a very high order. We believe that quite all of them are presented here.

A HYMN.

Written for the Graduating Class, Cambridge Theological School, 1847.

TO veil thy truth by darkening or by hiding;
To stand irresolute, or shrink appalled;
To deal vague words of customary chiding;
Father! to no such work thy voice hath called.

Our eyes are dim, yet can we seek the duty;
Our ears are dull, yet can we shun the wrong;
'Tis not in vain that here, amid the beauty
Of thy deep teachings, we have stayed so long.

Some wounds have turned to pearls ; some limbs offending
We have had strength to seize and rend away ;
Some passionate earthly songs have changed, in ending,
To choral anthem and triumphant lay.

To build of gentle hearts thy church, the peerless,
To speak the truth in love, whate'er befalls,
To make our brothers humble, tireless, fearless,
This is the work to which thy Spirit calls.

Some seeds we sow may blossom into flowers,
And those bear fruit, to ripen 'neath thy sun ;
And thou wilt lead these trembling hearts of ours
On to that peace where aim and deed grow one.

The next four pieces are from the "Book of Hymns." The first has been highly commended by eminent men as the best statement they have seen of the way in which the subject to which it relates stood to their own minds. The second was not, like the rest, inserted in the "Hymns of the Spirit," probably because the national evil to which it refers had become well-nigh a thing of the past. We give it a place here, with the others, that our collection of Mr. Higginson's hymns may be as complete as we can make it.

THE MYSTERY OF GOD.

NO human eyes thy face may see ;
No human thought thy form may know ;
But all creation dwells in thee,
And thy great life through all doth flow !

And yet, O strange and wondrous thought !
Thou art a God who hearest prayer,
And every heart with sorrow fraught
To seek thy present aid may dare.

And though most weak our efforts seem
Into one creed these thoughts to bind,
And vain the intellectual dream
To see and know the Eternal Mind, —

Yet thou wilt turn them not aside,
  Who cannot solve thy life divine,
But would give up all reason's pride
  To know their hearts approved by thine.

And thine unceasing love gave birth
  To our dear Lord, thy holy Son,
Who left a perfect proof on earth
  That Duty, Love, and Truth are one.

So, though we faint on life's dark hill,
  And Thought grow weak, and Knowledge flee,
Yet Faith shall teach us courage still,
  And Love shall guide us on to thee!

THE NATION'S SIN.

THE land our fathers left to us
  Is foul with hateful sin:
When shall, O Lord, this sorrow end,
  And hope and joy begin?

What good, though growing might and wealth
  Shall stretch from shore to shore,
If thus the fatal poison-taint
  Be only spread the more?

Wipe out, O God, the nation's sin,
  Then swell the nation's power;
But build not high our yearning hopes,
  To wither in an hour!

No outward show nor fancied strength
  From thy stern justice saves;
There is no liberty for them
  Who make their brethren slaves!

THE HOPE OF MAN.

THE Past is dark with sin and shame,
The Future dim with doubt and fear;
But, Father, yet we praise thy name,
Whose guardian love is always near.

For man has striven, ages long,
With faltering steps to come to thee,
And in each purpose high and strong
The influence of thy grace could see.

He could not breathe an earnest prayer,
But thou wast kinder than he dreamed;
As age by age brought hopes more fair,
And nearer still thy kingdom seemed.

But never rose within his breast
A trust so calm and deep as now;
Shall not the weary find a rest?
Father, Preserver, answer thou!

'Tis dark around, 'tis dark above,
But through the shadow streams the sun;
We cannot doubt thy certain love;
And man's true aim shall yet be won!

I WILL ARISE, AND GO TO MY FATHER.

TO thine eternal arms, O God,
Take us, thine erring children, in;
From dangerous paths too boldly trod,
From wandering thoughts and dreams of sin.

Those arms were round our childish ways,
A guard through helpless years to be;
O, leave not our maturer days,
We still are helpless without thee!

We trusted hope and pride and strength;
  Our strength proved false, our pride was vain,
Our dreams have faded all at length, —
  We come to thee, O Lord, again!

A guide to trembling steps yet be!
  Give us of thine eternal powers!
So shall our paths all lead to thee,
  And life smile on, like childhood's hours.

The following is from Scribner's Monthly, June, 1874: —

DECORATION.

"Manibus date lilia plenis."

'MID the flower-wreathed tombs I stand,
  Bearing lilies in my hand.
Comrades! in what soldier-grave
Sleeps the bravest of the brave?

Is it he who sank to rest
With his colors round his breast?
Friendship makes his tomb a shrine;
Garlands veil it; ask not mine.

One low grave, yon trees beneath,
Bears no roses, wears no wreath;
Yet no heart more high and warm
Ever dared the battle-storm.

Never gleamed a prouder eye
In the front of victory;
Never foot had firmer tread
On the field where hope lay dead,

Than are hid within this tomb,
Where the untended grasses bloom;
And no stone, with feigned distress,
Mocks the sacred loneliness.

Youth and beauty, dauntless will,
Dreams that life could ne'er fulfil,
Here lie buried, — here in peace
Wrongs and woes have found release.

Turning from my comrades' eyes,
Kneeling where a woman lies,
I strew lilies on the grave
Of the bravest of the brave.

NEWPORT, R.I., Decoration Day, 1873.

FRANCES M. CHESBRO.

(1824.)

MRS. FRANCES M. CHESBRO was born in Warwick, Mass., July 13, 1824, her parents being Amory and Sophronia Mayo, prominent members of the Unitarian Church in that town. Here and at Deerfield Academy she received her early education, and when she was only sixteen she began to teach district schools. At twenty, she was married to George L. Chesbro, who, like her father, was engaged in mercantile business. About this time she became acquainted with the gifted authoress, Miss Sarah C. Edgarton, who afterward became the wife of her brother, Rev. A. D. Mayo, now of Springfield, Mass., and at whose suggestion she began to contribute to various magazines and papers, some of which Miss Edgarton herself either edited or wrote for. The family removed at length to Gloucester, where Rev. Mr. Mayo was then the pastor of a Universalist Church, and where, after the sudden death of his accomplished wife, on the 9th of July, 1848, they were gathered with him under the same roof. Here Mrs. Chesbro had the advantage of her brother's library, and continued to write for the periodicals, many of her contributions being sketches of character drawn from life. In 1858 she published a story-book for children, "Smiles and Tears," which she wrote mainly to weave into a pleasant story for her little daughter some of the events of her own early days in the country. Since then, she has sent numerous hymns and poems to the "Liberal Christian" and other Unitarian publications, so far as her busy domestic life has permitted her to compose them. She now resides at Northboro', Mass., whither the family removed in 1866, and where she is an active member of the society which was so long under the care of the venerated Rev. Joseph Allen, D.D.

Among her offerings are various hymns written for church anniversaries and occasional public services. Such pieces as we here cull from the books and the papers evince no small degree of poetic feeling and taste in their author.

The first is from the "Ladies' Repository," whose editor, in copying it from an old number of "Peterson's Magazine," says: "We transfer it to our pages, not only for its grace and beauty, but also for its allusion to one whom none knew but to love. Many who read it will recall a graceful and beautiful girl, whose thoughtful face and rare, expressive words were an earnest of a lovely and useful life. But not here was to be its completeness. A sister's heart speaks in this delicate tribute."

A MEMORY.

IN the golden summer morning,
  In the rosy blush of dawn,
Sits a robin in the casement,
  Singing softly in the morn.
Her sweet warbling wakes my slumber,
  Breaks the tissue web of sleep,
Drives away my dream of loved ones,
  Scatters visions wild and sweet.

Softly o'er my wakened senses
  Steals the thought of olden time,
When the robin's matin music
  Thrilled another heart than mine!
She so lovely, she so gentle,
  Sharing all my joy and pain,
Lying on the pillow 'side me,
  Softly breathing, heard the same.

Heard the same sweet bird-tones warbling,
  Singing in the rosy dawn:
Now the robin sings more softly,
  Sweet, but sad, she sings forlorn.
Oh, my songstress! my sweet warbler!
  Soaring into heaven's pure air,
Take one message, bear it upward, —
  Upward to her home so fair!

Tell her that the love she bore me
  Lifts me over earthly care ;
Tell her that in dreams beside me
  Still I see her golden hair,
Gleaming in the morning sunlight
  As it streams my casement through, —
Through the casement where the robin
  Sings amid the morning dew.

As the softly whispering breezes
  Touch the quivering jessamine vine,
Still the dear voice that it murmurs
  Is thine ever, ever thine !
Bird and flower and trembling leaflet
  Lost an echo to their lay,
When from out this curtained chamber
  Passed an angel soul away.

HYMN OF PEACE.

From the "Liberal Christian."

HOW sweet, dear Lord, to rest
  Beneath thy sheltering arm,
Encircled by thy love,
  Secure from every harm ;
To lay the burden down,
  To drop the weary load ;
To ease the trembling feet,
  Worn on the thorny road.

How sweet, dear Lord, to rest
  Upon the mountain side ;
To put the armor by,
  And in thy smile abide ;
To see beneath our feet,
  In clearest vision spread,
The narrow devious paths
  That to our mount have led ;

To lie within thine arms
  In quiet, peaceful rest,
To feel no throb of pain,
  Serenely, calmly blest,
As little children make
  A pause amid their play,
And fly to loving arms
  Ere close of summer day.

And then, with strength renewed,
  How sweet, dear Lord, to rise
And view the upward path,
  With brighter, clearer eyes ;
To raise the heavy weight
  Of daily toil and care,
And with a freer step
  Rise into fresher air.

The drooping arms we raise,
  The weary limbs grow strong,
The murmur on our lips
  We change to grateful song ;
We smile upon the load
  So heavy, now so light ;
The clouds have rolled away,
  The day succeeds the night.

No joy like this we know,
  Dear Lord, to do thy will ;
Be it of grief or joy,
  Our bliss and duty still.
How easy now and sweet
  To suffer, toil, and bear
" All needful discipline,"
  Since our dear Lord is there.

UNDER THE SNOW.

From Rev. O. B. Frothingham's "Child's Book of Religion."

UNDER the snow the violets are budding,
Nurtured and cherished within the warm earth;
Rich fragrance imbibing, while patiently waiting
The word of command that shall wake them to birth.

Under the snow the streamlets are sleeping,
Lulled is the voice of their murmuring flow;
Their rest is not death, but life is renewing,
While Spring's brightest promise is ice-bound below.

Under the snow! oh, under the snow!
Earth sleeps but to waken, and rests but to rise;
And silently toils in her storehouse below,
Adding tint to the floweret, and splendor to skies.

Under the snow, the beautiful snow,
Rests all the fair future of promise and bloom;
The bud and the blossom, the summer's bright glow,
The autumn's full fruitage, the winter's rich boon.

Under the snow! ah, under the snow!
Lie buried the hopes of the sorrowing heart;
Wailing and sad the winds over them blow,
While, weeping, they watch the dear promise depart.

Oh, hear we not murmuring voices below,
When we hopefully listen, and patiently wait, —
The hurrying of unseen feet, that go
On errands of love for humanity's sake?

Hear we the beating, the stir, and the strife
Of forces that slumber by night nor by day,
Abiding their time, when, bursting with life,
They scatter their icy fetters away?

Though under the snow, deep under the snow,
Lie hearts all despairing in sadness and gloom,
The soft breath of spring-time will over them blow,
And the pale bud of hope into rich beauty bloom.

ALBERT LAIGHTON.

(1829.)

ALBERT LAIGHTON was born at Portsmouth, N.H., Jan. 8, 1829. His parents were John Laighton and Mary Damrell Laighton. He was educated at a private school in his native town, where he has continued to reside, and where he is employed as the teller of a bank. He has been twice married, his second wife living now. In 1859 he published a volume of "Poems." Selections from its pages very deservedly occupy a prominent place in the compilation entitled "Poets of Portsmouth." Among his later productions may be mentioned a beautiful "Ode of Welcome," written for the reunion of the sons and daughters of Portsmouth, July 4, 1873, and a sonnet entitled "After Bloom," which was sent to the "Atlantic Monthly" in 1874. Most of those which we copy are from the volume of 1859. Mr. Laighton enjoys the warm friendship of not a few of our best American poets; and letters from those who have known him long and well, bear witness that the fine spirit that breathes through his graceful verses is only the natural outflow from his own "sweetness of character."

TO MY SOUL.

GUEST from a holier world,
Oh, tell me where the peaceful valleys lie!
Dove in the ark of life, when thou shalt fly,
Where will thy wings be furled?

Where is thy native nest?
Where the green pastures that the blessed roam?
Impatient dweller in thy clay-built home,
Where is thy heavenly rest?

On some immortal shore,
Some realm away from earth and time, I know, —
A land of bloom, where living waters flow,
And grief comes nevermore.

Faith turns my eyes above;
Day fills with floods of light the boundless skies;
Night watches calmly with her starry eyes
All tremulous with love.

And, as entranced I gaze,
Sweet music floats to me from distant lyres:
I see a temple, round whose golden spires
Unearthly glory plays!

Beyond those azure deeps
I fix thy home, — a mansion kept for thee
Within the Father's house, whose noiseless key,
Kind Death, the warder, keeps!

NEW ENGLAND.

WHAT though they boast of fairer lands,
Give me New England's hallowed soil,
The fearless hearts, the swarthy hands
Stamped with the heraldry of toil.

I love her valleys broad and fair,
The pathless wood, the gleaming lake,
The bold and rocky bastions where
The billows of the ocean break!

The grandeur of each mountain-peak
That rears to heaven its granite-form;
The craggy cliffs where eagles shriek
Amid the thunder and the storm.

And dear to me each noble deed
Wrought by the iron wills of yore, —
The pilgrim-hands that sowed the seed
Of Freedom on her sterile shore.

THE MIDNIGHT VOICE.

FATHER, at this calm hour,
Alone, in prayer I bend an humble knee!
My soul in silence wings its flight to thee,
And owns thy boundless power.

Day's weary toil is o'er ;
No worldly strife my heartfelt worship mars ;
Beneath the mystery of the silent stars,
I tremble and adore.

Not when the frenzied storm
Writhes 'mid the darkness, till in wild despair,
Bursting its thunder-chains, the lightning's glare
Reveals its awful form, —

I wait not for that hour :
In flower and dew, in sunshine calm and free,
I hear a *still small voice* that speaks of thee
With holier, deeper power.

Above the thunder-notes,
Serene and clear, the music of the spheres
For ever rolls, though not to mortal ears
The heavenly cadence floats.

TO A BIGOT.

YOU strove in vain with cunning words
And subtle arguments to gain
A convert to your darling creed ;
Then mocked me with your cold disdain.

Ah, well, sip from your shallow fount!
The heart hath depths you may not know ;
And your philosophy would fail,
Did you but judge of nature so.

You do not hate the mountain-stream
Because it floweth wild and free
In hidden channels of its own,
And finds at last its home, — the sea.

You do not crush the wayside flower
Because it wears a different hue
From that which decks your garden-walks,
And only breathes its sweets for you.

You do not wound the forest-bird
  Because your caged canary sings
A sweeter song. You vainly think, —
  Give me the freedom of my wings.

Then if I soar beyond your flights,
  Or if I keep my lowly nest,
What matter, since I am content
  To serve my God as seemeth best?

THE VEILED GRIEF.

OH, think not that my eyes are dry,
  Because you mark no falling tears:
There flows a river deep and dark,
  Whose waters ebb not with the years.

And think not that my lips are mute,
  Because you hear no spoken word
Full-freighted with the tones of grief:
  I hear a voice you never heard.

And think not that my heart is cold,
  Because no passion fires my breast:
There is a chamber in my soul
  That only owns an angel-guest.

My tears fall inward on my heart,
  And, dew-like, keep its memories green;
Sad strains unheard by other ears
  Break forth for me from lips unseen.

A HYMN OF CONFESSION.

THE homeless winds that wander o'er the land;
  The deep-voiced thunder speaking words of fire;
The waves that break in sunshine on the strand,
  Or smite with storm-paled hands their rocky lyre;

The stars that blossom in the fields of night;
  The buds that burst in beauty from the sod;
The birds that dip their wings in rainbow light, —
  Are notes in Nature's symphony to God!

But as Creation's anthem onward rolls,
  From age to age, in grandeur still the same,
We set the seal of silence on our souls,
  And sing no praises to his holy name.

Our eyes are dazzled by the glare of Life;
  We cannot see the sapphire-deeps above;
Our ears are deafened by its ceaseless strife;
  We cannot hear the angels' songs of Love.

Dust gathers on our mantles hour by hour;
  We trail our robes in low and sensual things;
We yield our heart-wealth to the Tempter's power,
  And stain the whiteness of the spirit's wings.

We fling the priceless pearl of Faith away,
  And count as treasure earth's corroding dross;
We bow to idols formed of fragile clay,
  But twine few garlands for the Saviour's cross.

DEDICATION HYMN.

O FATHER, as in days of old,
  When men knew not thy wondrous love,
And bowed to gods of wood and gold,
  Thou rulest on thy throne above;
Thou art the same unchanging Friend,
And thy almighty arms defend.

Thy hand still guides each rolling world,
  And stays the tempest's awful wrath,
And on the bannered clouds unfurled
  Marks out the lightning's lurid path;
It weighs the mountains, holds the sea,
And stretches through Infinity.

Ah, little human hands can do
  When measured by the matchless power
That raised the hills, and arched the blue
  Wide heavens, that bless us every hour;
That made our frames, sustains our lives,
And through all earthly change survives.

Yet, Lord, we offer to thee now
  This temple built on hallowed ground;
Oh, bless its walls! for, while we bow,
  The sainted dead seem lingering round,
As if with us they hither came,
To own this tribute to thy name.

THE TWO WORLDS.

THIS world is bright and fair, we know;
  The skies are arched in glory;
The stars shine on, the sweet flowers blow,
  And tell their blessed story.

But softer than the summer's breath,
  And fairer than its roses,
Will be the clime afar, when Death
  The pearly gate uncloses;

The land where broken ties shall twine,
  And fond hearts will not sever,
Where Love's pure light shall brighter shine,
  For ever and for ever!

The foregoing selections are from Mr. Laighton's volume of "Poems." The following pieces have been found elsewhere. The first of these latter is from the order of exercises in Rev. Dr. A. P. Peabody's published sermon, delivered at the closing of the Sunday School Room on Court Street, Portsmouth, Feb. 15, 1857.

ODE.

THE everlasting mountains stand,
  Upheld by power divine;
And, guided by the Eternal hand,
  The rolling planets shine.

For ever in majestic rhyme,
  The waves of ocean flow;
And changeless, like the pulse of Time,
  The ages come and go.

But, Lord, our being is a span, —
  A breath that floats away;
And proudest structures reared by man
  Soon moulder and decay.

Yet as within these crumbling walls
  A parting hymn we raise,
How like a benediction falls
  The thought of vanished days!

O, as we mark the falling sands,
  No tears should dim our eyes!
We have a house not made with hands,
  Eternal in the skies.

UNDER THE LEAVES.

Copied from the "Poets of Portsmouth," in which some of the previous pieces are also to be found.

OFT have I walked these woodland paths
  In sadness, not foreknowing
That underneath the withered leaves
  The flowers of spring were growing.

To-day the winds have swept away
  Those wrecks of autumn's splendor;
And here the sweet arbutus-flowers
  Are springing fresh and tender.

O prophet flowers! with lips of bloom,
  Surpassing in their beauty
The pearly tints of ocean's shells, —
  To teach me faith and duty.

Walk life's dark ways, ye seem to say,
  In love and hope; foreknowing
That where man sees but withered leaves,
  God sees the fair flowers growing.

TRUST IN THE SAVIOUR.

SAVIOUR, when the loved depart,
  And the tears of sorrow flow;
When the bruised and bleeding heart
  Sinks with weariness and woe, —
Let me feel thine arm beneath,
  As I weep above their dust;
Teach my murmuring lips to breathe,
  "In the Lord I put my trust."

When for me the shadow falls,
  And all earthly glories fade,
When the voice of Jesus calls,
  "Trembling soul, be not afraid!" —
May I near the vale of death,
  O thou Holy One and Just,
Whispering with my latest breath,
  "In the Lord I put my trust."

MARTHA PERRY LOWE.

(1829.)

MRS. MARTHA PERRY LOWE was born at Keene, N.H., Nov. 21, 1829. Her maiden name was Martha A. Perry. Her parents, Justus and Hannah (Wood) Perry, both died when she was about thirteen years of age. A few years later a sister and brother were also taken from her by death. Soon after these repeated trials and sorrows, she accompanied her remaining brother and sister to the West Indies, where together they passed a winter. Subsequently she went to Europe with her sister, and spent several months in Spain where her brother was serving as Secretary of Legation. She was married, Sept. 16, 1857, to Rev. Charles Lowe, whose pure and lovely character, strong Christian faith and saintly spirit, and earnest and indefatigable labors as the minister of several of the Unitarian churches, as Secretary of the Unitarian Association, and finally as editor of the "Unitarian Review," have embalmed him for ever in the grateful and affectionate remembrance of the communion from which he has so recently been called to the higher service. Not long after her marriage, Mrs. Lowe published a volume of poems, entitled "The Olive and the Pine," the words being typical of scenes in Spain and New England, which she contrasted in her verses. Several years afterward she published a second volume, "Love in Spain, and other Poems," containing a lyric drama of diplomatic and social life in that country, and also some pieces that had appeared from time to time during the late war in our own land. In 1871 she accompanied her husband and two children to Europe, where she corresponded regularly with the "Liberal Christian," on subjects that were connected with the advancement of a broader religious faith in the Old World. She returned to America with her family in 1873, and now resides in Somerville, Mass., where she has had her home for the last fifteen years, or since her husband was settled over the Unitarian Church there in 1859. The following are a few of her briefer pieces.

SONG OF DAVID.

HOW good it is in love and peace to dwell!
'Tis like the perfume on young Aaron's head,
That sweetened all his garments with the smell,
When he the prayers of God's own people led.

'Tis like the dew from Hermon's valleys fair,
That riseth unto Zion's sacred hill,
And falleth in perennial freshness there,
While all the flowers their balmy breath distil.

The Lord hath promised from his throne above
The highest blessing which he hath in store,
To his dear children, who abide in love,
The priceless gift of life for evermore.

EASTER EVEN.

HALLOWED for ever be that twilight hour,
When those disciples went upon their way;
The deepening shadows o'er their spirits lower,
The tender griefs that come with close of day.

A gentle stranger tarried by their side,
And asked them sweetly why they were so sad?
"Hast thou not seen our Master crucified?"
They answered, "How can we again be glad?"

"Oh, children," said the stranger, "do you read
The things which all the holy prophets said,
How he would suffer and would die indeed,
But yet should rise in glory from the dead?"

And when the little village came in view,
They said, "Abide with us, for it is late;"
So he went in, and sat down with the two,
And took the bread, and blessed it ere they ate.

Their searching eyes were fastened on his face,
They caught the look which chained them as of old,
Only it wore diviner, loftier grace;
Their glorious risen Master they behold!

And then they knew how strangely all the while
  Their spirits burned within them as he talked,
Or listened to them with that very smile,
  Explaining oft the Scriptures while they walked.

They felt reward for all their bitter pain,
  When, lo, he vanished softly from their sight!
But they could never be so sad again,
  Who had the memory of that blessed night.

WORK.

LORD, send us forth among thy fields to work!
  Shall we for words and names contending be,
  Or lift our garments from the dust we see,
And all the noon-day heat and burden shirk?
  The fields are white for harvest, shall we stay
To find a bed of roses for the night,
And watch the far-off cloud that comes to sight,
  Lest it should burst in showers upon our way?
Fling off, my soul, thy grasping self, and view
  With generous ardor all thy brother's need;
  Fling off thy dreams of golden ease, and weed
A corner of thy Master's vineyard too.
  The harvest of the world is great indeed,
O Jesus, and the laborers are few!

A CALL TO THE CHURCHES.

WAKE, church of freedom, wake! 'tis day!
  And go to all the waiting world!
Break, Liberal Christians, break your way,
  And let your banner be unfurled!

O, what a heritage have we, —
  No terrors of Jehovah's rod;
O, what divinest liberty,
  To be the very sons of God!

We've mused too fondly and too well,
  A fire is burning now within ;
Shall not our spirits yearn to tell
  The hidden grace that conquers sin ?

Shall we not rise at this great hour
  With tongues of Pentecostal flame,
And burn the fogs of doubt that lower,
  And give the Lord another name ?

O, brethren, shall we wait to see
  Who is of Cephas, who of Paul ?
Divided, then, shall Jesus be,
  He who can comprehend us all ?

Sublimest Master, peerless Mind,
  Reaching the very core of truth,
With eye so searching, yet so kind,
  Temper the rashness of our youth !

Be ours the creed which thou hast taught,
  Wider than earth or heaven above,
Wider than all the realm of thought, —
  The great attraction of thy love.

THE ROCK OF AGES.

I SEE it ever there above my head ;
  Let me go up that I may sit and rest :
There I shall see where all the pathways led,
  And find at length the way,
  And where I went astray.

The thicket lures me with its mellow gloom ;
I fathom dreamily its lone retreat,
Nor see the rising vapors round me loom :
  But there no fog nor damp
  My breath can chill or cramp.

I reach the slopes illumed with spots of sun ;
They lighten up my heart to peaceful cheer ;
Yet, when the noon is hot, I am undone ;
  But in that cleft 'tis cool,
  And calm, and beautiful !

Impatient as the longing butterfly,
I scent the far-off flowers at golden morn ;
How shall I find the meadows where they lie ?
  Ah, there they'll come to sight, —
  Those gardens of délight.

Two roads I reach at last, they hold me still !
Yet one of them my feet must surely take ;
I will not go with blind and partial will ;
  Upon that Rock of Prayer
  I'll choose, and then I'll dare.

O Rock of Ages, strong and sweet repose
For all the pilgrims of mortality !
Bewildered at the morn, or evening close,
  Take them unto thy breast,
  And give them peace and rest !

SARA HAMMOND PALFREY.

SARA HAMMOND PALFREY, daughter of John Gorham Palfrey, D.D., LL.D., was born in Boston, and now lives at Cambridge with her parents and sisters. Her published writings are a volume of poems, "Prémices," Ticknor & Fields, Boston, 1850 ; "Herman, or Young Knighthood," Lee & Shepard, Boston, 1866 ; "Sir Pavon and St. Pavon," Lee & Shepard, Boston, 1867 ; "Agnes Wentworth," J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, 1869 ; and articles and poems in "Putnam's," the "Atlantic," and other magazines, and in the New York "Nation," and various newspapers beside. Her *nom de plume* is "E. Foxton."

THE CHILD'S PLEA.

BECAUSE I wear the swaddling-bands of Time,
  Still mark and watch me,
Eternal Father on thy throne sublime,
  Lest Satan snatch me.

Because to seek thee I have yet to learn,
Come down and lead me.
Because I am too weak my bread to earn,
My Father, feed me.

Because I grasp at things that are not mine
And might undo me,
Give, from thy treasure-house of goods divine,
Good gifts untó me.

Because too near the pit I creeping go,
Do not forsake me.
To climb into thine arms I am too low, —
O Father, take me!

THE EXCHANGE.

SAD souls, that harbor fears and woes
In many a haunted breast,
Turn but to meet your lowly Lord,
And he will give you rest.

Into his commonwealth, alike
Are ills and blessings thrown.
Bear ye your neighbors' burdens; lo!
Their ease shall be your own.

Yield only up his price, your heart,
Into God's loving hold;
He turns, with heavenly alchemy,
Your lead of life to gold.

Some needful pangs endure in peace,
Nor yet for freedom pant;
He cuts the bane, you cleave to, off,
Then gives the boon you want.

QUARE TRISTIS?

WHY shun, my soul, with downcast, cowed behavior,
The strife that lowers?
Man's lot is pain; shall Satan or the Saviour
Attend on ours?

Still in the van is seen thy conquering warden;
And flight is loss.
The soothing angels of the grievous garden
Yet haunt the cross;

And if, accomplished all thy craven fears,
That cross be mine,
On high the martyrs sing, Faith grows in tears
As pearls in brine.

If 'twere not for the world, that comes between
With cares unmeet,
O child of God, by thee the stars were seen
Beneath thy feet.

Thou, Father, fallest into no mistake.
We judge amiss,
And often choose the drossy things that make
Ignoble bliss.

Then bless us, — but for this, with bended knee,
On thee I call, —
As we should pray that thou shouldst bless, if we,
Like thee, knew all!

THE SEEKER.

ALONG Time's river, — like a soul unborn
That endlessly, on Chaos' shores forlorn,
Flits through the long-drawn dark and finds no morn, —
I rove with restless feet, and rove in vain.
Slow grow my feet, and full of weary pain.
'Tis mine to seek, but never yet attain.

Before me, like a boding wraith, I see
The phantom pale of that which I should be.
I cannot gain on it. It flies from me.
Then doth it climb and almost reach Thy side.
I strain a tip-toe; but my utmost tried,
The round world rolls, and back from Thee I slide.

Still this *I would be; and I am not* aches
Through all my futile life. That life it makes
A burning desert, which no fountain slakes.
"The thing I would do, that I do not," saith
My spirit still, with faint and fainter breath.
Who shall deliver me from all this death?

My God, in mercy let the voice, whose call
Rang through the noonday night of Jewish Saul,
And bade him rise the new-create St. Paul, —
E'en though, like his, it bid me sufferings see, —
Bid mine at last his own thanksgiving be:
"I can do all, through CHRIST that strengtheneth me!"

WILLIAM EVERETT.

(1839)

WILLIAM EVERETT, the third son of the late Hon. Edward Everett, was born at Watertown, Mass., Oct. 10, 1839. He received his earlier education at the public schools of Cambridge and Boston, and graduated at Harvard College in 1859, at Trinity College, Cambridge, England, in 1863, and at the Dane Law School, Cambridge, Mass., in 1865. He was appointed Latin Tutor at Harvard College in 1870, and Assistant Professor of Latin in 1873. He was licensed to preach by the Boston Association of Ministers in 1872, and during his connection with the College as a teacher has occupied many of the Unitarian pulpits in New England and New York.

In January and February, 1864, he delivered before the Lowell Institute, Boston, a course of twelve lectures on the University of Cambridge, England, which were afterward published under the title "On the Cam" (second edition, revised, Sever & Francis, 1867). He has also

published two books for boys, "Changing Base," and "Double Play;" "Hesione, or Europe Unchained," a poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard College, 1868; and various other productions in prose and poetry, contributed to the magazines and papers. His hymns have the true inspiration and finish.

"ADESTE FIDELES."

A new song to an old theme and tune (Portuguese Hymn). From the "Monthly Magazine," March, 1864.

ATTEND, all ye faithful, your Leader's command!
His trumpet is sounding on sea and on land;
The cross in his banner is blazing afar,
His armies are marshalled for labor and war.

Put on, then, ye faithful, the arms of the Lord, —
Salvation your helmet, the Spirit your sword;
With truth and the gospel your sinews be steeled,
Be justice your breastplate, and faith be your shield.

What soldier of Jesus shall shrink from his side,
By armies though threatened, by perils though tried?
Our Captain we'll follow to conflict and death,
And shout in his triumph while yielding our breath.

The hosts of the alien with terror shall view
The ranks undismayed of his followers true:
His anthems of glory our shouts shall begin,
While charging resistless the legions of Sin.

And when to our prowess each traitor shall yield,
And laden with spoils we return from the field,
To Jesus our laurels we'll gratefully bring,
Exalting the name of our conquering King.

Dear Captain triumphant, we offer to thee
The heart of the faithful, the arm of the free;
Thy word be our guide in thy warfare below,
And ours be the glory thy promises show!

The two following hymns are taken from a series of Mr. Everett's papers which were printed in the "Christian Register," and which he entitled "Walks to and from Church."

THE GOD OF TENDERNESS.

DEAL gently with us, Lord!
The ways of sin are wide;
O take us by thy tender hand,
And in thy pathway guide.

Deal gently with us, Lord!
Our foes press thick and bold:
O who shall fight the warfare through,
If thou thine arm withhold?

Deal gently with us, Lord,
For Christ, thy Son, was kind;
O watch thou kindly o'er the sheep
He left in grief behind.

Deal gently with us, Lord,
Then we shall gentle be;
And o'er our feeble brethren watch
In love and charity.

Thine arm in wrath that falls
With doubt and dread we bear;
But every heart in rapture springs
Its gentle touch to share.

HYMN FOR THE SEASIDE.

Written after a visit to the Grand Manan Island in August, 1861.

O THOU, whose Spirit o'er the deep
Moved, and awaked the world from sleep!
Here on the ocean's craggy shore
Thy power we own, thy love adore.

In fixèd bounds thy laws restrain
The rising and the falling main;
"Go thou thus far," thy mandate said,
"For here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

When blithe the azure ripples play,
In cresting wreaths of milk-white spray,
Their sunlit breasts reflect thy smile
In transport round the lonely isle.

When loud the raging tempests rise,
And roaring surges lash the skies,
Trembling we own thy mighty hand,
Which hurls their thunders on the land.

Thy power along the sounding deep
Piled the huge crags in ramparts steep ;
Thine outstretched arm in safety hides
The wayworn bark from warning tides.

If through the sea our pathway lie,
Father, be thou our pilot nigh ;
And from life's storms and billows save
For his dear sake who walked the wave.

And when death's silent waters roll
O'er fainting sense and parting soul,
O take us to that blissful shore,
Where ocean-floods shall beat no more !

PRAYER AGAINST CONCEIT.*

Luke vii. 58.

DEAR Saviour, in my hour of pride,
When all the world is gay around,
And friends' and flatterers' empty praise
Uplifts me with its charming sound, —

Send down thy word with force divine,
To kill the serpent in my heart :
O thou long-suffering, teach once more
How low am I, how high thou art.

* Monthly Magazine, 1869.

Thou, whose transcendent spirit holds
  Creation open to its view,
And, ages ere the worlds were made,
  The Father's inmost counsels knew, —

O tame and bind beneath thy hand
  The vain conceit that bids me soar!
Show me how poor is all my skill,
  How weak my voice, how mean my lore!

But since thy never-dying love
  Some boon on every child bestows,
And none that meekly asks a share
  Ungifted from thy presence goes, —

Grant those sweet friends thy bounty gives
  Thy life inspiring mine may see;
That they whom love to me hath bound
  Be ever one in God with thee.

TO US THERE IS ONE GOD, THE FATHER.

Written for the Unitarian Festival at the Music Hall, May 27, 1869.

ALMIGHTY Father! thou didst frame
  Our souls and bodies by thy will;
The matchless glories of thy name
  Our sole allegiance follows still.

O righteous God! thy love unchanged
  Gives every child an equal place;
And hearts thy terrors have estranged
  Melt in the sweetness of thy face.

O loving God! our thanks we pay
  That thou didst send thy Son on earth, —
Our Lord, our light, our truth, our way,
  First-born of the immortal birth.

O Father! by his Spirit moved,
  May we be one with him in thee!
O make us loved as he has loved,
  And with his freedom make us free.

Then through our land, redeemed, restored,
  Shall rise fresh incense to thy throne,
And aye, through Jesus Christ our Lord,
  All power and praise be thine alone.

THE CHILDREN'S GOD.

Written for the 25th Anniversary of the Children's Mission to the Children of the Destitute, Boston, 1874.

FATHER, whose sheep in pastures fair
  Are folded safe, are richly fed,
We bless thee that thy guardian care
  Through all these years our steps hath led.

Our feet within thy courts would stand,
  Where every child alike finds room;
And small with great join hand in hand,
  To make thy heavenly kingdom come.

All thanks to thee, that they whose life
  Without our help were drear and dark
Have here been kept from sin and strife
  Beneath the shelter of thine ark.

May thy dear Son within these walls
  His little flock for ever greet,
Whose voice of strength and mercy calls
  The wandering children to his feet.

Seal, Father, this our suppliant song,
  That, through the future as the past,
Our children's children may prolong
  Thy works of love while time shall last.

WILLIAM CHANNING GANNETT.

(1840.)

Rev. William C. Gannett, son of Rev. Ezra Stiles Gannett, D.D., and A. L. (Tilden) Gannett, was born in Boston, March 13, 1840. His father, of blessed memory, was long the honored minister of the Federal Street, afterward the Arlington Street Church, Boston, having been ordained as junior pastor with Dr. Channing, June 30, 1824. His sudden and afflicting death by the terrible calamity on the Eastern Railroad, at Revere, Aug. 26, 1871, is only too fresh in the public mind. The son graduated at Harvard College in 1860, and then taught a year at Newport, R.I. Having next spent six months in the Divinity School at Cambridge, he devoted three and a-half years, during the war, to work among the freedmen. After the war was over, he passed a year in Europe, and then two years more in the Cambridge Theological School, graduating from that institution in 1868. For nearly two years (1868–70), he was the pastor of the Unitarian Church at Milwaukie, Wis. Since then he has resided chiefly in Boston, meanwhile preaching for a year (1871–72) for the Unitarian Society at Lexington, and occasionally in other places.

He printed an article on the Port Royal Experiment, in the "North American Review," 1865, and one on Russian Emancipation, in the same publication, 1867. He has contributed to the magazines and papers various sermons, lectures, and addresses; and has also written some very fine hymns and other poems, from which we make the following selections. Few productions of our younger bards seem richer in thought and expression than these, and we scarcely know where to look for a sweeter or more beautiful song than "The Secret Place of the Most High."

"THE HILLS OF THE LORD."

From "Old and New."

GOD ploughed one day with an earthquake,
And drove his furrows deep!
The huddling plains upstarted,
The hills were all aleap!

But that is the mountains' secret,
Age hidden in their breast;
"God's peace is everlasting,"
Are the dream-words of their rest.

He hath made them the haunt of beauty,
  The home elect of his grace ;
He spreadeth his mornings on them,
  His sunsets light their face.

His thunders tread in music
  Of footfalls echoing long,
And carry majestic greeting
  Around the silent throng.

His winds bring messages to them,
  Wild storm-news from the main ;
They sing it down to the valleys,
  In the love-song of the rain.

Green tribes from far come trooping,
  And over the uplands flock ;
He hath woven the zones together
  As a robe for his risen rock.

They are nurseries for young rivers,
  Nests for his flying cloud,
Homesteads for new-born races,
  Masterful, free, and proud.

The people of tired cities
  Come up to their shrines and pray ;
God freshens again within them,
  As he passes by all day.

And, lo! I have caught their secret,
  The beauty deeper than all!
This faith, that life's hard moments,
  When the jarring sorrows befall,

Are but God ploughing his mountains ;
  And those mountains yet shall be
The source of his grace and freshness,
  And his peace everlasting to me.

SUNDAY ON THE HILL-TOP.

From "The Index."

ONLY ten miles from the city,
And how I am lifted away
To the peace that passeth knowing,
And the light that is not of day!

All alone on the hill-top!
Nothing but God and me,
And the spring-time's resurrection,
Far shinings of the sea;

The river's laugh in the valley,
Hills dreaming of their past,
And all things silently opening,
Opening into the Vast!

Eternities past and future
Seem clinging to all I see;
And things immortal cluster
Around my bended knee.

That pebble is older than Adam!
Secrets it hath to tell;
These rocks, — they cry out history,
Could I but listen well.

That pool knows the ocean-feeling
Of storm and moon-led tide;
The sun finds its east and west therein,
And the stars find room to glide.

That lichen's crinkled circle
Still creeps with the Life Divine,
Where the Holy Spirit loitered
On its way to this face of mine;

On its way to the shining faces
Where angel-lives are led,
Where I am the lichen's circle
That creeps with tiny tread.

I can hear these violets chorus
  To the sky's benediction above ;
And we all are together lying
  On the bosom of Infinite love.

I — I am a part of the poem,
  Of its every sight and sound ;
For my heart beats inward rhymings
  To the Sabbath that lies around.

Oh, the peace at the heart of Nature !
  Oh, the light that is not of day !
Why seek it afar for ever,
  When it cannot be lifted away ?

BLUE HILL, May 21, 1871.

THE SECRET PLACE OF THE MOST HIGH.

Read at the installation of the Fourth Unitarian Church of Chicago, April 24, 1873.

THE Lord is in his Holy Place
  In all things near and far,
Shekinah of the snowflake, he,
  And glory of the star,
And secret of the April-land
  That stirs the field to flowers,
Whose little tabernacles rise
  To hold him through the hours.

He hides himself within the love
  Of those that we love best ;
The smiles and tones that make our homes
  Are shrines by him possessed.
He tents within the lonely heart
  And shepherds every thought ;
We find him not by seeking long,
  We lose him not unsought.

So, though we build a Holy Place
  To be our Sinai-stand,
The Holiest of Holies still
  Is never made by hand.
Our Sinai needs the listening ear,
  Our Garden needs the vow:
"Thy will be done," — and lo! thy voice,
  Thy vision, as we bow!

"CONSIDER THE LILIES HOW THEY GROW."

HE hides within the lily
  A strong and tender care,
That wins the earth-born atoms
  To glory of the air;
He weaves the shining garments
  Unceasingly and still,
Along the quiet waters,
  In niches of the hill.

We linger at the vigil
  With him who bent the knee,
To watch the old-time lilies
  In distant Galilee;
And still the worship deepens
  And quickens into new,
As brightening down the ages
  God's secret thrilleth through.

O Toiler of the lily,
  Thy touch is in the man!
No leaf that dawns to petal
  But hints the angel-plan.
The flower-horizons open!
  The blossom vaster shows!
We hear thy wide world's echo, —
  See how the lily grows.

Shy yearnings of the savage,
  Unfolding thought by thought,
To holy lives are lifted,
  To visions fair are wrought;
The races rise and cluster,
  Transfigurations fall,
Man's chaos blooms to beauty,
  Thy purpose crowning all!

DEDICATION HYMN.

Written for the dedication of "Parker Memorial Hall," Boston, Sept. 21, 1873.

O HEART of all the shining day,
  The green earth's still delight,
Thou freshness in the morning wind,
  Thou silence of the night.
Thou beauty of our temple-walls,
  Thou strength within the stone, —
What is it we can offer thee
  Save what is first thine own?

Old memories throng: we think of one,
  Awhile with us he trod;
Whose gospel-words yet bloom and burn,
  We called him Gift of God.
Thy gift again; we bring thine own,
  This memory, this hope,
This faith, that still one temple holds
  Him, us, within its cope.

Not that we see, but sureness comes
  When such as he have passed;
The freshness thrills, the silence fills,
  Life lives then in the Vast!
Their vanished goodness quickens it,
  And touches every star,
The Gift of God becomes himself, —
  Himself, so near, so far!

LISTENING FOR GOD.

I HEAR it often in the dark,
I hear it in the light, —
Where *is* the voice that comes to me
With such a quiet might?
It seems but echo to my thought,
And yet beyond the stars;
It seems a heart-beat in a hush,
And yet the planet jars!

O, may it be that far within
My inmost soul there lies
A *spirit-sky*, that opens with
Those voices of surprise?
And can it be, by night and day,
That firmament serene
Is just the heaven where God himself,
The Father, dwells unseen?

O God, within, so close to me
That every thought is plain,
Be judge, be friend, be Father still,
And in thy heaven reign!
Thy heaven is mine, — my very soul!
Thy words are sweet and strong,
They fill my inward silences
With music and with song.

They send me challenges to right,
And loud rebuke my ill;
They ring my bells of victory,
They breathe my "Peace, be still!"
They ever seem to say: My child,
Why seek me so all day?
Now journey inward to thyself,
And listen by the way!

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

(1840.)

Rev. John W. Chadwick, son of John White Chadwick and Jane (Stanley) Chadwick, was born at Marblehead, Mass., Oct. 19, 1840. Leaving school at the age of thirteen, he was employed for some months in a dry-goods store, and afterwards engaged in shoe-making until 1857, when he went to the Bridgewater State Normal School, from which he graduated in February, 1859. Shortly after, he went to the Academy at Exeter, N.H.; next studied for a year with a private tutor, and then entered the Cambridge Divinity School, graduating from the latter July 19, 1864. He was ordained minister of the Second Unitarian Church, Brooklyn, N.Y., Dec. 21, 1864, Robert Collyer preaching the sermon, and married Annie Horton Hathaway, of Marblehead, June 28, 1865.

In 1870, he published a life of his predecessor in the pastorate of this church, Rev. N. A. Staples, with selections from his sermons. He has contributed frequent papers to the "Christian Examiner," "The Radical," "Old and New," "Harper's Monthly," and other magazines. Among those which appeared in the first of these periodicals were articles on Tertullian, John H. Newman, F. W. Newman, and Frances Power Cobbe. He has also published numerous poems, book-reviews, and other productions in the "Christian Register," the "Liberal Christian," the "Independent," and the "Christian Union." His poems are characterized by a rare beauty and tenderness, and have found a home in many hearts. They are all full of richest promise.

HYMN FOR VISITATION DAY.

Written for the Graduating Class of the Divinity School, Cambridge, June 19, 1864.

ETERNAL Ruler of the ceaseless round
Of circling planets singing on their way;
Guide of the nations from the night profound
Into the glory of the perfect day;
Rule in our hearts, that we may ever be
Guided, and strengthened, and upheld by thee.

We are of thee, the children of thy love,
The brothers of thy well-beloved Son.
Descend, O Holy Spirit! like a dove,
Into our hearts, that we may be as one, —
As one with thee, to whom we ever tend;
As one with him, our Brother and our Friend.

We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
  One in our love of all things sweet and fair,
One with the joy that breaketh into song,
  One with the grief that trembles into prayer,
One in the power that makes thy children free
To follow truth, and thus to follow thee.

Oh! clothe us with thy heavenly armor, Lord, —
  Thy trusty shield, thy sword of love divine.
Our inspiration be thy constant word;
  We ask no victories that are not thine.
Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be,
Enough to know that we are serving thee.

SEALED ORDERS.

"Thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

OUR life is like a ship that sails some day
  To distant waters leagues on leagues away;
Not knowing what command to do and dare
Awaits her when her eager keel is there.

Birth, love, and death are ports we leave behind,
Borne on by rolling wave and rushing wind;
Bearing a message with unbroken seal,
Whose meaning fain we would at once reveal.

And there are friends that stand upon the shore
And watch our sail till it is seen no more;
And cry, "Oh, would that we might know the way
The brave ship goes for many a weary day!"

It may not be. But ever and anon
Some order, sealed at first, we ope and con;
So learn what next, so east or westward fly,
And ne'er again that port of birth espy.

How many another craft goes dancing by!
What pennants float from morn and evening sky!
By day how white our wake behind us streams!
By night what golden phosphorescent gleams!

There comes a day when Love, that lies asleep
The fairest island in the mighty deep,
Wakes on our sight. Its fragrant shores we reach,
And grates our keel upon its shining beach.

There do we stay awhile ; but soon again
We trim our sails to seek the open main ;
And now, whatever winds and waves betide,
Two friendly ships are sailing side by side.

Where lies their course in vain they seek to know.
"Go forth," the Spirit says, and forth they go ;
Enough that, wheresoever they may fare,
Alike the sunshine and the storm they share.

Islands that none e'er visited before
Invite to land with easy shelving shore ;
Circes and sirens fling their challenge out,
Charybdis deafens Scylla's deafening shout.

For still these ships keep joyful company,
And many a new strange land they haste to see.
In port of Love 'twas pleasant to abide,
But oh ! Love's sea is very deep and wide.

Ay, deep and wide, and yet there comes a day
When these fond ships must sail a parted way ;
The port of Death doth one of them beguile,
The other lingers for a little while.

Lingers as near as she may dare to go,
And plies the cold, gray offing to and fro ;
Waiting impatient for the high command
To sail into the shadow of the land.

Is this the end ? I know it cannot be.
Our ships shall sail upon another sea ;
New islands yet shall break upon our sight,
New continents of love and truth and might.

But still not knowing, still with orders sealed,
Our track shall lie across the heavenly field ;
Yet there, as here, though dim the distant way,
Our strength shall be according to our day.

The sea is His, He made it, and His grace
Lurks in its wildest wave, its deepest place :
Our truest knowledge is that He is wise ;
What is our foresight to his sweet surprise !

ORDINATION HYMN.

Written for the ordination of Mrs. Celia Burleigh as pastor of the Unitarian Church at Brooklyn, Conn., 1871.

TO preach Good Tidings ! this the call
Heard by thy chosen one of old ;
And from his heart the tide uprose,
And from his lips the current rolled.

To preach good tidings ! once again
That call divine is heard to-day ;
And to obey the high command
Thy servant here is on her way.

Tidings of faith and hope she brings, —
Of faith that cannot doubt or fear,
But in the darkest hour can trust
A loving Father ever near.

Of hope for all who live or die,
For all who sin or suffer pain ;
That all who here must say farewell,
May somehow, somewhere, meet again.

Tidings of love from God to man ;
Of human love that makes reply
Of man for man, of each for all,
Here and for evermore on high.

O Father ! may her word be blest
To all who love this sacred place ;
Here may they learn to love thy law,
And here rejoice to see thy face.

SADNESS AND GLADNESS.

THERE was a glory in my house,
And it is fled;
There was a baby at my heart,
And it is dead.

And when I sit and think of him,
I am so sad,
That half it seems that nevermore
Can I be glad.

If you had known this baby mine,
He was so sweet
You would have gone a journey just
To kiss his feet.

He could not walk a single step,
Nor speak a word;
But then he was as blithe and gay
As any bird

That ever sat on orchard-bough
And trilled its song,
Until the listener fancied it
As sweet and strong

As if from lips of angels he
Had heard it flow, —
Such angels as thy hand could paint,
Angelico!

You cannot think how many things
He learned to know,
Before the swift, swift angel came
And bade him go.

So that my neighbors said of him,
He was so wise
That he was never meant for earth,
But for the skies.

But I would not believe a word
Of what they said;
Nor will I, even now, although
My boy is dead;

For God would be most wicked, if,
When all the earth
Is in the travail of a new
And heavenly birth,

As often as a little Christ is found
With human breath,
He, like another Herod, should resolve
Upon its death.

But should you ask me how it is
That yours can stay,
Though mine must spread his little wings
And fly away,

I could but say that God, who made
This heart of mine,
Must have intended that its love
Should be the sign

Of his own love; and that if he
Can think it right
To turn my joy to sorrow, and
My day to night,

I cannot doubt that he will turn
In other ways
My winter-darkness to the light
Of summer-days.

I know that God gives nothing to
Us for a day;
That what he gives he cannot bear
To take away.

And when he comes and seems to make
Our glory less,
It is that by and by we may
The more confess

That he has made it brighter than
It was before, —
A glory shining on and on
For evermore.

And when I sit and think of this,
I am so glad,
That half it seems that nevermore
Can I be sad.

AFTER SWEET SINGING.*

"Consider the lilies."

I THINK if he who spake that blessed word
Had sat with us this summer-morning hour,
And heard thy tones, so full of music's power,
He would have thought some mellow-throated bird,
The praise of his sweet kin just having heard,
Had echoed back the praise of bird and flower
From where he listened in his leafy bower,
So giving thanks for honor high conferred.
I think that if the birds themselves should hear
Across this air, so sweet with lilies made,
Thy cheery notes ring out so fresh and clear,
While all their own are hushed till evening's shade,
They, too, would wonder from what song-bird rare
Came such a song, so sweet beyond compare.

* From the "Christian Union."

ANOTHER YEAR.

THAT this shall be a better year
Than any past away,
I dare not at its open door
To wish or hope, or pray.

Not that the years already gone
Were wearisome and lone;
That so with hope too long deferred
My heart has timid grown.

Nay; rather that they all have been
So sweet to me and good,
That if for better I should ask
'Twould seem ingratitude.

And so with things far off and strange
I do not care to cope,
But look in Memory's face and learn
What largess I may hope.

Another year of setting suns,
Of stars by night revealed,
Of springing grass, of tender buds
By winter's snow concealed.

Another year of summer's glow,
Of autumn's gold and brown,
Of waving fields, and ruddy fruit
The branches weighing down.

Another year of happy work,
That better is than play;
Of simple cares and love that grows
More sweet from day to day.

Another year of baby-mirth,
And childhood's blessed ways,
Of thinker's thought and prophet's dream
And poet's tender lays.

Another year at Beauty's feast
  At every moment spread,
Of silent hours when grow distinct
  The voices of the dead.

Another year to follow hard
  Where better souls have trod;
Another year of life's delight,
  Another year of God.

CHARLES SUMNER.

"Si monumentum requiris, circumspice."

AY, look around; but thou mayst not behold
  Aught built of stone, and carved magnificent,
With dome or spire high up towards heaven sent,
  And blazoned all with crimson and with gold.
  By no such wonders can his worth be told;
Not such indeed shall be his monument,
Our Statesman, who upon God's errands went,
  For freedom's sake the boldest of the bold.
But look around, and say what thou dost see;
  Or think it solemnly with bated breath:
A nation with no man who is not free;
  A nation living after years of death;
And yet to live a life more pure and high
Because this man for her could live and die.

THE DALLS.

REV. CHARLES H. A. DALL, son of James Dall, of Boston, and Henrietta (Austin) Dall, of New Haven, was born in Baltimore, Md., and is of Scotch descent, three generations of the family having lived in this country. He graduated at Harvard College in 1837, went to St. Louis with Rev. William G. Eliot, and then, after having spent a year in

Europe, was Minister at Large in Baltimore. Leaving Baltimore at the end of three years on account of ill-health, he was settled successively at Portsmouth, N.H., Needham, Mass., and Toronto, Canada. His zeal in missionary work, together with the necessity of seeking some more congenial climate, took him, in February, 1855, to Calcutta, India, where he has since remained in the service of the American Unitarian Association, and at the head of the Mott Street Art School, earnestly laboring for nearly twenty years to teach the natives in various branches of knowledge, and to disseminate far and wide the views and sentiments of a Liberal Faith. With this object in view, he has from time to time visited different parts of the country, and circulated copies of hundreds of his sermons and lectures. He has also written many fine hymns and poems, some of which have been published in our periodicals, and a few of which we present here.

AFTER A STORM IN THE BAY OF BENGAL.

From the "Monthly Magazine."

O GOD, who dwellest in the surging sea!
Thy glorious beauty shines for ever there:
From ocean's vales, where grows the coral-tree,
Up to its dancing peaks that kiss the air, —
In all, through all, thy mystic love is blent,
Clothes its dark plain and stars its firmament!

Oh! it is life, 'tis joy, 'tis ecstasy
To sit, dear Father! face to face with thee;
To hear thee whisper in the ocean's roar;
To watch thy finger turn its billows o'er,
To mark thy hand, what time the tempest lowers,
Crown all its leaping heights with almond-flowers.

How shall I bless thee, that the lonely Sea
For ever hides its loneliness from me!
Lives to my thought and sense, gives to my eye
God walking 'mid a floral pageantry;
God bidding snow-capped mountains leap like rams,
And toying with these little hills like lambs!

THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

BEARING the Saviour's story
O'er many a league of flood,
'Neath Afric's sky of glory,
In midnight prayer I stood,
While other constellations
The Southern Cross outshone,
And said, "Go teach all nations
The Cross, that wins the Crown."

"Take, Lord! oh, my Defender!" —
The grateful herald prayed, —
"My uttermost surrender
Of heart and hand and head!"
"The cross of suffering, wear it," —
Came whispered o'er the sea: —
"Fear not, for thou canst bear it:
"Christ bore it once for thee."

HUNGER AND THIRST.

REJOICE and be exceeding glad,
Thou heart, that seekest all things here
Only to find them void, — and thou
Still hungering for a better cheer.

Oh, blessed thirst for righteousness!
Oh, hunger for the true and good!
The fountain never groweth less:
God is thy drink, — his love thy food!

"IN THY LIGHT SHALL WE SEE LIGHT

OUR wisest wisdom's chosen gate
Thou never yet hast shut, O God,
But lo! another opened straight
To win us to a better road.

Too ready rose our wilful thought
  To doubt the mystery of thy will,
Until our own experience taught, —
  Thine ill was good, our good was ill.

Our wishes fail us, one by one ;
  Our darling joy brings bitter pain ;
Thy will for evermore be done,
  And never, never ours again.

DEATH.

For a little child.

GOD cannot die :
  Then why should I,
His child, believe in dying ?
  To him I so
  Do long to go,
I'm praying while I'm crying.

  Of stars and flowers
  And happy hours
And soft-winged angels playing,
  I nightly dream ;
  And daily seem
To hear what they are saying.

  Though Death have pain,
  It has a gain
Exceeding all its sorrow :
  See, angels stay
  While I delay, —
And you will come to-morrow !

The following hymn is from Bulfinch's "Harp and Cross:" —

THE POWER OF TRUTH.

"As for truth, it endureth, and is always strong: it liveth and conquereth for evermore."
1 ESDRAS iv. 38.

GREAT is the earth, O God!
But mightier still is truth;
As thou endurest, so it stands
Strong in eternal youth.

High is the pure, blue heaven;
Truth is as pure and high;
All angels bless thy righteousness,
All men repeat the cry.

Unerring flies the sun,
But truth is surer yet;
The nations, quickened in its course,
Shall live, ere truth is set.

Transient are human works,
Imperfect human thought;
We perish in unrighteousness,
If truth inspire us not.

Christ yesterday, to-day,
For ever, — conquers, lives;
Christ is thy truth and power for aye;
'Tis Christ thy kingdom gives.

No truth but is in him,
He claims no greatness else;
The majesty of ages, he
Comes in the truth he tells.

Mrs. Caroline H. Dall, wife of Rev. Charles H. A. Dall, was Caroline Wells Healey, daughter of Mark and Caroline (Foster) Healey. She was born in Green Street, Boston, in which city her father was a prominent India merchant. Inheriting the blood of many of the old Massachusetts-Bay families, of Winthrop, Dudley, Rogers, Bradstreet, and Symonds, she traces her lineage back through an almost unbroken line of clergymen for fully three centuries, and numbers among her ancestors, on both sides, William Whittingham, the translator of the Geneva Bible, and Katharine Jacqueman his wife, heiress of Turvyle and Gouteron, whose only sister was Idolette de Bure, the wife of John Calvin. She early learned the modern languages, and began to write for the newspapers when only thirteen years of age. Her first book, consisting of moral and religious essays which she had used in the course of Sunday school instruction, was published in 1849, and was written when she was but eighteen. She was married to Mr. Dall while he was minister at Baltimore, where with him she became much interested in the slaves, made a first census of the free colored people of the district in which she resided, taught the negroes how to read, and contributed articles on the general subject to the Northern journals. She began her annual contributions to the "Liberty Bell" in 1850; at Toronto, was correspondent editor of the "Una," a woman's paper, published at Providence, R.I., and was the agent of a society for assisting fugitives from slavery; in 1855 aided in calling a Convention at Boston to discuss the Rights of Woman, and brought in a Report on the laws relating thereto of the several New-England States; and afterward, during successive winters, gave series of lectures upon topics connected with the new reform, that were first given to the press in various small books, and that were still later collected, revised, and enlarged, and issued by Lee & Shepard in a single volume, under the title, "The College, the Market, and the Court; or, Woman's Relation to Education, Labor, and Law." Her other works are a "Life of Marie E. Zakrzewska, M.D.;" "Historical Pictures Retouched;" "Sunshine: A New Name for a Popular Lecture on Health;" and "Egypt's Place in History." The last is a pamphlet in which the authoress gives a concise statement of the results of Bunsen's herculean labors as they are presented in his great work bearing the same title.

In addition to these philanthropic labors and literary productions, are to be mentioned her continued interest and service in Sunday Schools, her life-long devotion to the poor and suffering children in Boston, her instruction of classes of adults in Philology, Biblical Criticism, Shakespeare, and Herodotus, her agency in the formation of the Social Science Association, her frequent preaching in Unitarian pulpits, and her numerous lectures and periodical contributions other than those which have been referred to. Her writings attest her superior intellectual ability and her ample range of learning, while she is a recognized leader in organized

charities, and in various other enterprises or movements that seek the general welfare. She still continues her work of usefulness in the city in which she was born, and in which she has resided since her husband went to India.

Like so many others of whom we have given some account in this volume, and who are known chiefly as prose writers, Mrs. Dall has given us some good verses. The first of our selections is a very pleasing poem suggested to the authoress by the prattle of her Willie, when he was four years old, and entitled, —

WHAT A BLUE-BIRD SAID TO A LITTLE BOY.

"WHAT do you say to God, little bird,
In the morning soft and gray,
When with music sweet you welcome in
The coming of the day?"

"I thank him for all my happy rest
By the side of my tender mate;
For the soft and mossy bed in my nest
Close by your garden-gate."

"What do you say to God, little bird,
When the noonday sun shines bright,
When you hide in the forest green, away
From the hot and quivering light?"

"I thank him for four little spotted eggs,
Lying warm at their mother's heart;
For the patient trust with which she waits
Till her young into being start."

"What do you say to God, little bird,
When you sing your evening hymn,
When you see the red sun sink in the west,
And my little eyes grow dim?"

"I thank him for all my fine fat worms,
For my beetles large and rare;
And I pray that he may never cease
To make little birds his care!"

"What do you say to God, little bird,
When the April showers come down,
When the south wind moans among the trees,
And the stormy heavens frown?"

"I thank him for drink, and for feathers warm,
And I smooth my ruffled coat;
And I'm glad I've wings to cut the air,
When the earth is all afloat."

"But what do you say *all the time*, little bird,
For your voice is never still?
And in forest and meadow I never miss
The sound of its happy trill.

"I can never sing enough, little boy,
When my little ones break their shell,
And my tired mate chirps with joy to see
Her nurslings all hearty and well.

"I can never say enough, little boy:
I was only made to sing.
If I cannot work, I must make the aisles
Of the grand old forest ring!"

"But sweeter far is the music of deeds,—
Your kind Father listens above;
And, while he provides for your hourly needs,
Go labor and win his dear love."

THE OLD RED ROCK.

"Behold, we count them happy which endure."

THE old red rock tempts the salt sea-wave,
A shapeless mass at the first;
About it the white foam gently plays,
And the storm-tost billows burst.

The shapeless rock is a steadfast thing,
  And the tide to its motion is true.
A sacred law binds the first to its bed,
  That the second its work may do.

So out of the waiting, the mist, and the pain
  Is born a fair outline at last;
And eyes may rest where glad curves sweep
  No limit of God overpast.

The rock never yields, the wave never lulls,
  Both ceaselessly strive through the day;
And out of the conflict the soft lines are born,
  Strength smiting a charm from the spray.

So believe me, beloved, the soul shall grow fair
  If it patiently welcome its pain;
If, jagged and flinty, it patiently bear
  God's billows again and again.

1864.

AT A DEATH-BED.

DEAR eyes that never looked reproach
  Dear lips that always smiled,
Dear heart of grace, that never lacked
  The sweet thought of a child!

How shall my life go on, when yours
  Is wrapped in fuller light?
How dream a sun shall ever rise
  Upon so drear a night?

"Come, lead me," once you gently said,
  "Lead onward to the end:
Putting my hand in yours, I see
  My Father is my Friend."

My darling, I am led in turn
  Along the sweet green way;
Bless God for all the light you give
  With thoughts that never stray.

Close to that Father's arm you cling,
  Your dear eyes seek his face,
Your loving lips still chant his praise,
  Your heart accepts his grace.

My darling, as I see you go,
  I scarce can stay alone:
The glory from the Godhead draws
  Both waiting spirits on.

Good-night! we say who linger here;
  But you, a glad Good-morrow!
The joy that angels feel, you *know*, —
  Their peace we feebly borrow.

1869

WILLIAM CRANCH HEALEY DALL, oldest child of Mr. and Mrs. Dall, above mentioned, was born in the house of his grandfather, in Temple Street, Boston, Aug. 21, 1845. He was educated chiefly at home, and at the Brimmer School. He was the youngest member ever elected into the Boston Society of Natural History. He left home for Chicago at a very early age, and in 1865 went with Robert Kennicott to Alaska. After the purchase of that territory, he pursued the plans of Mr. Kennicott, who had died, and published, on his return in 1869, his well-known work on Alaska, profusely illustrated from his own drawings. He has written more than eighty scientific monographs, and is at present in the Aleutian Islands, employed by the United States Coast Survey. With his decided talent for such labors, he unites no small share of the poet's gift, as we think these few selections from his verses sufficiently show.

GOD'S HARVEST.

IN passing through the harvest-field,
  One bright September morn,
I saw them binding up the sheaves, —
  The poppies with the corn.

The florid crimson petals lay
  Half wilted and forlorn:
"Why dost thou bind, I fain would ask,
  These poppies with the corn?"

No answer gave the busy swain, —
  While asking, he was gone ;
And still the sturdy reapers bound
  The poppies with the corn.

I mused upon the harvests fled
  Since I a babe was born ;
And thought how I had also bound
  The poppies with my corn !

And when to gather in his seed
  The Reaper sounds his horn,
Shall flaunting weeds or fruitful ears
  Make up my store of corn ?

Alas ! reflecting on my way,
  My soul with anguish torn,
I own my sheaf of crimson dark,
  The poppies *hide* the corn !

Yet if, in weary, conscious fear
  The scanty ears I mourn,
I dare to hope God too may bind
  Some poppies with His corn.

"IT IS I: BE NOT AFRAID."

CHRIST will gather in his own
  To the place where he has gone,
Where our heart and treasure lie,
Where our Life is hid on high.

Day by day the voice cries, "Come,
Enter thine eternal home,"
Asking not if we can spare
The dear soul it summons there.

Had God asked us, well we know
We should murmur, "Spare this blow:"
Yes, with streaming tears should pray,
"Lord, we love him; let him stay!"

But the Lord does naught amiss;
And, since he hath ordered this,
We our restless hearts must still,
Wait in silence on his will.

Many a friend no longer here,
To the soul was all too dear:
Yet, O Love! 'tis thou dost call, —
Thou wilt be our All in all.

THE GRAVE OF AGASSIZ.

OPEN your gates, O grave!
Make broad your passage-way!
The form for which we ask a place
Is not of common clay:
The fertile brain, the silver tongue,
The genial voice which we
Rejoiced to hear, are still.
We bring our Agassiz.

Chant in the pines, ye winds!
Murmur, ye waters deep!
The searcher of your heights and depths
Lies in his last calm sleep.
The seeker after truth and light,
The reader of the past,
The leader in incessant work,
Has found *his* rest at last.

Ye rustling, dying leaves,
Drop gently o'er his tomb;
Ye creatures, whom in life he loved,
In reverent silence come.

Pupils, who by his earnest life
And burning words were fed,
Gather around this silent dust
In honor to the dead.

Earth, in thy bosom sweet,
And soft brown mantle, fold
The ashes of the sage who taught
That truth is more than gold.
Leave to the warrior's head
The vaunted laurel-crown :
Be lilies wet and violets
Upon this grave laid down !

SCATTERED.

THE sun is set, the silver moon
A chastened radiance flings
O'er rock and ripple, wave and hill ;
And the calm evening, bright and still,
A train of musing brings.

In India's hot and sultry clime,
For India's tawny race,
A father gives his strength and life,
Parts from his country, home, and wife,
To spread the Gospel's grace.

On Massachusetts' friendly shore,
For her sad sisterhood,
A wife employs her busy pen,
Teaching how side by side with men
Its work shall yet stand good.

In Northern regions bleak and bare,
O'er rock and sea and snow,

The son for wisdom seeks, and braves
The arctic cold and hostile waves,
Some Nature-truth to know.

Knowledge to gain and truth to tell,
Near home or far abroad, —
This service brings no meed of gold:
Work will its own pure joys unfold,
Though rugged be the road!

EXCELSIOR.

ONWARD and upward, be the motto mine!
Better with action than with rust to wear;
Shaking off sloth, to tread a path divine,
To breathe an atmosphere of purer air,
Where granite-peaks their rugged sides incline.
But glorious sunshine wraps those summits bare,
And God's own presence seems to linger there.

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